

142

PRINCIPLES
OF
ELOCUTION, 7
AND
SUITABLE EXERCISES;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

COMPREHENDING
NUMEROUS EXAMPLES OF NARRATION, DESCRIPTION, INSTRUCTION, AND THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ELOQUENCE.
INTERMIXED WITH
REMARKS ON THE VARIOUS KINDS OF COMPOSITION,
AND
RULES FOR READING AND RECITING THEM.

By JOHN WILSON, *IK*
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, SOUTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH.

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
The critic's fight 'tis only grace can please,
No figure charms us if it has not ease.

LLOYD.



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1798.

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PRINTING

OF
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AND

SUITABLE EXTRACTS

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P R E F A C E.

THE present Publication was originally intended as only a supplement to those lessons in which the author was formerly concerned, and which he found not numerous enough for his advanced classes; but, observing the materials swell to an unexpected size, he formed the resolution of making it an entirely distinct work, which might be used either singly, or in conjunction with the other.

The plan of it, he presumes, will appear new, and many of the rules and remarks original. Several of the ideas, indeed, are borrowed from Blair, Walker, Fordyce, and other eminent writers on eloquence; but he chose rather to express them in his own language, than either to lumber the margin, or enlarge the work with numerous quotations.

To unite the principles of elocution with apt and copious exercises,—to comprize the essential rules of rhetoric, in a clear, concise, and practical system,—to diffuse a taste for correct reading and graceful delivery,—and to remove obstructions to an easy, expeditious, and general acquisition of eloquence,—are the important ends the work was formed to accomplish; but its degree of adaptation to these ends, and its consequent success, must be left to the slow decision of time, or the speedier judgement of a penetrating public.

Something of this nature, however, appeared to be wanted for making complete English scholars; for tho' nothing can be equal to living example and instruction, the observations which masters occasionally make, during the short period usually allotted to the study of elocution, are often unconnected, and apt to be forgotten; but a portable monitor being always at hand, suggests useful information whenever its assistance is needed. The giddy and the thoughtless may be incapable of reaping much benefit from it; but the studious and intelligent,
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it is hoped, for whose use it was chiefly designed, and who eagerly embrace all means of improvement, will favour it with an attentive perusal, and find it entitled to a share of their regard. The original matter, indeed, appears in a much more abridged state than was at first intended, but a copious illustration of the several subjects would have occupied too large a department of the book, and concise hints were thought sufficient for the purposes of genius, and the guidance of deliberate reflection.

It is almost unnecessary to observe, that most of the extracts are new, taken from works which are very little known, and equal in merit to any that appear in other compilations; but the author has been particularly careful to exclude every piece, whatever merit it might otherwise possess, which seemed inimical to morality, or unfriendly to genuine religion: If, upon more mature consideration, however, he finds

But "one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which dying he would wish to blot,"

he resolves to expunge it, if Providence shall preserve him to see another edition.

It contains, among other valuable articles, illustrious examples of filial and fraternal affection; of piety, prudence, and benevolence; of virtue, happiness, and industry;—*interesting descriptions* of character and conduct, of nature and art, of prosperous and adverse circumstances; of the enjoyments of innocence, and the miseries which flow from vicious indulgences;—*important instructions*, concerning public deportment and private demeanour; personal, relative, and religious duties; the pursuits of the active, and the employments of the sedentary;—*valuable specimens* of pulpit, judicial, popular, and dramatic eloquence;—many *elegant poems* on interesting subjects, all calculated to promote morality, science, and refinement; to ameliorate the temper, accomplish the character, and inspire sentiments of undissembled philanthropy.

CONTENTS.

ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

| | | |
|--|-----------------|--------|
| General remarks on history, | | Pag. 1 |
| Rules for reading narration, | | 2 |
| Anapias and Amphinomus's filial affection, | Dodd, | 3 |
| Metellus saved by his son, | ib. | 4 |
| Decius refuses his father's crown, | ib. | 4 |
| Fraternal affection and generosity, | ib. | 5 |
| A happy silly fellow, | Goldsmith, | 6 |
| The tailor and conjuror, | ib. | 6 |
| The painter exposing his picture, | ib. | 7 |
| Anecdote of Alexander VI. | ib. | 8 |
| Anecdote of a learned Chinese, | ib. | 8 |
| A meeting of proud personages, | Andrews, | 9 |
| Anecdote of a half-witted fellow, | ib. | 9 |
| The mimic and Dr Woodward, | ib. | 10 |
| Philosophy of an old soldier, | Lounger, | 11 |
| Anecdote of the late Bishop of Peterborough, | Miss. Mag. | 11 |
| Effects of extravagance, | Dodd, | 11 |
| Disinterested loyalty, | ib. | 13 |
| The wisdom and equanimity of Simonides, | ib. | 14 |
| Fatal effects of bad company, | ib. | 15 |
| Piety and politeness united in Eusebius, | ib. | 17 |
| The man of pleasure unmasked, | ib. | 18 |
| Circumspection recommended, | Percival, | 19 |
| Mendaculus, or the liar chastised, | ib. | 20 |
| Belsharius and Gilimer, | Marmontel, | 21 |
| Belsharius and the villager, | ib. | 26 |
| History of Hermes, | Ramsay, | 33 |
| Of the rise of arts at Rome, | Spence, | 37 |
| On the decline of arts at Rome, | ib. | 38 |
| Abdolonymus made king of Sidon, | Q. Curtius, | 39 |
| Moderation of Augustus, | Gibbon, | 40 |
| Conquest of Britain by the Romans, | ib. | 41 |
| Character of a clergyman, | Lounger, | 43 |
| Distresses of a young lady, | ib. | 45 |
| Family-happiness of Aurelius, | ib. | 48 |
| Story of Logan, a Mingo chief, | Jefferson, | 51 |
| Ibrahim's intended suicide prevented, | Oriental tales, | 54 |
| Abdallah—Activity the province of youth, | ib. | 55 |
| The wooden leg, an Helvetic tale, | Gesner, | 58 |

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

| | |
|---|----|
| Remarks on description, | 62 |
| Rules for reading descriptive compositions, | 63 |

| | | |
|--|--------------------|-----|
| A description of pulpit-eloquence, | <i>Abbe Maury.</i> | 64 |
| The starling, | <i>Sterne.</i> | 65 |
| The captive, | <i>ib.</i> | 67 |
| Characters of Camilla and Flora, | <i>Greville.</i> | 68 |
| On female attractions, | <i>ib.</i> | 70 |
| Characters of Flirtilla and Amelia, | <i>ib.</i> | 71 |
| Odioufness of affectation, | <i>Percival.</i> | 72 |
| The funeral of Maria, | <i>Mirror.</i> | 72 |
| Autumnal morning, or domestic happiness, | <i>Gessner.</i> | 75 |
| Amyntas, the happy patriot, | <i>ib.</i> | 77 |
| Daphnis, the respectful lover, | <i>ib.</i> | 81 |
| Daphne and the nosegay, | <i>ib.</i> | 83 |
| The study of nature, | <i>Fordyce.</i> | 85 |
| The palace of pleasure, | <i>ib.</i> | 87 |
| The temple of virtue, | <i>ib.</i> | 92 |
| Virtue rewarding female merit, | <i>ib.</i> | 95 |
| The depressed patriot encouraged, | <i>ib.</i> | 98 |
| Character of a venerable priest, | <i>ib.</i> | 101 |
| Of the Persian worship, | <i>Ramsay.</i> | 103 |
| Night-scenes in a great city, | <i>Goldsmith.</i> | 105 |

INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

| | | |
|--|---------------------|-----|
| Observations on different modes of instructions, | | 107 |
| Rules for delivering instruction, | | 109 |
| Means of persuading a large assembly, | <i>Abbe Maury.</i> | 110 |
| Advantages of an orator's studying himself, | <i>ib.</i> | 111 |
| Of the injury wit does to eloquence, | <i>ib.</i> | 112 |
| Of the production of ideas, | <i>ib.</i> | 113 |
| Oratory, | <i>Baillie.</i> | 115 |
| Indolence, | <i>Connoisseur.</i> | 117 |
| Prodigality, | <i>Rambler.</i> | 119 |
| On modesty, | <i>Spectator.</i> | 121 |
| Chearfulness, | <i>ib.</i> | 123 |
| Virtue our highest interest, | <i>Harris.</i> | 125 |
| Of giving advice, | <i>Johnson.</i> | 127 |
| Remarks on reading, | <i>Deinology.</i> | 128 |
| Of method in speaking, | <i>ib.</i> | 130 |
| Ancient eloquence, | <i>Fordyce.</i> | 132 |
| Women polish and improve society, | <i>ib.</i> | 133 |
| Fondness for fashion hurts female reputation, | <i>ib.</i> | 135 |
| The sentiment and moral of time, | <i>Lounger.</i> | 138 |
| On neglecting to improve time, | <i>ib.</i> | 141 |
| Man was made to be active, | <i>Logan.</i> | 143 |
| Activity the source of great enjoyment, | <i>ib.</i> | 144 |
| Sincerity, | <i>Tillotson.</i> | 146 |
| Duties of the great, | <i>Mirror.</i> | 148 |

SPECIMENS OF PULPIT-ELOQUENCE.

| | |
|---|-----|
| General remarks on pulpit-eloquence, | 151 |
| A sketch of the manner proper for the pulpit, | 154 |

| | | |
|--|-------------------|----------|
| An exhortation to early piety, | <i>Logan.</i> | Pag. 158 |
| Set apart stated hours for important duties, | <i>ib.</i> | 159 |
| Distinguish your days by doing good, | <i>ib.</i> | 160 |
| The change which death introduces, | <i>ib.</i> | 161 |
| Christ's death removes the doubts of futurity, | <i>ib.</i> | 163 |
| Deliverance from apprehensions of wrath, | <i>ib.</i> | 166 |
| The awful transition from time to eternity, | <i>ib.</i> | 168 |
| Progress in virtue, and certainty of success, | <i>ib.</i> | 169 |
| Pleasantness of progress in piety, | <i>ib.</i> | 171 |
| Progress in virtue has no period, | <i>ib.</i> | 172 |
| The great change which sin produced on Adam, | <i>Hunter.</i> | 173 |
| Introduction to a missionary sermon, | <i>ib.</i> | 175 |
| Christians uniting to spread the gospel, | <i>Harweil.</i> | 178 |
| Extent of the preacher's commission, | <i>ib.</i> | 179 |
| Of future punishment, | <i>Lamont.</i> | 182 |
| Causes and cure of discontentment, | <i>ib.</i> | 183 |
| Pursuit of sensual enjoyment, | <i>Fordyce.</i> | 185 |
| Gratifications forfeited by an irregular life, | <i>ib.</i> | 187 |
| The resurrection of Christ, | <i>Hardie.</i> | 189 |
| The grave a place of rest, | <i>Mackenzie.</i> | 190 |
| Advantages of gentleness, | <i>Blair.</i> | 192 |
| Devotion a source of happiness, | <i>ib.</i> | 193 |
| Equal distribution of enjoyment, | <i>Fawcett.</i> | 195 |
| The art of attaining happiness, | <i>ib.</i> | 196 |
| On the certainty of death, | <i>Blacklock.</i> | 197 |
| Disinterested goodness, | <i>Fawcett.</i> | 189 |

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR, &c.

| | |
|--|-----|
| General remarks, | 200 |
| Sir W. Windham, on repealing the Septennial act, | 203 |
| Lord Chesterfield, against granting supplies, | 205 |
| The minister's reply, | 206 |
| Earl of Halifax, on fixing the balance of Europe, | 207 |
| Lord Carteret's reply, | 208 |
| Mr Pitt, against taxing America, | 210 |
| Mr Pitt, on repealing the stamp-act, | 212 |
| Lord Chatham, on American affairs, | 214 |
| Lord Chatham, on removing the army from America, | 215 |
| Lord Chatham, on employing Indians against America, | 220 |
| Bishop Shipley, for repealing the test-act, | 223 |
| Lord Belhaven, against the treaty of union, 1707, | 225 |
| Mr Shippen, against septennial parliaments, | 227 |
| Mr Sydenham, for restoring annual parliaments, 1745, | 229 |
| Mr Shippen, against votes of credit, 1734, | 231 |
| Mr Fox, on the king's speech, in Dec. 1792, | 233 |
| Cicero's eulogium on Pompey, | 237 |
| Cicero's defence of Archias the poet, | 240 |
| Mr Pitt, on negociation with France, | 246 |
| Mr Pitt, on the terms of peace, | 248 |
| Hamlet to the players, | 251 |

POEMS.

POEMS.

| | |
|--|----------|
| Remarks on poetry, | Pag. 252 |
| Rules for reading verse, | 253 |
| The trials of virtue, | 255 |
| A thunder-storm at midnight, | 256 |
| Ode to spring, | 257 |
| On the death of Sir R. Levett, | 258 |
| The natural beauty, | 259 |
| The vanity of wealth, | 259 |
| Advice to a friend in affliction, | 260 |
| To a friend inclined to marry, | 263 |
| The choice, | 266 |
| The traveller, | 269 |
| Patriotism, | 271 |
| A view of Italy, | 272 |
| A view of the Swifs, | 273 |
| A view of France, | 274 |
| A view of Holland, | 275 |
| A view of Britain, | 276 |
| The ills of freedom, | 277 |
| Youthful pleasure departed, | 279 |
| Altered times, and disappointed hopes, | 280 |
| The village preacher, | 282 |
| The land betrayed by luxury, | 283 |
| Drinking resembles Prometheus's vulture, | 284 |
| Mongolfier's air-balloon, | 285 |
| Moses breaking the bands of slavery, | 286 |
| The night-mare, | 287 |
| Liberty, | 288 |
| Philanthropy of Howard, | 289 |
| Indiscretion lamented, | 290 |
| Fortune and folly, | 290 |
| The convict, | 292 |
| Elegy to an old beauty, | 293 |
| A night-piece on Death, | 294 |
| A portrait to a young woman, | 295 |
| Liberality of mind and manners, | 296 |
| Direful effects of vice, | 297 |
| Avarice, resentment, and company, | 298 |
| Honour and ambition, | 299 |
| Blessings of freedom, | 299 |
| Vice involves in misery, | 300 |
| The bard, | 302 |
| Heroism, | 303 |
| Ode to peace, | 304 |
| Human frailty, | 305 |
| The rose, | 305 |
| Invocation of harmony, | 306 |
| Dirge in Cymbeline, | 307 |
| Apotrophe to music, | 307 |
| Ode to peace, | 308 |
| Ode to mercy, | 309 |
| Ode to adversity, | 309 |
| The African, | 311 |
| The power of innocence, | 312 |

| | |
|---|----------|
| Inscription on a grove, | Pag. 313 |
| The fair moralist, | 314 |
| Ode to pity, | 314 |
| The violet, | 315 |
| On autumn, | 316 |
| The painter, | 317 |
| Hymn to health, | 318 |
| Description of London, | 318 |
| Prologue to the Author, | 319 |
| The schoolmaster with a rod, | 320 |
| The actor, | 322 |
| Cæsar's dream, | 323 |
| Instructions to a porter, | 325 |
| The ocean moralised, | 326 |
| Ode to death, | 327 |
| Rowena, | 329 |
| The fate of avarice, | 330 |
| Independence, | 331 |
| Integrity and patriotism, | 332 |
| A person perishing in snow, | 333 |
| Miseries of human life, | 334 |
| Motives to patience, | 335 |
| Speech of Edward the Black Prince, | 337 |
| Speech of Cato to the mutineers, | 338 |
| Othello's apology, | 339 |
| Bp of Carlisle's defence of Richard II. | 341 |
| Chorus in Henry V. | 342 |
| Richmond encouraging his soldiers, | 342 |
| Marcellus's speech to the mob, | 343 |
| Antony's soliloquy over Cæsar's body, | 344 |
| Cassius against Cæsar, | 344 |
| Hamlet meditating revenge, | 346 |
| The king's soliloquy in Hamlet, | 347 |
| The progress of life, | 348 |
| Ode for the new year 1798, | 349 |

DRAMATIC SCENES.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----|
| Remarks on dialogue, | 350 |
| Mortimer and Ed Abberville, | 351 |
| Mortimer, Jarvis, and Tyrrel, | 354 |
| Aubrey and Mortimer, | 356 |
| Tyrrel, Mortimer, Aubrey, and Agusta, | 358 |
| Lady Randolph and Anna, | 361 |
| Lady Randolph and Anna, | 363 |
| Glenalvon and Norval, | 364 |
| Lady Randolph and Douglas, | 366 |
| Sempronius, Portius, and Syphax, | 369 |
| Juba and Syphax, | 372 |
| Lucia and Marcia, | 373 |
| Decius and Cato, | 377 |
| Cato and Juba, | 379 |
| Akamont and Horatio, | 381 |
| Horatio and Calista, | 382 |

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

THE general principles of a good elocution, are a just management of the voice, expressive variations of countenance, and graceful attitudes of body : and its essential qualities are a correct pronunciation, a distinct utterance, a judicious employment of pauses, emphasis, and inflections,—and a prompt adaptation of tones, looks, and gestures, to the various passions, sentiments, and figures of speech, which enrich, adorn, and diversify a popular oration.

Pronunciation among the ancients, comprehended all that belonged to delivery ; but the moderns more commonly restrict it to the just founding of words. The vast variety of sounds which the vowels and diphthongs take in different words, renders it extremely difficult for foreigners, and even for many natives of Britain, to acquire a correct pronunciation. It is indispensibly requisite, therefore, for all who wish to be complete masters of Orthoepey, to make themselves acquainted with the sounds of all the letters, but especially of the vowels and diphthongs,—to select a sufficient number of words for exemplifying these sounds,—to arrange those in which they are most apt to err in distinct classes,—to reiterate the reading of them, till they have fixed their pronunciation indelibly on their minds,—to make these the criterion, when other means are absent, for judging of all others about which they are apt to hesitate,—and the analogy of sound, which is evidently discernible in the English language, will, in most cases, lead them to determine justly. It must be confessed, indeed, that the analogy is far from being so regular as to render it an unerring guide, but still it is of great utility in ascertaining the pronunciation of such words as would otherwise remain doubtful. There are several other methods of acquiring a just pronunciation, which the student may practise with advantage ; a few of which I shall take the liberty to suggest. When he reads alone, he should never pass over a word about which he is uncertain, without using all the means in his power to attain the knowledge of it ; and when these fail, he should mark it down, till he find an opportunity of employing others. He should read often in the presence of proper judges, and beg they will take the trouble of correcting his errors : even less competent judges, and worse readers than himself, may be able at times to detect blunders, suggest some useful hints, and put him right with regard to particular words. He may also appropriate a small portion of his time to the reading of some dictionary in which the words are correctly accented, and their pronunciation clearly exhibited. Though those of *Scott*, *Sheridan*, and others, are good, I prefer *Walker's* to all I have seen ; because, when he differs from others, he generally gives good reasons for it ; and when a word has two current pronunciations, he ascertains which of them he thinks entitled to the preference. But the pronunciation acquired by dictionaries,

aries, and other private means, though it may be just, is generally so harsh and grating to a refined ear, that it seldom fails to convey an idea of the speaker's rusticity. Of all the methods, therefore, that can possibly be adapted, none will be found to answer their end so completely, as the directions of a judicious teacher, or the example of some justly celebrated speaker.

Articulation is a clear, forcible, and pleasing utterance of every audible letter of which a word is composed. It is of equal importance in the art of speaking, with the just sounding of simple notes in the science of music. The principal causes of indistinct articulation are, a habit of passing too slightly over unaccented syllables, and words of difficult pronunciation; which seems to proceed from carelessness, a conscious inability to sound them properly, or a desire to conceal the ignorance of their just pronunciation, by absurdly supposing it possible—to obliterate one error by the substitution of a greater;—an inattention to pausing, which often obliges the speaker to separate parts of a sentence which should be joined, and to join such as should be separated;—the mistaking of one word for another, which, by obscuring the sense, deranges the ideas, and occasions hesitation and stumbling;—a keeping of the teeth too close, which confines the voice, and renders a due degree of force impracticable;—a falling too low at the ends of sentences, which, by making the hearer lose the last words, breaks the connection, and leaves either a feeble or unfavourable impression on his mind;—and a delivering with too much rapidity, which obliges the speaker sometimes to drop words altogether, sometimes to confound sentences with one another, and sometimes to stumble so excessively, as to render it almost impossible to understand him. Persons chargeable with any or all of these defects, ought to appropriate a certain portion of their time to reading pretty loud, and much slower than would be proper in a public assembly;—to articulate the smallest particle distinctly, and go over words of difficult pronunciation so deliberately, as to make the sound of every syllable perfectly perceptible;—to gain a thorough knowledge of the piece, and make its phraseology familiar to them, before they venture to read it aloud, either with a design to improve their utterance by their own ears, to entertain their companions, or to receive the criticisms of judicious hearers;—to open their mouth pretty wide, that the voice may vent itself freely, and that they may be able to raise and lower, swell and soften it at pleasure;—in short, to guard against a feeble ineffectual utterance on the one hand, and excessive vociferation on the other: And thus shall they be able to proceed with due deliberation, to make pauses of a proper length, to pronounce the most difficult words without hesitation, and to inspire a sufficient quantity of breath to give force and effect to the longest discourse.

Pausing, or the doctrine of punctuation, relates both to grammar, and to rhetoric. In the first point of view, it obviates
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the sense, by connecting words which are dependent, and separating such as are distinct; in the second, it directs to such elevations and depressions of voice, as, besides marking the sense more strongly, gives a variety and elegance to delivery which it would otherwise want. With regard to grammatical punctuation, I shall take the liberty to observe, 1. That a simple sentence, having only one nominative and one finite verb, admits of no pause: for example, we are able to say, "Religion gives part of its reward in hand," without pausing; but were we to add a new member, with a verb and adjuncts of its own, it would become a compound sentence, and require a point on each side of the additional member, thus: "Religion, which deserves universal regard, gives part of its reward in hand." In every sentence, therefore, the number of subjects, or finite verbs with their adjuncts, which are either expressed or implied, must be distinguished by points and pauses. "Temper, moderation, and humility, a toleration of harmless levity, and an attention to mere trifles, are endowments necessary in our commerce with mankind," is a compound sentence, equivalent to as many simple ones, as it consists of members, and therefore each of its members must require a comma and a pause.

When a sentence can be divided into two or more members, which are again divisible into smaller members, the former should be separated by a semicolon, thus, "As the passion for admiration, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable;—so nothing is more destructive to them, when it is governed by vanity, or flows from pride."

When any member of a sentence makes perfect sense, and does not excite expectation of what follows, it may be marked with a colon. *Ex.* "The Augustan age was so eminent for good poets, that they have served as a model for all others: yet it did not produce any good tragic poets."

When a sentence is so completely finished, as not to be joined in construction with any thing that follows, it must be marked with a period. *Ex.* "Whether I am praised or blamed," says a Chinese philosopher, "I make it of use to my advancement in virtue. These who commend me, I conceive to point out the way I ought to go; those who blame me, as telling me the dangers I have run." This concise view of grammatical punctuation, though calculated to prevent confusion in writing, must appear very inadequate to all the purposes of accurate delivery; for an eloquent speaker passes over some of the ordinary points without pausing, and pauses where none of the common marks could properly be placed.

It is a generally received opinion, that the period requires a pause double the duration of a colon; the colon double the time of a semicolon; and the semicolon double that of a comma: and that the quantity of time is indefinite, at the interrogation, admiration, hyphen, and parenthesis: but I cannot help thinking,

thinking, that the four last-mentioned marks bear the same proportion to each other as the four first; and that, if the duration of pauses may be determined at all, the geometrical proportion 1, 2, 4, 8, are the most accurate; especially as they bear a striking analogy to the times of the semi-breve, minims, crotchets, and quavers in music. It must be acknowledged, however, that though the difference betwixt a longer and shorter pause be very perceptible, the exact duration of each cannot be properly ascertained. Nor are the common marks always clear indexes of the length of pauses; for the comma may sometimes require a pause equal in duration to a colon; so that, in most cases, the sense and the manner of reading must regulate the time. A few observations and examples will make this matter more obvious.

Every sentence which consists of two principal constructive parts, and is connected together by corresponding conjunctions, requires a long pause betwixt these parts, whether they be separated by a comma, semicolon, or colon. *Ex.* "Though good sense is not in the number, nor always, it must be owned, in the company of the sciences, yet is it (as the most sensible of poets justly observes) fairly worth the seven." The first constructive part of this sentence begins with *though*, and the second with *yet*; the expectation is raised by the first, and answered by the last: at that point, therefore, where the expectation begins to be answered, and the sense to evolve, a long pause must be made, that the mind may have time to view the contrasted and corresponding parts, with due deliberation.

A long pause must also be made in the middle of a loose sentence, like the following; where the first part forms a portion of complete sense, and, though amplified, admits of no modification from the additional member. "Persons of good taste expect to be pleased, at the same time that they are informed; and think that the best sense always deserves the best language."

The length of the pause must often be determined by the length of the sentence, and the connection or independence of its principal parts; for in almost every compound sentence, there must be one considerably long pause; but this principal pause may be longer or shorter, in proportion to the simplicity or complexness of the particular sentence. Which may be accounted for on the same principles from which punctuation itself originated. For the principal parts of a sentence, after being separated by a long pause, may be divisible into subordinate parts by a short pause; which may admit of subdivision by a still shorter pause, till we arrive at those words which may be considered as inseparable; viz. the article and the substantive, the adjective and the noun, the prepositions and the words they govern. A pause, between any of these, being repugnant to the sense, must appear highly improper.

I said, a point may sometimes be passed over without pausing; this often appears before naming the object directly addressed, as in the following line,

"Rise,

"Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome requires your help!"

And rhetorical pauses may be frequently made, though the sense may not seem to require them, before pronouncing a word which we wish to strike with uncommon force. As before *gauge*, in the following lines,

"Lands he could measure, terms and tides preface,

"And even the story ran, that he could—*gauge*."

If there be any proposition or sentiment which a speaker would strongly enforce, any event or information which he thinks entitled to particular attention, he will raise expectation before he gratify it, and hang it in suspense by a long pause, before he express the interesting sentence, that the mind may be prepared to relish and retain it. Such a pause would have a good effect before pronouncing what was uttered by the *voice* in the vision of Eliphaz, "A spirit passed before my face. the hair of my head stood up: It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: there was silence, and I heard a voice saying,—Shall mortal man be more just than God?" A long pause may sometimes be made after a striking sentiment, and sometimes both before and after it; the one prepares for its reception, and the other adds to its effect.—Upon the whole, well-timed pauses are of infinite use in the art of oratory. They give the speaker time to breathe, and to think,—to vary his address at discretion, and accommodate his voice to the place, the subject, the audience, and the effects he wishes to produce; to rouse attention, give leisure for reflection, and allow truth to penetrate the mind; and to enable his hearers to follow him with ease, listen to a whole discourse without weariness, and even to anticipate the most important facts.

The *inflections* of voice which accompany the pauses, are the stamina of all good speaking; for whether we speak high or low, loud or soft, swiftly or slowly, with or without the tones of a particular passion, the voice must either rise or fall, or proceed in a continued monotony. So that the rising and falling inflections, must be considered as the axis on which the whole force and variety of public speaking turns. And a just mixture of these inflections is so important, that whenever they are neglected, the pronunciation becomes feeble, monotonous, and ungrateful. If a speaker elevates his voice too frequently, he contracts a squeaking kind of manner; if he depresses it too often, he hurts the sense by breaking its connection; and though a monotony may sometimes be used for the sake of variety, too frequent recourse to it would produce languor, listlessness, and inattention.—Taking it for granted, then, that there are only three manners of managing the voice at pauses, viz. by elevating, depressing, and suspending it, I shall endeavour to exemplify them all in one sentence, "Why should disputes about *saith* interrupt the duties of civil life? or the different roads we take to heaven, prevent our taking the same steps on earth? Do we not inhabit the same spot of ground, breathe the

same air, and live under the same government? Why then do we not conspire in one and the same design to promote the common good of our country?" In this example, the voice should fall at the end of the two first questions, be suspended at the penultimate point, and rise at the end of the third question; which, it may be observed, is divisible into three, and, being asked by a verb, would require an elevation of voice at each of them, were the sense entirely terminated; but to prevent that disagreeable kind of sound, which a too frequent use of this inflection is apt to produce, and to mark with more precision the completion of the sense, a slight depression may be used at the first point, a suspension at the second, and an elevation at the third.

In ordinary cases, the voice should be elevated at a comma, suspended at a hyphen*, and depressed at a semicolon, colon, and period; but, as there are many exceptions to this rule, a few observations seem necessary to make the doctrine of inflections more plain and practical.—The rising inflection is almost uniformly required—at that part of a sentence where a suspension of the sense terminates, with whatever point it may be marked,—at the end of questions asked by verbs,—and at the points which immediately precede periods.—A suspension of voice should in general be observed at the penultimate point of questions asked by verbs,—before expressing any thing which tends to astonish,—and at the end of those lines in poetry, which want the grammatical signs of pausing. And the falling inflection may take place—at any point where a portion of perfect sense is formed, when it is succeeded by two or more members of the same sentence, which do not modify or restrict its signification;—at the end of affirmative sentences, and of all questions except those already mentioned;—at the casual pause of the last line but one, in a period of rhyming verse;—and at all words which are strongly emphatical, whatever members of a sentence they may happen to terminate.

Emphasis, in its most general acceptation, is that impressive pronunciation, or force of utterance, by which some words are distinguished from others, in order to point out their meaning, explain our ideas, and rouse attention to interesting subjects. It is of two kinds, *explanatory* and *expressive*. The first unfolds the sense of a proposition, and the last imprints it deeply on the mind. The one is necessary, on all occasions, to render a speaker intelligible; the other ought to be used only on important occasions, and in pathetic, or highly impassioned language.—Without a proper employment of the former, the meaning would seldom be obvious; and without a judicious use of the latter, the language would be lifeless, the sentiment insipid, and the utterance unpalatably irksome. To assign each of them its proper place, and use them alternately with judgement and effect, requires a considerable share of sagacity, taste, and practice.

An

* A hyphen, though formerly confined to the separating of syllables, is now generally used as a sign of suspension, and for prolonging the pauses which other points indicate.

An unanimous speaker may always expect a listless audience; and the weakness, or the want of emphasis, is one cause of that irksome insipidity with which too many discourses are delivered. "Some of our preachers," not only "stand stock-still in the pulpit," but allow "their words to flow from them, in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, and majesty of the hand, which were so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome." But while a feeble, unemphatic utterance is avoided, vociferation, or attempts to enforce all our words with emphasis, must be guarded against with equal solicitude; for it hurts the voice, offends the ear, exhausts the spirits of the speaker, and defeats the very end of emphasis.

"For where's the word *he* can emphatic call,
Who lays an equal emphasis on all?"

In pathetic and sublime sentences, indeed, a great deal of *expressive* emphasis is necessary. One example of which I shall produce, before proceeding to treat of the explanatory kind.

The cloud-cap'd tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.

Shakespeare.

We must in no case, however, pronounce one word with so much force, as to render us incapable of giving others their just proportion. Nor must we distinguish conjunctions, prepositions, and other comparatively insignificant particles, with great degrees of emphasis, while verbs, nouns, adjectives, and other words of superior consequence, are sounded very superficially. Some, indeed, are so ignorant of the nature of emphasis, that it is impossible for them to proportion it, in just degrees, to all the cases in which it is required. For the sake of such persons, it seems necessary to observe, that words of inferior consequence, and such as are well understood, require only a feeble articulation, and may be passed over as superficially as the unaccented syllables of more important words; that verbs, substantives, and all other significant vocables, require a full, firm, and clear articulation; and that those words only, on which the sense of the sentence more immediately depends, should be uttered with the highest degree of emphatic force. — That emphasis is divisible into these three degrees of strength, and that all words must be pronounced with one of them, will be best illustrated by an apt example: "He who makes a show of his good qualities, strips them of their merit by his ostentation; and he who conceals them, gives them an additional value by his modesty." The most emphatic words in this sentence are those that form the antithesis, viz. *Show, conceals, ostentation, and*

modesty: those of secondary consequence are, *he, good qualities, strips, merit*, and *additional value*: and those that belong to the inferior class are, *who, of his, of their, &c.*; as will be perfectly perceptible on a review of the sentence.

Words which occur oftener than once in the same sentence, should seldom be so forcibly pronounced in the repetition, as at their first introduction; as the following example will sufficiently illustrate: "To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a state, so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain; the servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people: punishments and rewards were properties of the people: all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people: but the magistrate has now usurped the rights of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord." Here the word *people*, though frequently repeated, is only once entitled to emphasis; for being afterwards abundantly obvious, the attention is taken from the people themselves, and directed, by a strong emphasis, to the *rights and privileges, properties and preferments, honours and dignities*, which they had formerly possessed, but of which their arbitrary governors now deprived them.

Personal pronouns are frequently emphatic when they precede relatives. *Ex.* "*He* who gets a good husband for his daughter, hath gained a son; and *he* who meets with a bad one, hath lost a daughter."

All words which are placed antithetically require emphasis. *Ex.* "When Themistocles was asked, whether he would chuse to marry his daughter to a *person of small fortune*, but *honest*, or to *one that was rich*, but of *ill reputation*? he answered, he would rather have a *man without an estate*, than have an *estate without a man*."

The *cause and effect* are also entitled to emphasis. *Ex.* "There are many excellent parents, who produce very worthless children. *Truth* too often begets *hatred*; *prosperity*, *pride*; *security*, *danger*; and *familiarity*, *contempt*."

Emphasis must be given to all words which tend to correct, soften, or enforce an affirmation. *Examples.* "They will not, they *dare* not, or at least they *should* not, proceed in such courses." "What is it that gives men the heart and courage,—but I recall that word, for it is not *true courage*, but *fool-hardiness*, to outbrave the judgements of God." "This was a great trouble to me, (says Cicero), but *that* much more, that before my face they thus entertained, caressed, and kissed my enemy: *My enemy*, did I say? nay, the *enemy of the laws*, the *courts of justice*, of *peace*, his *country*, and all *good men*."

In an enumeration of particulars, too, whether it tends to confirm or disprove a hypothesis, to criminate or justify a culprit, an increasing share of emphasis indicates the earnestness of the speaker,

speaker, and often produces an excellent effect. "I demand justice of you, fathers, (says the above-mentioned orator), upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressors of *Asia-minor* and *Pamphylia*; the invader of the rights and privileges of *Romans*, the scourge and curse of *Sicily*."—The same rule will apply to the following and similar examples of *repetition*.

"Yet even in death *Eurydice* he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue;
Eurydice the woods, *Eurydice* the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung."—*Pope*.

As emphasis has generally an antithesis either expressed or understood, it will be found of considerable use, to try its effect on different words, and learn which of them conveys the truest meaning. "There is but *one* way to heaven for the learned and the unlearned," says *Bishop Taylor*. To lay the emphasis on *heaven*, as many readers will be ready to do, would suggest the idea, that though there is but one way to heaven, there may be many ways to hell: but to lay the emphasis on *one*, seems to convey the meaning of the author, who strongly insinuates by the expression, that it is in vain to think of *different* ways to heaven; of *one* for the *illiterate*, and *another* for the *learned*.

But before one can be fully master of emphasis, he must understand his subject, discover the principal ideas, and be able to express them with a natural energy. A person of inferior judgement may perhaps, by reiterated precept and good example, be taught to read pretty correctly; but when the sense is not discerned, the emphatic words can scarcely ever be discovered. In vain are we told, that emphasis varies the meaning of a sentence, agreeably to the design of a speaker,—if we want penetration to observe, and judgement to execute such a design. In vain are we informed, that emphasis exhibits in a few words, what would otherwise require great circumlocution,—if we have acquired habits of using it improperly, and are unable to profit by the information.

A proper *management of the voice*, is the very soul of good speaking; and therefore no method should be left untried, which tends to increase its strength, sweetness, and harmony. Few voices are too weak for public speaking, when managed with due address; for audibility depends more on a proper pitch of voice, and distinctness of articulation, than on boisterous and sonorous loudness. It should fill, without overcharging the place of exhibition; for when the departing and commencing sounds encounter each other, they produce discord instead of distinctness and melody. In all discourses of any considerable length, speakers should avoid a vociferous beginning, and rather pitch *below* than *above* the common level of their voice; for the attention of their audience is then so much awake, that their softest se-

cents are perfectly audible; and they are thereby enabled to diversify their delivery with every requisite variety of tone. Through the whole discourse it must be kept within due bounds,—be frequently recalled, when rising too high, from the extremities of an auditory, and directed to persons pretty near the speaker: this will generally have a good effect, at the different divisions and subdivisions of the subject.—To gain a habit of lowering the voice at pleasure, it will be necessary to select and reiterate the reading of sentences, the latter of which would admit of being begun on the same low key with which the former concluded. This may often be well exemplified by

CONCESSIONS & SIMILES.

Our sight is the most perfect and pleasing of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action, without being tired, or satiated with its proper enjoyment. The sense of feeling, indeed, can give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours: but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations, to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects.

Spectator.

I shall consider those pleasures of the imagination, which arise from the actual view of outward objects; and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful.—There may, indeed, be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of the object may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of delight, in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing.

Spectator.

Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest crown'd,
Beneath the whole reflected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And ev'ry passion aptly harmonis'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Thomson.

Oh, world, thy turns are slipp'ry! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to bear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together, who twine (as 'twere) in love
Inseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out

To

To bitterest enmity.—So fellest foes,
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep,
 To take the one the other, by some chance,
 Some trick not worth an egg shall grow dear friends,
 And interjoin their issues. *Shakespeare.*

When the voice is deficient in any particular quality, or unfit for some particular kinds of speaking, it should be often exercised in those keys to which it is worst adapted. When a speaker finds it difficult, for example, to articulate clearly, and render himself audible in a low key, he may practise such exercises as *Ossian's Address to the Sun*, with a low, but strong and solemn base voice, till he has made himself master of that pitch. The voice may then be prepared for other departments of speaking, by pronouncing bold or passionate speeches, like the following example of *Vanoë*, (in the *tragedy of The Briton*), with loudness and energy, without suffering it to rise above the middle key. *Jupiter's Address to the Inferior Deities*, is very well calculated for strengthening the voice, in the highest key.—But when it begins to grow thin, or approaches to a squeak, when elevated very high, it will be proper to pitch it a little lower, and then to speak with all the vehemence the voice will admit of without receiving injury. I shall now annex the exercises referred to. The *first*, to be delivered low and loud; the *second*, with energy on the middle key; and the *third*, with vehemence, in a very high tone.

1. O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks, and grows again: the moon herself is lost in the heavens: but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to *Ossian* thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth. Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

Ossian.

2. To

2. To moderate !

What would you moderate ?—my indignation ?
 The just resentment of a virtuous mind ?
 To mediate for the queen—you undertook ?—
 Wherein concern'd it you ? but as you love
 To exercise your insolence ! Are you
 To arbitrate my wrongs ? must I ask leave ?
 Must I be taught to govern my own household ?
 Am I then void of reason and of justice ?
 When in my family offences rise,
 Shall strangers, saucy intermeddlers, say
 Thus far, and thus you are allowed to punish ?
 When I submit to such indignities,
 When I am tam'd to that degree of slav'ry,—
 Make me a citizen, a senator of Rome,
 To watch, to live upon the smile of Claudius :
 To give my wife and children to his pleasures,
 To sell my country with my voice for bread.

3. Aurora, now, fair daughter of the dawn,
 Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn ;
 When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
 Where high Olympus' eloudy tops arise,
 The fire of gods his awful silence broke ;
 The heav'n's attentive trembled as he spoke.
 " Celestial states ! immortal gods ! give ear :
 Hear our decree, and rev'rence what you hear :
 The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move :
 Thou, fate ! fulfil it, and, ye powers ! approve.—
 What god shall enter yon forbidden field ?
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n,
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n :
 Or from our sacred hill with fury thrown,
 Deep in the dark Tartarean gulph to groan ;
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors ;
 As far beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ethereal world.
 Let each, submissive, dread these dire abodes,
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the god of gods.
 League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above ;
 Your strength unite against the might of Jove.
 Let down your golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main.
 Strive, all of mortal and immortal birth,
 To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth.—
 Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this hand,
 I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
 I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
 And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight,

For such I reign unbounded and above ;
And such are men and gods, compar'd to Jove. *Homer.*

The voice may be rendered soft, as well as strong, in the different keys, by gradually diminishing its force, till it acquire that sweetness and liquidity which we wish it to possess.

Soft high key. " Ah ! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this encounter." *Shakespeare.*

Soft middle key. " Respect and admiration still possess me,
Checking the love and fondness of a son ;
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.
But did my fire surpass the rest of men,
As thou excellest all of womankind ?" *Homer.*

Soft low key. " How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony." *Shakespeare.*

After having improved the voice in the different qualities of high and low, loud and soft, it may be exercised in the different degrees of slowness and celerity, sprightliness and solemnity.

Slow and solemn. " Night, sable goddess ! from the ebony throne
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead ! and darkness how profound,
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object find,
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end." *Young.*

Swift and sprightly. " In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet, perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock),
Jocund that the morning's nigh.
Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire ;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.
Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray,
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day. *Cunningham.*

The first of the following exercises is intended to facilitate the acquisition of variety ; and the last, to assist in recovering the voice, when raised into ranting and noise.

Bless

Ble's me, a packet! " 'Tis a stranger sues;
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse."
 If I dislike it,—“Furies, death, and rage.”
 If I approve—“Commend it to the stage.”
 There, thank my stars! my whole commission ends:
 The play'rs and I are luckily no friends.
 Fir'd that the house reject him,—“Sdeath! I'll print it,
 And shame the fools,—your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot.”
 “Lintot (dull rogue!) will think your price too much.”
 “Not if you, Sir, revise it and retouch.”
 All my demurs but double his attacks;
 At last he whispers,—“Do, and we go snacks.”
 Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,—
 “Sir, let me see you and your works no more.”—*Pope.*

—Ah me! most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come—Oh! give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justice! Thou king, send out
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things of th' earth amend,
 My being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter;—villain-like I lie,
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself—
 Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, let
 The dogs o' th' street to bait me: every villain
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
 Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh! Imogen,
 My queen, my life, my wife! Oh, Imogen!
 Imogen! Imogen!

ACTION.

A just and elegant adaptation of corporeal action to the passions of the heart, and the language of the lips, is one of the most essential qualities of an *Orator*. It strikes the understanding as forcibly through the medium of sight, as articulate sounds do through the organs of hearing. It may be denominated the common language of all mankind; for it is used and understood by people of every nation. By this language alone, the dumb converse intelligibly. In ancient as well as modern pantomimes, it has often entertained and astonished numerous assemblies. And indeed, such is the constitution of human nature, that present and external objects make a strong impression on the senses; and the information we receive through the medium of the senses, has a powerful and permanent effect on our intellectual faculties: hence it is that those parts of a play which are perused in solitude with the utmost indifference,—when re-
 presented

presented on the theatre, and accompanied with all the advantages of tone and gesture,—interest the feelings, and produce almost incredible effects; and hence it is that the *painter* and *statuary* make the flat canvass and cold marble express every passion of the human mind, and touch the soul of an intelligent spectator with greater degrees of sensibility, than the public speaker, who, while he articulates the language of emotions, seems totally unsusceptible of every generous feeling. It is the union of action with articulate language, however, that constitutes the highest perfection of oratory; and which public speakers of every description should labour, with indefatigable industry, to attain.

The student of action should endeavour to discover some excellent pattern, and attempt to imitate its attractive beauties. It was thus that *Æsopus* and *Roscius* improved by the example of *Hortensius*; thus that *Demosthenes* imbibed the excellence of *Satyrus*; and thus that many others have arrived at distinguished eminence. But, as perfect examples are not to be expected, great caution must be used, lest they should copy the errors, as well as the excellencies of those they esteem.—It is as necessary to guard against blemishes, as to aspire at the possession of beauties: for many speakers contract, through inattention, a variety of awkward habits, which even superficial observers are able to detect, and to pronounce ridiculous; such as making wry mouths, biting or licking the lips, shrugging up the shoulders, thrusting out the belly, throwing back the head, bending the knees like a lady curtsying, and many other motions equally ludicrous.

Too much action is not less ungrateful than too little. “Standing stock-still in the pulpit,” is not perhaps a greater sign of insensibility, than excessive action is of pedantry. But young speakers, and especially students, are in less danger of having too much, than too little; for, though natural diffidence should not operate as a preventive, experience, while it ripens the judgement, generally blunts the feelings, and crops the superfluities of immoderate gesture; and after entering on the practice of speaking, it will be found easier to diminish than increase it, to its just proportion. Much action is seldom necessary near the beginning of a discourse; as it might either indicate the speaker’s assurance, or procure him an interest he could not long support. Unexpected circumstances may occur, however, which will produce such sudden bursts of passion, as that which was extorted from *Cicero*, by the appearance of Cataline in the Roman Senate, after the formation of his horrid conspiracy; or by the heinousness of the charge which was brought against *Roscius*; and on such occasions, violent action is the natural expression of an agitated mind. But in general, animated action should be reserved for the more pathetic parts of an interesting discourse. Much practice before a large mirror, and the frequent criticisms of judicious friends, are absolutely necessary

cessary to render action natural,—the apt concomitant of the speaker's sentiments, and the natural result of the passion felt. To make every thing appear the spontaneous effect of nature, is the highest perfection of art. But time, observation, and experience, must unite their influence to qualify one for assuming at pleasure, and expressing with ease, energy, and correctness, the language, looks, and gestures of each particular passion.—In personation, no action should be adopted which would seem unnatural, or impracticable, in the object represented. For example, it would be highly incongruous for a speaker, in describing the act of assassination, to bring his hand to his own breast, instead of thrusting it towards that of another: or, in repeating these words of our Saviour on the cross, "Woman, behold thy son," to point out the beloved disciple with the finger; for a judicious observer would quickly recollect, that his hands were nailed to the cross, while he uttered the dying admonition.—Less action is required in reading than in speaking. But the eye may be frequently lifted from the book, especially in the finishing of sentences, and directed to some of the auditors. The reader may also accustom himself to stand, to hold his book in his left hand, and to make some simple movements with the right. It may be elevated, along with the eye, in expressing any thing lofty or sublime; directed downwards, when the subject is mean and contemptible; extended, to describe objects at a distance; and deliberately brought to the breast, to express any tender sentiment, or heart-felt emotion.—In short, the action should always correspond with the degree of emphasis, which is necessary to enforce pathetic sentiments; and be calculated to produce such lively impressions, as words alone are too feeble to effect. But I must refer the reader for further information, to the last remarks made on pulpit-eloquence.

ENUMERATION.

As every distinct enumeration of particulars may require a different mode of pronunciation, it must be impossible to condescend on definite rules for delivering every series that may occur. But the following remarks, I presume, will prove of considerable use.—The last particular of a commencing series, requires an elevation of voice; but when the series concludes the sentence, it requires a cadence.—The inflections should seldom continue unvaried, on more than three or four particulars; except when serieses are constructed of similar members, each of which either terminates emphatically, or might conclude the sentence; then the falling inflection, with an ascending gradation of force, may be used at all the particulars, (if not very numerous), except the last, when it does not finish the sentence; but when it does, the voice must rise at the penultimate member, and fall at the last.—When the enumeration is complex, and consists of different, or dissimilar serieses, it must be separated,

into distinct portions, and pronounced agreeably to the rules which relate to each.

1. He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, or anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

Speilator.

2. *Aristotle* observes, that the fable of an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing: *Milton's* Fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible but actual points of faith.

Ib.

3. The devout man does not only believe, but feels there is a Deity; he has actual sensations of him; his experience concurs with his reason; he sees him more and more in all his intercourses with him, and even in this life almost loses his faith in conviction.

Ib.

4. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding and the will, with all the senses both inward and outward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action: she can understand, will, imagine; see and hear, love and discourse; and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds and natures.

Ib.

5. Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of the beauties either of poetry, eloquence, music, or painting; they give a certain elegance of sentiment, to which the rest of mankind are entire strangers. The emotions they excite are soft and tender. They draw the mind off from the hurry of business and interest, cherish reflection, dispose to tranquillity, and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all dispositions of the mind, is the best suited to love and friendship.

Hume.

6. Need I inform you, how delicate a task it is, and what judicious attention it will require, to prevent or check the irregular sallies of young spirits, without disgusting or depressing them? A form of pleasure must needs be exhibited; something to charm their imaginations, something to captivate their hearts. The nobler and worthier sensibilities of nature, must be indulged and cultivated. A feeling of true honour, the love of virtuous praise, the admiration of moral beauty, the amiable reciprocations of a refined and generous friendship, the sweet sympathies of natural affection, and domestic union, all these must be recommended and encouraged.

Fordyce.

7. As to those minute criticisms, trifling conceits, words without a meaning, divisions without a difference, quaint turns, forced allusions, and other frivolous flourishes of a childish or low fancy, which have sometimes filled and debased sermons; all these the judicious clergyman will heartily despise, as alike beneath

neath the majesty of the pulpit, and the dignity of true eloquence. *Fordyce.*

8. It may indeed seem strange, but to me it seems true, that a preacher may propose a very regular method, prosecute it very exactly, express himself with abundance of accuracy, adorn the whole with many a fine flower, and artificial trapping of language; in short, deliver a very pretty harangue, a very genteel discourse, as it is commonly termed; which, after all, may prove but a very sorry sermon, and in reality be good for little, but to amuse superficial judges, and to convince thorough ones, that the man aspires at the reputation, without the qualities of an orator. *Ib.*

9. A number of things are sometimes ambitiously sought after, which, instead of being beauties, are real blemishes in the composition of a sermon. I would be understood to mean the scholastic nicety of method, the formal regularity of argument, the constant glitter of shining phrases, and the endless string of rounded periods; which, instead of answering the purposes of genuine eloquence, only serve to stiffen a discourse, carry too much the appearance of design, betray too laborious an attention to trifles, and depart too far from the simplicity of nature.—*Ib.*

ANTITHESIS

Opposes words to words, and thoughts to thoughts. By contrasting dissimilar objects, it gives the greatest degree of expression to each. As light and shade show each other to advantage, so does well-timed antithesis add lustre to language, and energy to sentiment. But before it can produce its native effects in public speaking, the antithetic words, thoughts, and sentiments, must be clothed with emphasis: A long pause, accompanied with the rising inflection, must also be made in the middle of opposed objects, that the propriety and intention of the contrast may be perfectly perceptible.

1. Passions are quick and strong emotions, which by degrees subside; temper is the disposition that remains after these emotions are past, and which forms the habitual propensity of the soul. The one are like the stream when it is swollen by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other resembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more silent and imperceptible than that of passion; it operates with less violence, but its operation is constant, and it produces effects no less considerable. *Blair.*

2. Wrong notions of religion is an evil more alarming, more formidable, and more diligently to be guarded against, than ignorance itself. If ignorance degrades men into brutes, a corrupted system of religion converts them into devils. Ignorance is a wild beast of the night, which hates the light, and shuns the haunts of men; but bigotry is a ravening wolf of the day, which walks abroad, and seeks men to devour them. Now, of all corruptions in religion, that which professes to do God service by destroying

destroying men, which expresses love to the soul by practising cruelty on the body, and would turn the mild and healing doctrines of the compassionate Jesus into an engine of torture and death,—is surely one of the most grievous and intolerable.

Hunter.

3. There seem to be some souls suited to great, and others to little employments; some suited to soar aloft, and take in wide views, and others to grovel on the ground, and confine their regard to a narrow sphere. Of these, the one is always in danger of becoming useless by a daring negligence, the other by a scrupulous solicitude: The one collects many ideas, but confused and indistinct;—the other is buried in minute accuracy, but without compass and without dignity.

Johnson.

4. Various kinds of literary fame seem destined to various measures of duration. Some spread into exuberance with a very speedy growth, but soon wither and decay; some rise more slowly, but last long: Parnassus has its flowers of transient fragrance, as well as its oaks of towering height, and its laurels of eternal verdure.

Johnson.

5. The folly of allowing ourselves to delay what we know cannot be finally escaped, is one of the general weaknesses, which, in spite of the instruction of moralists, and the remonstrances of reason, prevail to a greater or less degree in every mind: even they who most steadily withstand it, find it, if not the most violent, the most pertinacious of their passions, always renewing its attacks; and though often vanquished, never destroyed.

Johnson.

6. Gaiety is to good-humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance: The one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no faculties, which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

Johnson.

INTERROGATION.

When questions are asked by verbs, they terminate with the rising inflection; and when asked by adverbs, pronouns, or any other class of words, they conclude with a cadence.—When two of the former kind, however, are connected by a disjunctive particle, the first takes the rising, and the last the falling inflection: And when a mistake concerning time, person, place, or object, calls for a repetition of either kind, the inflections originally required are commonly inverted.

1. Would you do a handsome thing without a return?—do it to an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for the public good?—do it for one that will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven?—give it for one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you give it.

Spectator.

a. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures

tures (as man) for so mean a purpose? can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? would he give us talents that are not to be exerted, capacities that are never to be gratified? how can we find that wisdom which shines through all his work in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next?

Spectator.

3. Should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be no more than a fable, what harm could ensue from believing it? would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? the rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly? Would it make worse parents or children, husbands or wives, masters or servants, friends or neighbours? Or would it not make men more virtuous, and consequently more happy in every situation? *Jenyns.*

4. But after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods, or mortal men like ourselves? Do they not fall into the same errors and weaknesses as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? and can you imagine that they who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their valour?

Tacitus.

5. All epicures and voluptuaries are brutish in knowledge, and have not the understanding of a man. How should it be otherwise? Where is there room for reason to exert herself, when nature is loaded with excess? What place is there for understanding and good sense, in a mind which has no perceptions but those of the grossest nature, which has no sensibilities but what the acts and effects of indulgence necessarily occasion?

Harwood.

6. Shall a good man feel no indignation against injustice and barbarity? Not even when he is witness to shocking instances of them? When he sees a friend basely and cruelly treated; when he observes

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes?

Shall he still enjoy himself in perfect tranquillity? Will it be a crime if he conceives the least resentment? Will it not rather be somewhat criminal if he is destitute of it?

Holland.

7. Are there not precepts in agriculture about plowing and sowing? Are there not precepts in architecture about orders and proportions? Are there not precepts peculiar to medicine, navigation, and every other art? There are. And what is your opinion of these several precepts? Are they arbitrary and capricious, or rational and steady? Are they the invention of a day, or well approved by long experience?—The most of them must surely be considered as rational, steady, and well approved by long experience.

Harris.

8. Who

8. Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contention? Who hath babblings? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?—They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

Solomon.

9. Where is the wife? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world? For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.

Paul.

EXCLAMATION

Proceeds from a sudden impulse of passion, or the operation of acute sensibility. It holds a high rank among rhetorical figures, and generally introduces the language of passion. But it must always be used with caution and feeling: for the frigid interjections of unanimated speakers, "fall on the heart like chill drops from an icicle."—It requires the same inflections with other sentences similarly constructed, but differently marked.—When it proceeds from surprise, or is the echo of a question, it generally elevates the voice, but when it arises from reflection on melancholy subjects, it more often produces a depression.

1. Will you never do any thing, Athenians, but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news! What news! Is there any thing more new, than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

Demosthenes.

2. Whither shall I turn? Wretch that I am! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the capital? Alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood! Or shall I retire to my house? yet there I behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping, and despairing.

Gracchus.

3. Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,
Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow:
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Pope.

4. ———Oh now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! Farewell content!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

Shak.

5. ———Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen!—Oh, curst ambition!

Fallen

- Fallen into Cæsar's hands ! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country. *Addison.*
6. Oh ! unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, paradise ! Thus leave
Thee, native soil ! These happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ! — *Milton.*

PARENTHESIS.

A parenthesis is neither necessary to complete the sense, nor to improve the construction of the sentence in which it is inserted ; but seems to be a spontaneous thought, which, though it might be wanted, when it flows from a full heart, or a fertile subject,—when natural, concise, ingeniously conceived, and properly expressed—enlivens composition, illucidates sentiment and variegates delivery.—It should be pronounced lower, quicker, and more monotonously, than the rest of the sentence : And when the sense is incomplete at the member immediately preceding it, (which is almost always the case), unless its last word be strongly emphatic, it should end with the rising inflection ; but when the preceding member terminates a portion of perfect sense, (which very seldom happens), the parenthesis should end with the falling inflection.—When no point precedes the parenthesis, a pause must be made, both at the beginning and end of it, equal to that of a comma ; but in other cases, it must end with the same pause which the preceding point indicates.

1. Notwithstanding all the ease of Cicero, history informs us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead ; and that nature (which it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. *Spectator.*

2. Although the diligent and active should not, without weighty causes, be any way restrained in their just acquisitions, (and, indeed, the best sorts of democracy may allow them to acquire as much as can be requisite for any elegance or pleasure of life that a wise man could desire), yet we are never to put in the balance with the liberty or safety of a people, the gratifying the vain ambition, luxury, or avarice of a few. *Hutchison.*

3. Young master was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman, —Whitsuntide ! alas ! cried Trim, (extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon)—What is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was that coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past to this ? *Sterne.*

4. Then came one and said to the officers, and chief priests, Behold ! the men whom ye put in prison are standing in the temple, and teaching the people. And the captain went with his officers, and brought them without violence, (for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned) : And when they had brought them, they set them before the counsel. *Acts. v.*

5. Ananias

5. Ananias went into the house, and putting his hand on him, said, Brother Saül, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost : (and immediately there fell from his eyes as it had been scales); and he received sight forthwith, and arose, and was baptised.

Acts ix.

6. If perfection were by the Levitical priesthood, (for under it the people received the law), what further need was there that another priest should arise after the order of Melchisedec, and not be called after the order of Aaron ?

Paul.

SUSPENSION

Pleases and expands the mind, by leaving expectation ungratified, till it is wound up to its highest pitch. But as a disappointment, in such cases, would produce pain proportioned to the degree of anticipated pleasure, speakers should exercise great caution, lest they flatter hope with higher prospects than they are able to realise.—While a suspension of the sense is continued, the pronunciation, though clear, should be calm and deliberate; a long pause, accompanied with the rising inflection, should mark its termination; and when the meaning is developed, and the intention of the figure fully appears, the emphasis and animation should correspond with the importance of the information it communicates.

1. As the sun, although he regulates the seasons, leads on the year, and dispenses light and life to all the planetary worlds, yet disdains not to raise and to beautify the flower which opens in his beam; so the Christian religion, though chiefly intended to teach us the knowledge of salvation, and be our guide to happiness on high, extends its divine influence to the circle of society, and diffuses its blessed fruits in the path of domestic life.

Logan.

2. However we may be puffed up with vain conceits, and flatter ourselves with discoveries of new worlds of learning, it is certain we are yet much in the dark; that many of our discoveries are purely imaginary; and that the state of learning is so far from perfection, much more from being the subject of ostentation, that it ought to teach us modestly, and keep us humble.

Baker.

3. Instead of labouring in nice learning and intricate sciences; instead of trifling away precious time upon the secrets of nature, or mysteries of state; it were better to seek that only which is really and substantially good. Our pains should be to moderate our hopes and fears, to direct and regulate our passions, to bear all injuries of fortune or men, and to attain the art of contentment.

Fuller.

4. Though it may be an argument of a great wit, to give ingenious reasons for many wonderful appearances in nature;—

yet

yet it is an evidence of small judgement, to be positive in any thing but the knowledge of our own ignorance. *Eng. Theol.*

5. Though Solomon's description of a wife and good woman may be thought too mean and mechanical for this refined generation;—yet certain it is, that the business of a family is the most profitable and the most honourable study they can employ themselves in. *Charron.*

6. As one that runneth in haste and leapeth over a fence, may fall into a pit on the other side, which he doth not see; so is the man that plungeth suddenly into any action before he hath considered the consequences thereof. *Econ. of H. Life.*

7. Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee, it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come. *Id.*

8. As the camel beareth labour, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of a man shall sustain him through all perils; his noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down. *Id.*

9. As the whirlwind in its fury teareth up trees, and deformeth the face of nature; or as an earthquake, in its convulsions, overturneth cities; so the rage of an angry man throws mischief around him; danger and destruction wait on his hand. *Id.*

10. As blossoms and flowers are sown upon the earth by the hand of spring; as the kindness of summer produceth in perfection the bounties of harvest; so the smiles of pity shed blessings on the children of misfortune. *Id.*

AMPLIFICATION

Is an artful accumulation of all circumstances which tend to expose an action or object in its most impressive point of view; and *climax* gives additional strength to every succeeding member of a period, or makes one circumstance to rise above another, in regular gradation, till our ideas can be carried no higher, and the whole concludes with admirable effect.—But these beautiful figures will lose their influence, unless the animation, or pathos of the speaker, continues to increase with their growing significance. When the period is long, however, to render a progressive increase of force or spirit practicable, its commencement must be moderate, and its gradation slow.

1. If this guiltless infant had been murdered by its own nurse, what punishment would not the mother have demanded? with what cries and exclamations would she have stunned our ears? What shall we say, then, when a woman, guilty of homicide, a mother, of the murder of her own child, comprises so many misdeeds in one single crime? a crime in its own nature

ture detestable; in a woman, prodigious; in a mother, incredible; and perpetrated against one whose age called for compassion, whose near relation claimed affection, and whose innocence deserved the highest favour.

Sir G. M'Kenzie.

2. He who was promised to Adam as the seed of the woman, was now announced to the world as the seed of Abraham, in whom all the families of the earth should be blessed. And henceforth we have prediction upon prediction, ordinance upon ordinance, promise upon promise, event upon event, leading to, rising above, improving, enlarging upon one another, like the gradual light of the ascending sun, from the early dawn to the perfect day: we observe types, shadows, ceremonies, sacrifices, disappearing by little and little; patriarchs, priests, prophets, lawgivers, and kings, retiring one after another, and giving place to the Lord our judge, our lawgiver, our king, to save us.

Hunter.

3. In the state of primitive innocence, a perfect and perfecting observance of the divine command, was the condition of life and immortality. When, by the first grand apostacy, this became impossible,—a free pardon and gracious acceptance, through the blessed Jesus, were substituted in its stead. Which economy, like a fountain of life, was opened in the first promise. It ran, like a salutary rivulet, through the antediluvian world, continued its progress along the patriarchal age; flowed, in broader streams, under the Mosaic dispensation; is derived down to us, abundantly enlarged by the coming of Christ, and the ministry of his apostles; will be transmitted, with an increasing spread, to the latest posterity; nor will ever cease to amplify and extend its influence, till the river is augmented into an ocean, and the knowledge of the Lord our Righteousness fill the earth, as the waters cover the abysses of the sea.

Hervey.

4. When gaming is only an amusement, it is innocent; but whenever it goes farther, whenever it is made a serious business, and the love of it becomes a passion, farewell to tranquillity and virtue; then succeed days of vanity and nights of care; dissipation of life, corruption of manners, inattention to domestic affairs, arts of deceit, lying, cursing, and perjury. At a distance, poverty, with contempt at her heels; and in the rear of all, despair, bringing a halter in her hand.

Logan.

5. From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow?

How flames that guilt, ambition taught to glow?

With gains on wish; desire surmounts desire;

Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire:

From crime to crime, aspires the mad'ning soul,

Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears, its rage controul:

Till Heaven at last awakes, supremely just,

And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust.

6. Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,

As the smooth pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

The

The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads.
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace,
 His country next, and next all human race:
 Wide, and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind,
 Take every creature in, of every kind;
 Earth swells around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heaven has stamp'd its image on his breast.

P A S S I O N S.

THE highest species of eloquence is generally the offspring of passion. It is when the feelings of a speaker are alive, when his affections are warm, when his passions are roused, that he exerts the most commanding influence over the human mind. It is then that his auditors are interested, agitated, and carried insensibly along with him; that their passions keep pace with his; that they love and detest, pardon and punish, resolve and act, according to his inclination. And when passion is not too strong for self-possession, it tends to exalt the human powers, and to render the mind more capacious, penetrating, and enlightened, than it is in its calmer moments.—“A man actuated by strong passions, (says Dr Blair), becomes greater than he is at other times. He is conscious of more strength and force, he utters greater sentiments, conceives higher designs, and executes them with a boldness and felicity, of which, on other occasions, he could not think himself capable. Almost every man in passion is eloquent. Then he is at no loss for words and arguments. He transmits to others, by a sort of contagious sympathy, the warm sentiments which he feels; his looks and gestures are all persuasive; and nature here shows herself infinitely more powerful than art.”—But before a speaker can acquire such a knowledge of the passions, and such a facility of expressing them, as would qualify him for acquitting himself with eclat, on any important occasion, he must make himself master of their peculiar qualities of tone, attitudes of body, and expressions of countenance: he must make frequent attempts to produce those effects in his auditors, which he has been accustomed to observe in persons actually impassioned: he must recollect the means by which accomplished speakers have operated effectually on himself, and try to employ them in touching the secret springs of action in others: he may also make such incidents of his own life, as are strikingly similar to those he narrates, to pass in review before his mind's eye; and they will tend to produce such internal commotion, such strength of expression, as can scarcely fail to affect his hearers: or he may realize, in his imagination, the most striking circumstances of the scene he describes, or the passion he exemplifies. “If I complain of the fate of a fellow-citizen assassinated, (says Quintilian), may I not form a lively picture in my mind, of all that was likely to happen on the occasion? shall not the assassin seem to rush suddenly from his lurking-place? shall not the victim appear to be seized with trembling and horror? shall he not seem to shriek aloud, to

beg his life, or flee precipitately to save it? Shall I not see the assassin strike the dreadful blow, and the defenceless wretch fall dead at his feet? Shall I not have a lively impression on my mind of his horrid wounds, his gushing blood, his ghastly face, his dying groans?"—To have remained unmoved, with such a spectacle before his eyes, would have argued him callous as the hated misanthrope!—The passions are so numerous, and their signs so diversified, that to ascertain the one with precision, and delineate the other with accuracy, would be extremely difficult: but, to give the greater effect to those I describe, in exhibiting a few of their phenomena, I shall make such as are commonly contrasted, to succeed each other alternately.

I. ADMIRATION

Is a mixture of wonder and esteem: but surprise and amazement are nearly allied to it. Wonder is produced by the perception of any uncommon object: the sudden or unexpected appearance of that object induces surprise; and the prolongation of surprise produces amazement. If the object make a soft and pleasing impression on the mind, and arrest the attention by its beauty, or its grandeur, it excites admiration; but if its attributes, in similar circumstances, tend to disturb our tranquillity, or rouse our apprehension, it creates fear, or inspires terror; occasions sorrow, or provokes aversion.—Admiration widens the mouth, opens the aperture of the eyes, and either raises them to heaven, or fixes them intensely on its object: the hands are sometimes lifted above the breast, with the palms open, and sometimes deliberately brought together. The voice is at first low and solemn, but clear and emphatical; it frequently becomes more sprightly, however, as the speaker proceeds, and assumes a tone bordering on rapture.

1. What find I here?

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move those eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are fever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends! Here, in her hair,
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh, t' intrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes!
How could he see to do them? Having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished. *Shakespeare.*

2. But scarce his speech began,

When his strange partner seem'd no longer man,
His youthful face seem'd more serenely sweet;
His robe white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,

Wide

Wide at his back, their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal, burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Parnel.

2. PEEVISHNESS.

Were indifference a passion, I should think it a very proper contrast to admiration, as the state of mind which it indicates is its direct reverse: but peevishness, which seems to be a medley of chagrin, anger, and contempt, is almost equally suitable to my present purpose.—In expressing it, the sentences are short and broken,—the utterance hasty and unequal—the upper-lip disdainfully elevated, and the eyes glance obliquely at its object.

Pandarus. I speak no more than truth.

Troilus. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Indeed I'll not meddle in't.—Let her be as she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; if she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good Pandarus; how now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my trouble, ill thought on by her,—ill thought on by you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What! art thou angry, Pandarus? What! with me?

Pan. Because she's a kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen; if she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not tho' she were a black-a-moor: 'tis one all to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks;—and so I'll tell her the next time I see her;—for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the matter.

Troi. Pandarus—

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet Pandarus—

Pan. Pray you speak no more to me—I will leave all as I found it—and there's an end.

Shakespeare.

3. LOVE.

The object of love must possess some real or supposed excellence, sufficient to justify esteem; an interest in its happiness, a desire of familiar intercourse with it, and a delight in its presence and approbation.—In love the countenance is pleasingly serene: the eyes languish and dote on the dear object: the voice is soft and insinuating, tender and pathetic, plaintive or rapturous, according to the degree of its strength, the reception it meets, or the effects it would produce. The hands are sometimes clasped and brought to the breast, sometimes held out with hesitation and trembling, and sometimes extended towards the beloved object. A tenderness is diffused through the whole demeanour; but when hope is low, an air of anxiety accompanies all its signs.

1. Hail

1. Hail charming maid! how does thy beauty smoothe
The face of war, and makes even horror smile?
At sight of thee my heart shakes off his sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of Cæsar.
O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns,
And gentle wishes follow me to battle!
The thought would give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe. *Addison.*

1. —Whate'er you do still betters what is done
When you speak sweet. I'd have you do it ever:
When you sing, I'd have you buy and sell, give
Alms and pray, in such melodious notse,
And ord'ring your affairs, to sing them too:
When you dance, like a smooth wave by gentle
Winds heav'd up, so move you to the music's
Dulcet breath, that I could wish your motion
Were perpetual. *Shakespeare.*

4. HATRED.

That continued disapprobation which arises from frequent reflection on a disagreeable object, is denominated *hatred*; and the painful sensations, produced by its presence or approach, is designed *aversion*.—When hatred ceases to conceal itself, it draws back the body and face from the abhorred object; but the eyes continue to look at it in an angry and oblique manner: The hands are also spread out to prevent its approach; and the voice is low, but loud, harsh, unequal, surly, and vehement.

1. Madam, you still take care, I see,
To let the world believe I love you not.
This outward mourning now has malice in't,
So have these sullen disobedient tears.
I'll have you tell the world I dote on you;
For I would have them think me pitiful.
But wert thou not afraid of self-destruction,
Thou hast a fair excuse,—thy husband's hate,
And the immoderate love I bear another.
Thou art the only soul I ne'er deceiv'd,
And 'tis my honesty that tells thee now,
With all my heart I hate thee. *Shakspeare.*

2. —Poison be their drink,
Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste;
Their sweetest shade, a grove of express trees;
Their sweetest prospect murd'ring basilisks;
Their softest touch the smartest lizards sting;
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss;
May boding screech-owls make the conceit full,
With all the terrors of dark-seated hell! *Id.*

5. JOY

Is that pleasing elation of mind which arises from the certain prospect, or the actual possession of some valued enjoyment.
d When

When it settles into a habit, or flows from a temper of mind which is strongly desirous to please and to be pleased, it is called gaiety, good humour, or cheerfulness; but when it results from ludicrous or fugitive amusements, in which others participate as well as ourselves, and the pressure of which on our risible faculty is so violent, as to produce frequent bursts of laughter, it is denominated mirth.—When moderate, it covers the countenance with smiles, and throws a sun-shine of delectation over the whole frame. When sudden or violent, the voice is pitched pretty high, and continues clear and lively; The eyes are bright, sparkling, and often raised to heaven: The hands are elevated, clapped together, or waved with an air of triumph. In short, it gives such a spring to the body, as if it were preparing for immediate flight.

1. Romans, Egyptians! hear the Queen's command.

Thus Cleopatra bids; Let labour cease;
To pomp and triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the world a lord; 'tis Antony's.
Live Antony, and Cleopatra live!
Be this the gen'ral voice sent up to Heaven,
And ev'ry place repeat this public echo.

—Set out before your doors,

The images of all your sleeping fathers,
With laurel crown'd; with laurels wreath your posts,
And strew with flow'rs the pavements; let the priest
Do present sacrifice, pour out the wine,
And call the gods to join with you in gladness. *Shakesp.*

- a. Oh joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years

I have not felt thy vital beam, but now
It warms my veins and plays about my heart;
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount.

Young.

6. GRIEF

Is a painful depression of spirit, occasioned by the privation of good, or the endurance of evil. When silent and thoughtful, it receives the designation of *sadness*: When long indulged, and allowed to prey upon the vitals,—to possess the mind, or to become habitual,—it takes the appellation of *melancholy*: When severely agitated by alternate hopes and fears, it becomes *distraction*: And when hopes ceases to gild its gloom, it degenerates into the dreadful state of *despair*.—In grief the countenance is dejected, and the head declines:—The eyes are languid and spiritless,—sometimes cast downwards drowned in tears, and sometimes lifted wishfully to heaven:—The voice is plaintive, low, heavy, interrupted with sighs, or breaks out into loud lamentations, according to the strength of the passion, or the nature of its subject:—The hands hang down unanimated, alternately rise and fall, are passionately wrung, pressed on the breast, beat the forehead, or cover the eyes.

1. My

3. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara,
Who was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do
To keep from hanging my head on one side,
And singing it like poor Barbara. *Shakespeare.*

4. My son! my son!
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I
Of thee, and of thy valour! my fond heart
O'erflowed this day with transport, When I thought
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,
Who might make up to me their father's childhood,
And bear my brother's and my husband's name;
Now all my hopes are dead! a little while
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!
What am I now?—The loss of such a son,
And such a husband, drive me to my fate. *Homer.*

7. HOPE

Agitates the mind with a mixture of desire and joy, while it anticipates the possession of some distant good.—It brightens the countenance, expands the arms to grasp the object of its wishes; the voice is plaintive, pleasing, or eager, and the breath is drawn inwards with unusual force, to express the strength of desire, and the earnestness of expectation.

5. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace, four happy days brings in
Another moon; but, oh! methinks, how slow
This old moon wains! She wearies my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue. *Shakespeare.*

6. Ah! how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
What gifts shall bribe thee to my longing arms?
If thy firm mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove;
The tuneful nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their fav'rite swain.
But, see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet;
Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—
O may I find her as we parted last,
And may each future hour be like the past! *Lyttleton.*

8. FEAR

Is a composition of sorrow and aversion, which disturbs the mind, and debilitates the body. It proceeds from the approach or apprehension of immediate suffering. When its object bursts on us unexpectedly, and produces an uncommon agitation, it rises.

rises into terror, or dreadful consternation. In fear, the mouth and eyes are opened pretty wide; the countenance is wild and pale; the voice weak and tremulous; the elbows are drawn back, and the hands held before the breast, with the palms open, and opposed as a shield to the dreaded object; one foot is placed behind the other, so that the body seems shrinking from the danger, and preparing for retreat; the heart beats, the breathing is quick, and a general tremor shakes the whole body.

1. Against the capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: And there were drawn
Upon a heap—a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the street.
And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
They are natural; for, I believe, they
Are portentous things unto our climate. *Shakespeare.*

2. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bringst with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell;
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape.
That I will speak to thee.
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
Ye heav'nly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Shakespeare.

9. COURAGE

Perseveres in pursuit of some desirable object, while dangers threaten, or difficulties interpose. Hope elated by security, creates confidence: and ostentation of personal prowess, or affectation of courage in the absence of danger, is the characteristic of bravado.—In courage, the head is erect; the breast a little projected; the countenance clear and open; the voice firm, full, and equal; the accents strong, round, and deliberate: the left hand may be placed a-kimbo, and the right clenched; thrown forward with spirit, moved in different directions, or made to rebound from the breast.

1. Come, fellow-soldiers, follow me once more,
And fix the fate of Europe on that shore:
Your courage only waits from me the word,
And England's happiness commands my sword:
In her defence I ev'ry part will bear,
The soldier's danger, and the prince's care.
And envy any arm an equal share. }
Set all that's dear to men before your fight,
For laws, religion, liberty, we fight;
To save your wives from rape, your towns from flame,
Redeem your country sold, and vindicate her name.

Let

Let other Monarchs dictate from afar,
And write the empty triumphs of the war;
In lazy palaces supinely rust,
My sword shall justify my people's trust;
For which—but I your victory delay;
Come on; I and my genius lead the way!

Halifax.

a. My sons, I know, have now demean'd themselves,
Like men born to renown, by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
In purple falchion painted to the hilt,
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground!
Then cry'd, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"

Shakespeare.

10. IRRESOLUTION

Is the reverse of courage. It collects the body into a thoughtful posture. The head hangs down, with the eyes on the earth, the mouth shut, and the lips pursed together. Suddenly the position is altered, and something of importance seems to be discovered; but the contemplative posture is soon resumed, and the motions are irregular, the pauses long, the tones unequal, the sentences broken and unfinished.

O! what a dreadful tide of woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do:—I would to heaven—

What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?

What shall we do for money for these wars?

Come, sister,—cousin I should say, pray pardon me.

Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring the armour that is there.—

Gentlemen, will you go to muster men?—If I know

How, or which way to order these affairs,

Thus so confus'dly thrust into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen:—

The one's my sov'reign, whom both my oath

And duty bid defend;—th' other, again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bid me right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you:—Go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley:—Gentlemen,

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

Shakespeare.

11. ANGER

Is a propensity to violence, a disposition to punish offenders. Revenge, together with an inclination to injure, eagerly seeks opportunities of gratification, and exults, with a ferocious triumph,

triumph, in the prospect of accomplishing its purpose.—Anger commonly expresses itself with rapidity, noise, harshness, or hesitation. It wrinkles the brow, heaves the nostrils, strains the muscles, clenches the fist, stamps the foot, and gives a violent agitation to the whole body.

1. Why have those banished and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than why—why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale fac'd villagers with war,
And ostentation of despised arms?
Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself
Rescu'd the black prince, that young mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
Oh! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now pris'ner to the pally, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Shake.

2. If they speak no more than truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,—
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Shakespeare.

3. Oh! I could play the woman with my eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle Heaven
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Set him within the compass of my sword;
If he escape,—may Heaven forgive him too!

12. GRATITUDE.

As anger disposes its subject to retaliate injuries, or to punish offences,—gratitude is solicitous to return favours, and acknowledge obligations. It is a pleasing principle which produces little commotion, besides a respectful esteem of benefactors, a delight in their happiness, and a desire to promote their interest.—Complacency of countenance, humility and mildness of demeanour, modesty and pathos of language, the hand prest on the breast, and the eyes alternately lifted to heaven and fixed on its object, are proper indications of genuine gratitude.

La. Ran. Not vain the stranger's fears! how fares my lord.

Ran. That it fares well, thanks to this gallant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!

As down the winding dale I walked alone,

At the cross way four armed men attacked me;

Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp;

Who

Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,
Like my good angel, in the hour of fate,
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.
Speak, lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold :
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy Lord.

La. Ran. My Lord, I cannot speak what now I feel.
My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,
And to this noble youth, who, all unknown
To you and yours, deliberated not,
Nor paus'd at peril ; but, humanely brave,
Fought on your side against such fearful odds.

Home.

13. CONTEMPT.

When a worthless object claims the honour of superior excellence, it excites contempt ; which is a propensity to mortify pride and vanity ; and to lash folly, imperfections, and misconduct.—The eye-brows knit, the forehead and cheeks wrinkled, the body drawn back, the head shaken, the looks disdainful, the voice expressive of antipathy, the eyes snatching averted views of the object, and the hands stretched out to oppose its approach ;—are proper indications of scorn or contempt.

1. I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew !

Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers.

I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel-grate upon the axle-tree,

For that would never set my teeth on edge,—

Not half so much as mincing poetry :

'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag. *Shakespeare.*

2. Oh, proper stuff !

This is the very painting of your fears ;

This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,

Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,

(Imposters to true fear), would well become

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,

Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itself !

Why do ye make such faces ? When all's done,

you look but on a stool. *Shakespeare.*

14. PITY

Is composed of sorrow and benevolence. It consists in the participation of another's sufferings, generous attempts to remove them, and unaffected sorrow when efforts to afford relief prove unsuccessful.—It is manifested by a compassionate tenderness of voice, a sympathetic contraction of the features, a gentle vibration, or short suspension of the hands, over the suffering, thoughtless, or dejected object ;—which either attracts the most attentive looks, or elevates the eyes to heaven in tender intercessions.

1. Alas ! poor *Perick* ! I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back

back a thousand times. Here hung those lips which I have kissed, I know not how often. Where are your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Quite chop-fallen!—Now get you to my Lady's chamber, tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come at last.

Shakespeare.

1. O thou Eternal Mover of the heav'n's,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch:
Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
Peace to his soul if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heav'n's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign! O God, forgive him. *B.*

15. JEALOUSY.

The idea indulged, that attempts making to prevent our attainment, or interrupt our enjoyment of happiness, constitutes suspicion; and the supposition that they are, or will be successful, is the essence of jealousy; which is a medley of almost every passion that can agitate the human mind. To express it properly, therefore, one must be able, not only to represent all the passions separately, but also several of them in conjunction.—It is generally indicated by restlessness, chagrin, anxiety, and absence. Sometimes it pours forth piteous complaints, accompanied with floods of tears: then a gleam of hope lights up the countenance into a momentary smile: immediately clouds of accumulating gloom, manifest that the mind is tumultuated with horrible conjectures.

1. Think, my Lord! Oh! Heav'n he echoes me!
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
When Cassio left my wife, I heard thee say,
Thou didst not like that;—What didst thou not like?
When I told thee he was my counsellor,
In my whole course of courtship, thou cry'dst, *indeed!*
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou hadst shut up within thy brain
Some horrible conceit:—If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought. *Shakespeare.*
2. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealing. If I prove her false,
Though her Jesses were dear as my heart-strings,
I'd leave her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.—I am black, indeed,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; and also am declin'd
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much;—
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be—to loathe her.—Oh the curse of marriage? *B.*

GENERAL REMARKS

ON

HISTORY.

THERE are two kinds of history, *real* and *fictitious*. The first impartially records truth, for the information of mankind; the last entertains the fancy, and affects the heart, by bright delineations of ideal life. The facts contained in the former should be important and interesting; traced to their causes, pursued to their effects, and expressed in distinct, unexaggerated terms: the materials which compose the latter, may be so arranged as to render the picture more perfect than is commonly exhibited in life; at the same time it must not be more highly finished than has been, or may be exemplified, lest laudable ambition should be checked, and improbability of success prevent imitation.

As real history proposes to address the judgement, and instruct posterity, "it employs no flippancy of style, no quaintness of wit, no light or unnecessary ornaments;" but, amidst the most spirited narrations, and the boldest figures, preserves the gravity of wisdom and the dignity of truth. It is principally conversant with those great events which raise, depress, or decide the fate of kingdoms; but frequently narrates minuter and not less useful facts. Though the *public characters* of men are the chief objects of its attention, it often visits them in their retirements, and develops the most interesting parts of their private conduct. Religion, laws, customs, commerce, literature, and every thing else which tends to display the genius of nations, and illustrate the progress of the human mind, are the subjects which occupy its most useful departments.

A

Fictitious

Fictitious histories are also elegant instruments in moral improvement. By beautiful descriptions of character and conduct; by exposing the errors into which our passions betray us; by exhibiting virtue of all her charms, and vice in her most detested colours;—they leave indelible impressions on the heart, improve the best affections of our nature, excite emulation, or prompt to avoidance; and, in short, influence the whole tenor of human deportment. Hence it is that the wisest of men, in different ages, have employed interesting fables, as means of communicating useful knowledge. But as this species of writing, like many others, has often been prostituted to the basest of purposes, much caution must always be exercised, in selecting the innocent and the useful, from the numberless immoral and unmeaning productions, which have been imposed on the world, under the titles of Tales, Novels, and Romances. Many of the following characters are confessedly fictitious; but I flatter myself, the reader will find the entertainment they afford, mingled with a considerable share of instruction. While they please the fancy, they inform the judgement, improve the taste, present beautiful examples to imitation, and powerful motives to the practice of duty. But instead of proceeding to define the nature, enumerate the laws, and mark the minute distinctions of history, I shall conclude these general remarks, by suggesting a few simple directions, to assist the attentive student in reading the subsequent and similar specimens.

RULES *for* READING NARRATION.

1. In these, and in all other kinds of composition, the manner of reading must correspond with the style, sentiments, and subject. Whether the narration be cheerful or grave, sprightly or solemn, trivial or important, the tones of the voice, and the mode of expression, must continue to vary with it, in unremitting harmony.

2. An

2. An unaffected simplicity should also characterise the reading of history. Pompous declamation, in most cases, destroys its effect. But, though little pathos is requisite in the mere relation of facts, when the narrative is interesting, the reader must rise above insipidity, and show himself susceptible of delicate feeling.

3. But, while simplicity is studied, a proper degree of dignity must always be maintained. When the subject is trivial, indeed, airs of importance produce disgust; but to relate the triumphs of heroes, the carnage of contending armies, and the fate of far-famed empires, with as much familiarity as if they were incidents in common life, must be extremely contemptible.

4. When figures are introduced, the reader must always be directed by their own rules. For example, when personation is necessary, he must assume the situation, adopt the peculiarities, and exhibit the most striking features of the original character; and when he wishes to produce admiration in others, he must study to adumbrate the emotion himself.

I. ANAPIAS and AMPHINOMUS's FILIAL AFFECTION.

DURING an eruption of mount *Ætna*, many years since, the danger it occasioned to the inhabitants of the adjacent country became very eminent, and the flames flying about, they were obliged to retire to a greater distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene, (every one flying and carrying away whatever they deemed most precious), two sons, the one named *Anapias*, the other *Amphinomus*, in the height of their sollicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, recollected their father and mother, who, being both very old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial tenderness set aside every other con-

sideration; and, "Where," cried the generous youths, "shall we find a more precious treasure, than those who begat and gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, and the other his mother, and so made their way through the surrounding smoke and flames. The fact struck all beholders with the highest admiration; and they and their posterity, ever after, called the path they took in their retreat, "The Field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing incident.

2. METELLUS SAVED *by his* SON.

WHILE Octavius was at Samos, soon after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the universe, he held a council, in order to examine the prisoners who had been engaged, in Anthony's party. Among the rest, there was brought before him Metellus, an old man, oppressed with years and infirmities, disfigured by a long beard and dishevelled hair, but especially by his cloaths, which, through his ill fortune, were become very ragged. The son of this Metellus sat as one of the judges, and at first could not easily discriminate his father, through this deplorable appearance: At length, however, after viewing him narrowly, having recollected his features, instead of being ashamed to own him, he ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning toward the tribunal, "Cæsar," said he, "my father has been your enemy, I your officer: He deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favour I desire of you is, either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him." All the judges were touched with commiseration at this affecting scene; and Octavius himself relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

3. DECIVS REFUSES *his* FATHER'S CROWN.

THE Emperor Decimus, intending, and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius his son, the young Prince refused it in the most strenuous manner;

manner ; saying, " I am afraid, lest, being made an Emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no Emperor, and a dutiful son, than an Emperor, and such a son as hath forsaken his due obedience. Let then my father bear the rule ; and let this only be my empire,—to obey with all humility, and to fulfil whatsoever he shall command me." Thus the solemnity was waved, and the young man was not crowned ; unless mankind shall say, that this signal piety, towards an indulgent parent, was a more glorious diadem to the son, than that which consisted merely of gold and jewels.

4. FRATERNAL AFFECTION *and* GENEROSITY.

THE father of that eminent lawyer, Mr Serjeant Glanvill, had a good estate, which he intended to settle on his elder son ; but he proving a vicious young man, and there being no hopes of his recovery, he devolved it upon the Serjeant, who was his second son. Upon the father's death, the eldest, finding that what he had before considered as the mere threatenings of an angry old man, were now but too certain, became melancholy, which by degrees wrought in him so great a change, that what his father could not prevail in while he lived, was now effected by the severity of his last will. His brother observing this, called him, with many of his friends, together to a feast ; where, after other dishes had been served up, he ordered one, which was covered, to be set before his brother, and desired him to uncover it ; upon his doing which, the company, no less than himself, were surprised to find it full of writings, and still more when the Serjeant told them, " that he was now doing what he was sure his father would have done, had he lived to see that happy change which they now all saw in his brother ; and therefore he freely restored to him the whole estate."

5. A HAPPY SILLY FELLOW.

THE happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures, that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him. His inattention to money-matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him.—“I leave my second son, Andrew,” said the expiring miser, “my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.” Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, prayed heaven to prolong his life, and health to enjoy it himself. “I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his eldest brother, and leave him, beside, four thousand pounds.” “Ah! father,” cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure), “may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” At last, turning to poor Dick, “As for you, you have always been a sad dog; you’ll never come to good; you’ll never be rich: I’ll leave you a shilling to buy an halter.” “Ah! father,” cries Dick, without any emotion, “may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself.” This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and my friend is now, not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

6. *The* TAILOR and CONJUROR.

A CONJURER and tailor once happened to converse together. “Alas!” cries the tailor, “what an unhappy poor creature am I! If people ever take it into

into their heads to live without cloaths, I am undone ; I have no other trade to have recourse to." " Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer ; " but, thank Heaven, things are not quite so bad with me : for if one trick should fail, I have an hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land : the tailor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without cloaths ; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away. It was in vain that he promised to eat fire, or to vomit pins ; no single creature would relieve him ; till he was at last obliged to beg from the very tailor whose calling he had formerly despised.

7. *The PAINTER EXPOSING his PICTURE.*

A PAINTER of eminence was once resolved to finish a piece which should please the whole world. When, therefore, he had drawn a picture, in which his utmost skill was exhausted, it was exposed in the public market-place, with directions at the bottom, for every spectator to mark, with a brush that lay by, every limb and feature which seemed erroneous. The spectators came, and, in general, applauded ; but, each willing to shew his talent at criticism, stigmatised whatever he thought proper. At evening, when the painter came, he was mortified to find the picture one universal blot ; not a single stroke that had not the marks of disapprobation. Not satisfied with this trial, the next day he was resolved to try them in a different manner ; and, exposing his picture as before, desired that every spectator would mark those beauties he approved or admired. The people complied, and the artist returning, found his picture covered with the marks of beauty : every stroke that had been yesterday condemned, now received the character of approbation. " Well," cries the painter, " I now find, that the best way to please all the world, is to attempt pleasing one half of it."

8. ANEC-

8. ANECDOTE of ALEXANDER VI.

AS Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place, in pulling down from a gibbet, a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some, also, knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible, a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands; for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

9. ANECDOTE of a LEARNED CHINESE.

A CHINESE, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people whom he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen, in the art of refining upon every pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixosou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What! have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other, much surprised, "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you know nothing of the immortal Fipsihini, second cousin to the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, Sir," returned the

the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has one of these fasted to death, and the other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China?"

10. *A MEETING of PROUD PERSONAGES.*

THE Cardinal de Lorraine, whose pride was equal to his inhumanity, was introduced one day to the Duchess of Savoy; and as he approached to salute her face, the lady, who was at least as haughty as himself, drew back with some disdain, and offered him her *hand* to kiss. He, slighting that favour, still pressed eagerly towards her, and she continuing to retire, the irritated Cardinal sprung forward, caught her by the neck, and saluted her, forcibly, three or four times. Astonished at this treatment, she exclaimed bitterly against the insolent priest, both in the Spanish and Portuguese language, but gained very little by her efforts; for he haughtily returned, "Am *I* to be subjected to your caprices, Madam? *I*, who am used every day to salute my mistress, the Queen of France. And yet, forsooth! I am not to touch the cheek of a little dirty Duchess like you."

11. *ANECDOTE of a HALF-WITTED FELLOW.*

ABOUT thirty years ago, some alterations were making in Kensington gardens, and the good old George the Second used to take pleasure, at times, in overlooking the workmen. Among these there chanced to be a half-witted fellow, who never could be brought to comprehend why he might not be as free with the King, as with any other person for whom he had been used to work. One day finding what he thought a proper opportunity, he grinned in the face of his Sovereign, and with great earnestness demanded—"something to drink." Displeased at the boldness of the request, yet ashamed to deny it, the King mechanically employed both his hands in search of coin; and finding

finding none, replied with dignity, and his usual German accent, "I have no money in my pockets."—"Nor I neither," returned the idiot, "I can't think where it is all gone, for my part!" The Sovereign frowned at the repartee, which, like many an other joke, was prejudicial to its maker, for the fool was employed no longer near the palace.

12. *The Mimic and Dr Woodward.*

TOWARDS the beginning of this century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a country-man, and waited on the Doctor, with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said attended his wife. The physician heard, with amazement, diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. For since the actor's greatest wish was, to keep Dr Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity, which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, being become completely master of his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and, with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the Doctor, "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back."—The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. But his raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die, than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock.

13. *PHILOSOPHY of an OLD SOLDIER.*

I WAS very well pleased with the philosophy of an old soldier, whom I once met with in the environs of London, leaning on a crutch, and rather accepting than soliciting the aid of the charitable. He told me, not without some importunity on my part, the hardships and dangers he had encountered, the number of his campaigns, the obstinacy of his engagements, the length of his sieges; “yet I have failed in getting Chelsea,” said he, “because I was rendered incapable of service, in consequence of a rheumatism contracted in a winter-encampment; and, more than all that, because my wife somehow or other had disoblged my commanding officer. But I forget and forgive, as the saying is; and thanks to such as your Honour, I can make a shift to live. It is true, I have seen others get halberts, ay, and commissions too, who were not better men than myself;—but that don’t signify. *It will be all one a hundred years hence.*” Without all the happy stoicism of the soldier, we may often soothe the pangs of envy, and the pinings of discontent, by the consideration of that period when they shall cease to disquiet, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, narrowed the domains of wealth, and withered the arm of power.

14. *ANECDOTE of the late BISHOP of PETERBOROUGH.*

AS soon as the late Mr Berridge, vicar of Everton, began to preach in a different strain from the neighbouring clergy, it was observed, they found themselves hurt at the emptiness of their own churches, and the fullness of his. The squire of the parish, too, was much offended; he did not like to see so many strangers, and he so incommoded, and endeavoured to turn Mr Berridge out of his living, by a complaint to the Bishop. Being sent for by his Lordship, he was thus accosted:—“Well, Berridge, they tell me you go about preaching out of your own parish; did I institute you to any other but Everton?” “No, my Lord.”
“Well,

"Well, but you go and preach where you have no right so to do." "It is true, my Lord, I did preach lately to a few poor people in the open air, *out of my own parish*, and that day, my Lord, I remember seeing five or six clergymen *out of their own parishes*, playing at bowls." "Pho," said his Lordship, "if you don't desist, you will very likely be sent to Huntingdon gaol." "As to that, my Lord, I have no greater liking to a gaol than other people, but I had rather go there with a good conscience, than be at liberty with a bad one." Here his Lordship, looking hard at Berridge, gravely assured him, "He was beside himself, and that in a few months time, he would be either better or worse." "Then," said he, "my Lord, you may make yourself easy in this business; for, if I am better, you must suppose I shall desist of my own accord; and, if worse, you need not send me to Huntingdon gaol, as I shall be provided with an accommodation in Bedlam."

16. EFFECTS of EXTRAVAGANCE.

HOW wretched is the condition of Asotus! A little garret, with bare walls, is his whole apartment, and of this a flock-bed, covered with rags, takes up two thirds. Cold, nakedness, and shame, compel him to lie on that bed, till the day is far spent. At night, a lamp suited to the place, a true sepulchral lamp, rather adds horror than diffuses light. By the feeble glimmering of this languid flame, he eats a dry crust of brown bread, his whole repast! Yet, poor as it is, he is not sure that he shall be able to renew it to-morrow: For he cannot dig, and to beg he is ashamed! What now is become of his countless treasure, his immense revenues, which appeared sufficient to maintain a province?—It may as well be asked, what becomes of the water poured into the sieve, or of wax thrown into a furnace. Luxurious entertainments, gaming, women, usurers, and his steward, are the bottomless gulphs which have swallowed up his opulence. But is there not one, among all his friends, who knows him in his adversity, and stretches out the hand

hand of bounty for his relief? Is there not one, among all his friends?—Alas! had he ever a friend? If he had, he would have him still; for, whatever may have been said, “adversity never banished a friend:” it only disperses those who unjustly arrogate the name; and, if adversity is productive of any good, (which cannot be denied), this is one of its principal advantages; for the loss of a false friend, is real gain. If Asotus has any cause of complaint, it is only for want of wisdom, and of never having had a friend that was sincere.

16. DISINTERESTED LOYALTY.

HENRY, King of Arragon and Sicily, left, at his death, his only son John, a child of two and twenty months old, whom he intrusted to the care and fidelity of his brother Ferdinand. This Prince was a man of great virtue and merit, and therefore the eyes of the nobles and people were fixed upon him; and not only in private discourses, but in the public assemblies, he had the general voice and consent to be chosen King of Arragon. With unshaken magnanimity, however, he remained deaf to these offers; alledged and asserted the right of his infant nephew, and the custom of the country, together with his dying brother's last will, “which,” said he, “you are bound the rather to maintain, by how much the more incapable the young Prince is to do it.” His words, notwithstanding, had not the effect he wished, and the assembly adjourned for that day: Soon after they met again, in hopes that having had time to consider of it, he would now accept their suffrages. Ferdinand, apprised of their purpose, prepared himself for their reception, caused the little child to be clothed in royal robes, and having hid him under his garments, went and took his seat in the assembly. Upon which the master of the horse, by order of the States, coming up and asking him, “Whom, O Ferdinand, is it your pleasure to have declared our King?” The generous Prince, with a sharp look and solemn tone, replied, “Whom, but John,
B the

the son of our brother?"—Having said this, he immediately took the infant from under his robe, and lifting him upon his shoulders, with a loud voice cried, "God save King John!" Then setting down the child, and commanding the royal banners to be displayed, he cast himself first to the ground before him; and all the rest, moved by his illustrious example, did the like.

17. *The WISDOM and EQUANIMITY of SIMONIDES.*

THE story of Simonides may stand as a thousand arguments for assiduous application to knowledge, and demonstrates, that the wise man's true riches are lodged within himself. That excellent poet, the better to support himself under his narrow circumstances, went the tour of Asia, singing from city to city the praises of their heroes and great men, and receiving their rewards. By this means having at last become wealthy, he determined to return to his own country by sea, he being a native of the island of Ceos. Accordingly, he went on board a vessel, which had not been long on the voyage, before a terrible tempest arose, and reduced it to a wreck in the midst of the sea. Upon this, some of the people packed up their treasures; others, their most valuable merchandise, and tied them around their bodies, as the best means of supporting their future existence, should they escape the present dangers. But amidst all their solicitude, a certain inquisitive person observing Simonides quite inactive, and seemingly unconcerned, asked him, "What! don't you look after any of your effects?" "No," replied the poet, calmly, "all that is mine is with me." Then some of them, and he among the rest, took to swimming, and several got safe ashore; while many more perished in the waves, wearied and encumbered with the burden they had bound about them. To complete the calamity, soon after, some plunderers came down upon the coast, and seized all that each man had brought away with him, leaving them naked. The ancient city of Clazomenæ happened to be near at hand, to which the shipwrecked people repaired; here a certain

tain man of letters, who had often read the verses of Simonides, and was his great admirer, though unknown, one day hearing him speak in the market-place, inquired of him his name, and finding it was he, gave him a welcome reception at his own house, and supplied him with cloaths, money, and servants to attend him; while the rest of the company were forced to carry a letter about this foreign city, setting forth their case, and begging bread. The next day Simonides met with them in his walks, and thus addressed them,—“Did I not tell you, my friends, that all which I had was with me? But you see, that all which you could carry away with you perished.” Thus wisdom is proved to be the most durable possession, and the best security amidst every want or trial.

18. FATAL EFFECTS of BAD COMPANY.

THE following is related by a writer of undoubted reputation. Speaking of Prince Eugene of Soissons, he observes, “All those qualifications and endowments that can procure love and esteem, shone conspicuous in this young Prince. A graceful person, the most engaging affability and sweetness of temper, a quick understanding, an heroic ardour, a skill in the sciences, and other parts of polite literature, (which was the more extraordinary in a Prince then but fifteen years of age), united to justify the exalted hopes conceived of him. He shewed a strong inclination to a military life, and at that early period was already inuring himself to it; so that commonly a bare board served him for a pillow. The King had taken the greatest care of his education, and suffered him to be ignorant of no branch of knowledge, which might contribute to his future advancement. To keep him out of the way of public diversions, and other dissipations, he resided at a distance from court, having apartments at the riding academy: There he gave himself up to the study of the sciences, with such intenseness and application, that he scarce came

to Court once in a week, nor appeared at any public diversions. The apartments of the Prince and his excellent tutor, were full of a philosophical apparatus, and mathematical instruments; of the construction and use of which, the Prince had gained a perfect knowledge, as it were by way of diversion. Nothing gave him greater satisfaction, than to explain every thing to strangers of curiosity who happened to visit him. The young Prince allowed himself no other amusements, but such as improve as well as divert the mind; and was as fond of mathematical problems, and philosophical experiments, as too many young gentlemen are of such diversions as tend to alienate their minds from any intense application, and render them unable to bear the least hardship.

“How great things were to be expected from a Prince of such endowments! so disposed to the worthiest pursuits, so closely applying himself to them, making so happy a progress in them.—Alas! every pleasing expectation formed of him proved in the event vain! Bad companions insinuated themselves into his good esteem; bad examples found him unable to withstand them; when the vicious were his companions, their manners were no longer his abhorrence: By associating with them, he soon became as abandoned as the worst of them; and in a few years, having lost his virtue, unhappily lost his life.” There cannot be a stronger or more melancholy proof of the fatal influence which bad company, and bad examples, have over even the best cultivated and best disposed minds. How then can others expect to avoid the contagion, though ever so carefully informed and well inclined, if they are hardy enough to venture in the midst of it, even when they see before their eyes a youth thus well and nobly trained, blasted at once, and all his fair blossoms withering, ere they were ripened into the promised fruit?

19. PIETY and POLITENESS, UNITED in EUSEBIUS.

EUSEBIUS was not one of those plodders, who seem to disband all society, and to forswear conversation; who place virtue in sourness, and confound piety with spleen: No; he was free, easy, and cheerful, and never refused to partake of those festivities, which recreate the mind and refresh the body, without prejudice to the conscience. This was his *ne plus ultra*, and he thought it a noble and an ample field; since here he could enjoy every gratification suited to a rational being, and not unworthy his understanding and his nature. "But to pawn innocence for pleasure," said he, "as many do, is to over-rate the one, and to undervalue the other. To laugh whilst we sin, is, in some sort, to renew the barbarous cruelty of Nero, who is reported to have played while Rome burned; or the foolish temerity of the Indian philosopher, who sung on the funeral pile just ready to consume him." Disgusted, therefore, at such society, and still more at follies which he could neither endure or correct, he lamented in silent indignation, to behold Christians leading the lives of the lowest Pagans, and profaning the best religion with the foulest crimes.—"What pleasure," would he say, "can any Christian take in those places, where vice rides in triumph, and virtue groans in a dungeon? where goodness and decency lie under contempt, and irregularity receives applause? where the best actions are lampooned, and the worst glossed over, or deified by their short-sighted votaries?"—This consideration so weaned Eusebius from the love of the world, that he withdrew into the country, and there allied all the qualities of a gentleman, so handsomely with the duties of a Christian, that it was hard to judge whether his behaviour was more genteel or more religious. He was wont to say, "Those lie under a great mistake, who fancy that virtue is an enemy to good breeding; that a man must turn off civility to become a saint; and exclude himself from the society of all men, in order to keep up a correspondence with his God. No," continued he, "Chri-

stianity makes men honest, indeed, but it does not make them clowns ; it forbids grimace, but not sincerity ; it puts a mean between foppishness and rusticity, and forbids us to shew no breeding, by affecting to shew too much. Virtue smooths the brow as well as the conscience, and knows how to temper innocent mirth with a seasonable reservedness and decorum. So that we may, if we so incline, keep up to the height of our duty to God, without dropping our obligations to good neighbourhood, and abandoning the comforts of society."

20. *The MAN of PLEASURE UNMASKED.*

DESCARTES (says a pleasant writer in the Guardian) was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits, which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. On the strength of this hypothesis, the writer, assuming the character of an invisible investigator of the mind, founds the following ingenious and important remarks, whose moral is strikingly obvious, and worthy of attention. I one day, says he, entered into the pineal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called "A man of pleasure." But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notions of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason. His intellects, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers, prevented appetite, in prompting him to sensual gratifications, and the outrunning of natural appetite produced a loathing, instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it, and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teased and aroused by some powerful object, the effect was, not to delight

or

or soothe the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite and satiety. I saw the wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity; and I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned, he had almost quenched that light which his Creator had set up in his soul; yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed, at certain seasons, frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself."

21. CIRCUMSPECTION RECOMMENDED.

LUCY and Emilia were admiring the structure of a spider's web, which was formed between the branches of a tall shrub, in the garden at Hart-hill; when Euphronius, returning from his morning-walk, stopped to inquire what object so much engaged their attention. The dew-drops yet bespangled the fine threads of which the web was composed, and rendered every part of it conspicuously beautiful. A small winged insect happened, at this instant, to be caught in the toil; and the spider, before invisible, advanced along the lines, from his secret retreat, seized the prey, and killed it, by instilling a venomous juice into the wound he made. When the rapacious tyrant had almost devoured his game, another fly, of a larger size, became entangled in the mesh. He now waited patiently till the insect was fatigued, by struggling to obtain its liberty; and then rolling the web around it, he left the poor fly in a state of terror and impotence, as a future repast for his returning appetite.

You pity the fate, said Euphronius, of this unfortunate insect, whose destruction is the natural consequence of its ignorance and want of caution. Remember, that you yourselves will be exposed, in the commerce of life, to various snares, dangerous to your virtue, and sub-
versive

verfise of your peace of mind. FLATTERY is the common *toil* laid for your sex; and when you are entangled in it, vanity, affectation, pertness, and impatience of controul, constitute the poison which is then infused into your wounded bosoms. PLEASURE spreads a glittering *web*, which has proved fatal to thousands. AMBITION *catches* the unwary by power, titles, dignities, and preferments. And FALSE RELIGION, under a dazzling outside of mysterious sanctity, and pompous ceremonies, conceals a *net-work* of priestcraft and superstition, from which it will be still more difficult to extricate yourselves. Sophron and Alexis had now joined the little party; and Euphronius, pointing to them his discourse, bade them beware of the cobwebs of PHILOSOPHY; those fine-spun *hypotheses*, which involve the mind in error, and unfit it for the patient investigation of truth, by observation and experiment.—Here the moralist was interrupted by a servant, who came to inform him that his carriage waited at the door.

22. MENDACULUS, or the LIAR CHASTISED.

MENDACULUS was a youth of good parts, and of amiable dispositions; but by keeping bad company, he had contracted, in an extreme degree, the odious habit of lying. His word was scarcely ever believed by his friends; and he was often suspected of faults, because he denied the commission of them, and punished for offences, of which he was convicted only by his assertions of innocence. The experience of every day manifested the disadvantages which he suffered from the habitual violation of truth. He had a garden stocked with the choicest flowers; and the cultivation of it, was his favourite amusement. It happened that the cattle of the adjoining pasture, had broken down the fence; and he found them trampling upon, and destroying a bed of fine auriculas. He could not drive these ravagers away, without endangering the still more valuable productions of the next parterre; and he hastened to request the assistance of the gardener. "You intend to make a fool of me," said the man, who

who refused to go, as he gave no credit to the relation of Mendaculus.

One frosty day, his father had the misfortune to be thrown from his horse, and to fracture his thigh. Mendaculus was present, and was deeply affected by the accident, but had not strength to afford the necessary help. He was therefore obliged to leave him, in this painful condition, on the ground, which was at that time covered with snow; and, with all the expedition in his power, he rode to Manchester, to solicit the aid of the first benevolent person he should meet with. His character as a liar was generally known; few to whom he applied paid attention to his story; and no one believed it. After losing much time in fruitless entreaties, he returned with a sorrowful heart, and with his eyes bathed in tears, to the place where the accident happened. But his father was removed from thence: A coach fortunately passed that way; he was taken into it, and conveyed to his own house, whither Mendaculus soon followed him.

A lusty boy, of whom Mendaculus had told some falsehoods, often way-laid him as he went to school, and beat him with great severity. Conscious of his ill desert, Mendaculus bore, for some time, in silence, this chastisement; but the frequent repetition of it at last overpowered his resolution, and he complained to his father of the usage which he met with. His father, though dubious of the truth of this account, applied to the parents of the boy who abused him. But he could obtain no redress from them, and only received the following painful answer: "Your son is a notorious liar, and we pay no regard to his assertions." Mendaculus was therefore obliged to submit to the wonted correction, till full satisfaction had been taken by his antagonist, for the injury he had sustained.

Such were the evils in which this unfortunate youth almost daily involved himself, by the habit of lying. He was sensible of his misconduct, and he began to reflect upon it with seriousness and contrition. Resolutions of amendment succeeded to penitence; he set a guard upon
his

his words ; spoke little, and always with caution and reserve ; and he soon found, by sweet experience, that truth is more easy and natural than falsehood. By degrees, the love of it became predominant in his mind ; and so sacred at length did he hold veracity to be, that he scrupled even the least jocular violation of it. This happy change restored him to the esteem of his friends, the confidence of the public, and the peace of his own conscience.

23. BELISARIUS *and* GILIMER.

BELISARIUS, begging alms as he went, journeyed on towards an old ruinous castle, where his family expected him. He had given directions to his young guide, not to mention his name on the road ; but the dignified air of his countenance, and his whole person, was sufficient to interest every beholder. Arriving that night at a village, his conductor stopped at the door of an house which had a simple but neat appearance.

The landlord was entering with a spade in his hand : the mien and features of Belisarius attracted his attention, and made him curious to know so respectable a vagrant. A poor invalid, says Belisarius, an old decrepit soldier !—A soldier ! exclaims the villager, and that honour is your recompence !—There is no help for it, replied Belisarius ; the greatest misfortune of a sovereign is, his inability to pay the price of all the blood spilt in his service. The heart of the villager was touched by this answer, and Belisarius was invited to partake of his hospitality.

I here introduce, says the master of the house to his wife, a gallant brave veteran, who bears the severities of his fate with fortitude of mind : then turning to Belisarius, My honest guest, be not ashamed of your condition, in a family which has been inured to misfortunes : sit you down, we are going to supper ; while we wait to have it laid upon the table, tell me, pray, what wars have you served in ? In the wars of Italy, says Belisarius, against the Goths ; that in Asia, against the

the Persians ; and in Africa, against the Vandals and the Moors.

At these words, the villager could not suppress a deep sigh. At this rate then, continued he, you made every campaign with Belisarius?—Yes, every campaign ; we were never asunder.—Indeed ! that excellent man ! the equal composure of his mind ! that constant uprightness ! that greatness of soul ! Is he still living, pray ? for in this solitude it is about five and twenty years since I have heard what is doing in the world.—Yes, Belisarius is still alive.—May heaven guard and prolong his days !—If he heard your wishes for him, your goodness would affect him tenderly.—Very like ; and how do they say he fares at Court ? In great power, to be sure ! adored by every body !—Alas ! envy is ever an attendant on prosperity.—Very true ; but the Emperor should be upon his guard against the enemies of so great a man, the tutelary genius, the protector of the empire !—He is far gone in years now.—But what then ? he will be as great in council, as he was formerly in the field. His wisdom, if he is attended to, may, perhaps, be of more extensive use than even his valour.—And how, says Belisarius, inwardly softened, how was he known to you ?—Let us sit down to table, answered the villager : your question would lead into a long detail.

Belisarius now felt some secret hints that his landlord must be some officer who had formerly served under him, and had reason to be contented with his general. During supper, the latter was inquisitive concerning the events of war in Italy and the East, but was totally silent in regard to Africa. Belisarius gratified his curiosity, in a plain and simple style. Let us drink, says the host, at the conclusion of the repast, let us drink to the health of your general ; and may Heaven requite him with its bounty, for all the evil he heaped on me !—He ! replied Belisarius, did he injure you ?—He discharged his duty, and I make no complaint. I have learned in the school of adversity to compassionate the distresses of mankind ; and you shall know, my honest

honest friend, how that lesson was taught me. As you have served in Africa, you must have seen the King of the Vandals, the unfortunate GILIMER, led by Belisarius, in triumph to Constantinople, with his wife and children involved in his captivity. That very GILIMER has opened to you his hospitable door! you have supped with him!—Thou Gilimer! exclaimed Belisarius; and has not the Emperor assigned you a better lot?—He had promised—Yes, he promised, and, to do him justice, he kept his word. Dignities were offered to me, and even the rank of a Patrician; but I declined the offer. To him who has been a king and has lost his crown, the only resource is obscurity and repose.—Thou GILIMER!—Yes, I am he! that vanquished prince, who, you may remember, was besieged upon the mountain of *Papua*. There I suffered unheard-of hardships: the inclemency of the winter-season, the necessities of famine, the miserable aspect of a whole people driven to the last despair, and ready to devour their very wives and children; the unremitting vigilance of that brave officer PHARAS, who, even amidst the operations of the siege he carried on, never ceased, by his remonstrances, to awaken my feelings both for myself, and the miseries of my people. All these circumstances, together with the entire confidence I had in the uprightness of your general, prevailed upon me at length to lay down my arms. With what an air of sober dignity did Belisarius receive me! Every proper attention was paid to me by his direction. With what address, with what respect, did he strive to soften my affliction! The space of near six lustres has elapsed, since I have dwelt in this solitary retreat, and not a day has passed without hearing my most fervent prayers for Belisarius.

I perceive, said Belisarius, in this account of yourself, the mild effects of that philosophy, which, even on the mountain where you endured so much, could make you chant your calamities in song; which gave you, when you appeared before Belisarius, that serenity of countenance, and, on his day of triumph, animated that

look

look of magnanimity, which astonished the Emperor Justinian. My good guest, replied Gilimer, the strength and weakness of our minds depend entirely upon the light in which things appear to us. True constancy and fortitude first sprung up in my heart, when I began to consider the world as the sport of fortune. Till then, I had lived the most voluptuous of kings, dissolved in luxury, and ever entranced in the lap of pleasure: on a sudden, I passed from my palace, that scene of revelry and delight, to the cavern of the Moors, where, pillowed upon straw, I lived on barley, coarsely pounded and half-roasted under the cinders. Nay, to such hardship was I reduced, that a loaf of bread, sent to me by the humanity of an enemy, was an inestimable present. From this situation, I fell into captivity, was loaded with irons, and walked in the conqueror's triumph. In extremities like these, you will agree with me, that the heart must break with grief, or rise superior to the caprice of fortune.

You find in that composure of your soul, says Belisarius, many resources against calamity; and I promise to superadd a new motive of consolation, before we part.

Their conversation ended here, and each retired to rest.

Gilimer, at the dawn of day, instead of betaking himself to the cultivation of his garden, made it his first care to inquire how his aged guest had passed the night. He found him already up, with his stick in his hand, ready to set out on his journey. How! said he, not give us a few days before you leave us!—That, replied Belisarius, is not in my power: I have a wife and daughter inconsolable during my absence. Farewell!—and hear without emotion, what remains to be told you: Blind and superannuated as I am, BELISARIUS will never forget the reception you have given him.—How! BELISARIUS!—It is BELISARIUS who now embraces you!—Righteous Heaven! exclaims GILIMER, half-wild with astonishment, BELISARIUS blind! and abandoned in his old age!—Even so, replied BELISARIUS; and to shew you the extreme of cruelty, before they turned him adrift, to beg his way through the
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world, his enemies put out his eyes.—Amazement! says Gilimer, in a tone of grief and horror; can it be possible? Who were the monsters?—Envious men, replied BELISARIUS; they impeached me of designs upon the crown, when my thoughts were fixed upon my grave. They had credit enough to ruin me, and I was laid in irons. The people at length clamoured loudly for my enlargement; it was in vain to resist the popular outcry; but in restoring me to liberty, they deprived me of my sight. JUSTINIAN too ordained it; there the wound struck deeper! You can witness with what zeal, with what affection I served him. Even now I love him, and grieve that he is surrounded by wicked men, who cloud and blacken the evening of his days. When I heard that he himself pronounced the definitive sentence, I own my constancy failed me; the very executioners relented into pity, and fell prostrate at my feet. Now all is over; and, thanks be to Heaven, I have but a little time to crawl about, blind and wretched.—Pass that time with me, says GILIMER: here, under my roof, close an illustrious life.—That, returned Belisarius, would have something soothing in it; but I must give myself to my family, and I now go to expire in their arms. Farewell!

Gilimer embraced him, bathed him with his tears, and could hardly quit his hold. At length he let him go with a parting pang, and straining his eyes after him, O Prosperity! says he, thou cheat Prosperity! who can confide in thee? The warlike hero, the great, the good Belisarius!—Now indeed he may think himself happy who digs his garden. With these words, the king of the Vandals resumed his spade.

24. BELISARIUS and the VILLAGER.

ARRIVING at the village, the cry that struck his ear was, *There he is; that's he; it is the very man.* What may this mean?—It is an whole family, said the guide, making towards you with great eagerness. By this time, an old man came forward from the crowd. Worthy gentleman, said he, may we crave to know

know who you are? You plainly see, replied Belisarius, that I am a poor indigent wretch, and not a gentleman.—An indigent wretch! exclaimed the peasant; that is what occasions our curiosity; for we have a report here, that, wretched as you seem, you are Belisarius.—Lower your voice, my honest friend, replied the General; and if my misfortunes touch you, afford me a shelter under your roof. These words were scarcely uttered, when he felt the villager embracing his knees: he raised the honest countryman, and went with him into an humble cot.

Fall down, my children, said the villager to his son and two daughters, fall down at the feet of this illustrious hero: it was he protected us from the ravage of the Huns; but for him, our little habitation had been reduced to ashes; but for him, my children, your father would have been butchered before your eyes, your little babes would have been torn from you, and hurried into captivity; but for him, you never would have raised your heads again; you are indebted to him for life, and all that can be dearer than life. Venerate him the more for his present condition, respect his misfortunes, and weep over your unhappy country.

Belisarius, dissolving inwardly with tenderness at the grateful sentiments of this little family, and overpowered by their blessings on his head, could only answer them with the dumb eloquence of his embraces. Condescend, illustrious hero, said the two women, to receive to your arms these two little innocents, who have found in you a second father. We shall never cease to awaken in their memories a due sense of the honour they will now receive by saluting their great deliverer, and being caressed in his embrace. Each mother presented her own child, and placed him on the General's knees. The little infants smiled with young astonishment, and, raising their arms, seemed to offer up their thanks. And can you now, said Belisarius, think me an object of compassion? Does there at this moment breathe a man more sincerely happy than myself? But tell me, how has it happened that you had
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any knowledge of me? A young nobleman, replied the villager, passed through this place yesterday, and enquired if we had not seen a blind old man go by; you answer the description he gave us. We assured him, we had seen no such person; he then charged us to keep a good look-out, and let you know, that a friend expects you at the place where you are going. He said, you were in want of every thing, and requested us to pay you every attention in our power: he even promised to requite us for it. Alas! we told him that we were all variously employed; some in the labours of the field, others in domestic cares, and had but little leisure to gape after travellers as they pass by. Then quit your employments, said the young lord, and omit every thing rather than the acts of benevolence, the good old man is intitled to: he is your protector, your deliverer; it is Belisarius whom I recommend to your diligence; and then he opened to us the whole story of your sufferings. At the sound of a name so beloved and honoured, imagine to yourself the agitation of our hearts. My son watched all night long for his General, for he had the honour to fight under your banners, when you expelled the invaders of Thrace; and my daughters, at the dawn of day, were at the threshold of the door, and there continued, straining their eyes with eager expectation. At length we have found you; command as you please, every thing we have is yours: the nobleman who desires to see you, has more in his power to give; but give what he may, he will not do it with a better heart than we offer our little all.

While thus the father discoursed, the son, in a fixed attitude before the hero, viewed him with a pensive air, his hands clasped in each other; consternation, pity, and respect rising by turns, and diffusing themselves over his countenance.

My good friend, says Belisarius to the old villager, I thank you for these marks of your goodness. I have wherewithal to support me on my way to my last retreat: but pray inform me, is your happiness equal to your benevolence? Your son, you say, carried arms
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under my conduct. I feel myself interested about him ; is he prudent, careful, and industrious ? Does he prove a good husband and a good father ?—He is, replied the old man, all my joy and comfort ; he quitted the army upon the death of his elder brother ; but he quitted it seamed with honourable scars ; he relieves me from labour, the prop of my old age ! He has for his wife the daughter of my friend, and Heaven has smiled upon their union. He is of a sanguine lively temper ; she is of a mild and amiable disposition. My daughter, who stands there, is also happily settled. I gave her in marriage to a young man of good morals, and they live in mutual affection : every thing goes on to my heart's content, and they have raised grandchildren to me, in whom I fancy I am renewing my youth. In the hopes that they will cherish my memory, and bless me when I am gone, I draw towards my grave with less regret.—Alas ! my good friend, said Belisarius, you excite my envy ! I had two sons, my best, my darling hope ! I saw them both expire at my side ; an only daughter is all that is left me in my age, and she, alas ! has too much sensibility for my condition and her own. But thanks be to Heaven, my two boys died fighting for their country !—At these words, the young man, who had been earnestly listening to all that passed, felt his heart touched to the very quick.

The supper, consisting of plain country-fare, was served up ; but Belisarius, by his lively representations of the happiness that dwells with obscurity, gave it the value of the most sumptuous repast. Calm and retired tranquillity, says he, is the happiest state of man ; and yet, so little are the solid blessings of life understood, it is a state which is never envied !

The young man of the house continued silent during the whole time of supper, with his eyes fixed on Belisarius ; he was lost in contemplation : his inward workings grew stronger as he gazed ; his countenance every moment settled into a deeper gloom, looked more intense with reflection, and fiercer with the various meanings that succeeded each other. Here is my

son, said the good old landlord, recalling to his imagination all your battles : he peruses you with an ardent eye.—He finds it difficult, replied Belisarius, to recollect his General.—The enemies of my General, said the young man, have defaced him enough to make it difficult to know him ; but he is too near the hearts of his soldiers to be ever unknown to them.

When Belisarius took leave of this worthy family, I should be glad, says this young man, if my General will permit me to attend him a little part of his way. Being together on the road, I could wish, said he again, that you would order your guide to walk on before us ; for I have something for your private ear. The condition, Sir, to which they have reduced you, fills me with indignation. They have left you a terrible example of ingratitude, and the basest perfidy ; it makes me even look with horror on my country ; and as I formerly dared boldly in her service, so I now blush for every drop of blood I spilt in her cause. The place of my nativity is grown detestable to me, and I look with pity on the children whom I have brought into this bad world.—Hold ! hold, young man ! says Belisarius ; where is the country in which honest men do not fall the victims of malignity and fraud ?—But this, returned the young soldier, this is without a precedent. There is a peculiarity in your fate that exceeds all imagination. Who was the author of it ? I have a wife and children ; them I will recommend to their grandfather and the Supreme Being, and nothing shall retard me from setting out directly to tear out the villain's heart, who barbarously——Alas ! thou generous youth, said Belisarius, clasping him in his arms, this excess of pity kindles to enthusiasm. Can I consent that a brave young man shall be the perpetrator of an insidious deed ? that a soldier shall become an assassin ? that a virtuous son, a tender husband, and an affectionate father, shall be the slave of guilt and infamy ! It were to make me deserve all that malice has inflicted on me. Reflect a little ; you have relinquished the just defence of your country, to solace your aged father, and rear up your tender
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infants ; and will you now, for a superannuated wretch like me, with an extravagant zeal, desert that very father and your helpless babes ? Tell me, should you drench your hand in the blood of my enemies, will that recall my youthful vigour ! will it restore my lost organs to me ? when you have made yourself criminal, shall I be the less miserable ?—No, replied the young man, but the bloody catastrophe of a villain will strike every guilty mind with horror ; to make him a terrible example to the world, I will seize the monster at the foot of the throne, or even of the altar, and, glutting my poinard in his heart, will thunder in his ear, “ *Belisarius strikes the blow.*”—And by what right, says Belisarius in a decisive tone, do you mean to execute my revenge ? Have I transferred a right to you which I do not possess myself ? or do you mean to assume that right in defiance of every law ?—Let law be truly administered, said the young man, and the subject will depend upon the justice of his country ; but since it is perverted, since it gives no protection to innocence and virtue, but connives at vice, and acts in collusion with the guilty, it is time to abjure civil society, and resort to the primitive laws of natural justice.—My worthy good friend, replied Belisarius, that is the reasoning of ruffians, of every lawless banditti ! To see the laws warped to evil purposes, is indeed grievous to a just and honest mind ; but the case would be still more grievous, if they were to suffer open violation. Edulced laws are most certainly an evil, but a transitory evil ; their total overthrow would be a lasting calamity. You would strike guilt with terror, and yet you are going to encourage it by your example. My calamities, thou worthy youth, have inspired you with noble sentiments ; would you debase those sentiments by an atrocious deed ? Shall the tender sensations of the heart be turned to horror ? I conjure you, in the name of that virtue which you love, dishonour it not by fatal rashness. Let it never be said that virtue has guided the hand of an assassin.

If their cruelty, said the young soldier, had spent its

its rage on me, I could perhaps arm myself with fortitude to bear the worst; but when a man renowned! when Belisarius—No, I will never forgive it. But I forgive it, replied Belisarius; nothing but my interest in this business can provoke your fury; and if I renounce my own resentments, will you go farther than I am willing to do? Let me tell you, that if I were inclined to expiate my wrongs by the blood of my enemies, whole nations are ready to arm themselves in my cause; but I am resigned to my fate; imitate my example, allow me to be the judge of what is right and honourable; and if you find within your breast a spirit to encounter death, reserve that spirit for the glorious occasion of serving your country and your prince.

The ardour of the young soldier subsided at these words into wonder and admiration. Forgive me, General, said he, forgive the vehemence which I now blush to own: the outrage of your fortune drove me to excess; while you condemn my zeal, excuse it also.—I do more, said Belisarius, I esteem it; it is the emotion, the transport of a generous mind, but let me now direct it. Your family will have need of you, live for them; and let your children imbibe from you, an aversion to the enemies of Belisarius.—Name them, said the young soldier with impatience, and I promise you my children shall grow up from the cradle in mortal hatred of them.—My enemies, replied Belisarius, are the Scythians, the Huns, the Bulgarians, the Slavonians, the Persians, and all the enemies of my country.—Thou miracle of virtue! said the young villager, prostrating himself at the feet of the hero. Belisarius embraced him, and taking his leave, There are, said he, in this mixed state, inevitable evils; all that a just man can do, is not to deserve the portion that may be his lot. If, hereafter, the abuse of power, the perversion of laws, and the prosperity of bad men, should move your indignation, think of Belisarius. Farewell!

25. HISTORY of HERMES.

SIPHOAS, or Hermes, the second of the name, was of the race of our sovereigns. While his mother was with child of him, she went by sea to Lybia, to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter Hammon. As she coasted along Africa, a sudden storm arose, and the vessel perished near a desert island. She escaped by a particular protection of the gods, and was cast upon the island alone; there she lived in a solitary life, until her delivery, at which time she died. The infant remained exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, and the fury of the wild beasts; but Heaven, which designed him for great purposes, preserved him in the midst of these misfortunes. A young she-goat, hearing his cries, came and suckled him till he was past infancy. For some years he fed upon the tender grass with his nurse, but afterwards upon dates and wild fruits, which seemed to him a more proper food. He perceived, by the first rays of reason which began to shine in him, that he was not of the same make with the beasts; and that he had more understanding, invention, and address than they; and thence conjectured, that he might be of a different nature.

The she-goat, which had nourished him, died of old age. He was much surprised at this new phenomenon, of which he had never observed the like before: he could not comprehend why she continued so long cold and without motion; he considered her for several days; he compared all he saw in her, with what he felt in himself, and perceived that he had a beating in his breast, and a principle of motion in him, which was no longer in her. The mind speaks to itself, without knowing the arbitrary names which we have affixed to our ideas. Hermes reasoned thus: The goat did not give herself that principle of life, since she has lost it, and cannot restore it to herself.

As he was endowed by nature with a wonderful sagacity, he sought a long time for the cause of this change; he observed that the plants and trees seemed
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to die, and revive every year, by the going away and the coming of the sun; he imagined that this star was the principle of all things, and he exposed the carcase to its rays, but life did not return; on the contrary, he saw it putrify, grow dry, and fall to pieces, nothing remained but the bones. It is not the sun, then, said he within himself, that gives life to animals. He examined whether it might not be some other star; but having observed that the stars which shined in the night had neither so much heat or light as the sun, and that all nature seemed to languish in the absence of the day, he concluded that the stars were not the first principles of life.

As he advanced in age, his understanding ripened, and his reflections became more profound. He had remarked, that inanimate bodies could not move of themselves, that animals did not restore motion to themselves when they had lost it, and that the sun did not revive dead bodies: hence he inferred, that there was in nature a First Mover, more powerful than the sun or the stars, and which gave activity and motion to all bodies.

Reflecting afterwards upon himself, he observed, that there was something in him which felt, which thought, and which compared his thoughts together. Dissipating minds, wandering about in vain pursuits, and lost in amusements, never enter into themselves; their nobler faculties are benumbed, stupified, and buried in matter. Hermes not being diverted, by prejudices and passions, from listening to the still voice of wisdom, which incessantly calls us into ourselves, obeyed that divine whisper without knowing it; he retired more and more into his spiritual nature, and by simplicity of heart, attained to the discovery of those truths, which others arrive at by subtilty of reasoning. After having meditated several years on the operations of his own mind, without knowing or imagining that there was any difference between the soul and body, he concluded, that he himself was not the first cause of thought, any more than of motion; that he derived both the one and the other from
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the same source, and consequently that the First Mover must have intelligence as well as power.

Scarce had he got a glimpse of these truths, when, transported with joy, he said within himself, "Since the First Mover has so much power and wisdom, he must also abound in goodness; he cannot but be ready to succour those who have need of his assistance; as I endeavour to relieve the animals that want my help, my power, my reason, and my goodness, can only be emanations from his." Man, in the midst of beings that can give him no succour, is in a wretched situation; but when he discovers the idea of a being who is able to make him happy, there is nothing can compare with his hopes and his joy.

The desire of happiness, inseparable from our nature, made Hermes wish to see that First Mover, to know him, and converse with him. If I could, said he, make him understand my thoughts and my desires, doubtless he would render me more happy than I am. His hopes and his joy were soon disturbed by great doubts. Alas! said he, if the First Mover be as good and beneficent as I imagine him, why do I not see him? And, above all, why am I in this melancholy solitude, where I see nothing like myself, nothing that seems to reason as I do, nothing that can give me any assistance! In the midst of these perplexities, his weak reason was silent, and could make no answer. His heart spoke, and turning itself to the First Principle, said to him, in that mute language which the gods understand better than words: Life of all beings! shew thyself to me; make me to know who thou art, and what I am; come and succour me in this my solitary and miserable state.

The great Osiris loves a pure heart, and is always attentive to its desires. He ordered the first Hermes, or Mercury, to take a human form, and to go and instruct him. One day when young Trismegistus was sleeping at the foot of a tree, Hermes came and sat down by him. Trismegistus, when he awaked, was surprised to behold a figure like his own; he uttered some sounds, but they were

were not articulate ; he discovered all the different motions of his soul, by those transports, that earnestness, those ingenuous and artless signs, whereby nature teaches men to express what they strongly feel. Mercury in a little time taught the savage philosopher the Egyptian language. He then informed him what he was, and what he was to be, and instructed him in all the sciences which Trismegistus afterwards taught the Egyptians. He now began to discern several marks, which he had not observed before, of an infinite wisdom and power, diffused throughout all nature ; and thereby perceived the weakness of human reason, when left to itself, and without instruction. He was astonished at his former ignorance ; but his new discoveries produced new perplexities. One day, when Mercury was speaking to him of the noble destiny of man, the dignity of his nature, and the immortality which awaits him, he answered, If the great Osiris ordains mortals to so perfect a felicity, whence is it that they are born in such ignorance ? Whence comes it that he does not shew himself to them, and dispel their darkness ? Alas ! if you had not come to enlighten me, I should have sought long without discovering the First Principle of all things, such as you have made him known to me. Upon this Mercury unfolded to him all the secrets of the Egyptian theology.

You, continued Mercury, are of the race of the ancient Kings of Egypt, and are destined by the great Osiris to reform that country by your wise laws. He has preserved you only that you may one day make other men happy ; you will very soon see your own country. He said, and of a sudden rose into the air, his body became transparent, and disappeared by degrees, like the morning star, which flies at the approach of Aurora. He had a crown upon his head, wings at his feet, and held in his hand a caduceus ; upon his flowing robe were all the hieroglyphics which Trismegistus afterwards made use of to express the mysteries of theology and of nature.

Meris the First, who then reigned in Egypt, being admonished by the gods, in a dream, of all that passed in

the desert island, sent thither for the savage philosopher, and perceiving the conformity between his story and the divine dream, adopted him for his son. Trismegistus, after the death of that Prince, ascended the throne, and made Egypt for a long time happy by his wise laws.

26. *Of the RISE of ARTS at ROME.*

THE city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from them that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for, in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues, (for they had none till long after Numa's time), they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies; which were trunks of trees, cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they

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had taken in war ; and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure ; it was a town which carried an air of terror in its appearance ; and which made people shudder whenever they first entered within its gates.

27. *On the DECLINE of ARTS at ROME.*

ON the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy, between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish ; and the sour reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the Court, as the Roman writers were ; but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed, what else could be expected from such a run of monsters, as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero ? For these were the Emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish ; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers, soon after them, speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general ; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good Emperors, which happened after
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Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman Emperor.

28. ABDOLONYMUS *made* KING of SIDON.

THE city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him, that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him King, informing him, that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in

the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him that they were serious in their proposal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No sooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ears of Alexander; who, commanding the new-elected Prince to be sent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. “Would to Heaven,” replied Abdolonymus, “that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for, when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired.” From this answer, Alexander formed so high an opinion of his wisdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

29. MODERATION of AUGUSTUS.

THE principal conquest of the Romans were achieved under the republic; and the Emperors, for the most part, were satisfied with preserving those dominions which had been acquired by the policy of the senate, the active emulation of the consuls, and the martial enthusiasm of the people. The seven first centuries were filled with a rapid succession of triumphs; but it was reserved for Augustus, to relinquish the ambitious design of subduing the whole earth, and to introduce a spirit of moderation into the public councils. Inclined to peace by his temper and situation, it was easy for him to discover, that Rome, in her present exalted situation, had much less to hope than to fear from the chance of arms; and that, in the prosecution of remote wars, the undertaking became every day more difficult, the event more doubtful, and the possession more precarious, and less beneficial. The experience of Augustus added weight to these salutary reflections. Instead of exposing his person and his legions to the arrows of the Parthians, he satisfied himself with the re-
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stitution of the standards and prisoners which were taken in the defeat of Crassus.

His generals, in the early part of his reign, attempted the reduction of *Æthiopia* and *Arabia-Felix*. They marched near a thousand miles to the south of the tropic; but the heat of the climate soon repelled the invaders, and protected the unwarlike natives of these sequestered regions. The northern counties of Europe scarcely deserved the expence and labour of a conquest. The forests and morasses of Germany were filled with a hardy race of Barbarians, who despised life when it was separated from freedom; and though, on the first attack, they seemed to yield to the weight of the Roman power, they soon, by a signal act of despair, regained their independence, and reminded Augustus of the vicissitudes of fortune. On the death of that Emperor, his testament was publicly read in the senate. He bequeathed, as a valuable legacy to his successors, the advice of confining the empire within those limits, which nature seemed to have placed as its permanent bulwarks and boundaries; on the west, the Atlantic ocean; the Rhine and Danube, on the north; the Euphrates, on the east; and towards the south, the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa.

Happily for the repose of mankind, the moderate system recommended by the wisdom of Augustus, was adopted by the fears and vices of his immediate successors. Engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, or in the exercise of tyranny, the first Cæsars seldom shewed themselves to the armies, or to the provinces; nor were they disposed to suffer, that those triumphs which their indolence neglected should be usurped by the conduct and valour of their lieutenants. The military fame of a subject was considered as an insolent invasion of the imperial prerogative; and it became the duty, as well interest, of every Roman general, to guard the frontiers intrusted to his care, without aspiring to conquests which might have proved no less fatal to himself, than to the vanquished barbarians.

30. CONQUEST of BRITAIN *by the ROMANS.*

THE only accession which the Roman empire received, during the first century of the Christian æra, was the province of Britain. In this single instance, the successors of Cæsar and Augustus were persuaded to follow the example of the former, rather than the precept of the latter. The proximity of its situation to the coast of Gaul seemed to invite their arms; the pleasing, though doubtful intelligence of a pearl fishery, attracted their avarice; and as Britain was viewed in the light of a distinct and insulated world, the conquest scarcely formed any exception to the general system of continental measures. After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the most stupid, maintained by the most dissolute, and terminated by the most timid of all the Emperors, the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke. The various tribes of Britons possessed valour without conduct, and the love of freedom without the spirit of union. They took up arms with savage fierceness; they laid them down, or turned them against each other, with wild inconstancy; and while they fought singly, they were successively subdued. Neither the fortitude of Caractacus, nor the despair of Boadicea, nor the fanaticism of the Druids, could avert the slavery of their country, or resist the steady progress of the imperial generals, who maintained the national glory, when the throne was disgraced by the weakest, or the most vicious of mankind. At the very time when Domitian, confined to his palace, felt the terrors which he inspired, his legions, under the command of the virtuous Agricola, defeated the collected force of the Caledonians, at the foot of the Grampian hills; and his fleets, venturing to explore an unknown and dangerous navigation, displayed the Roman arms round every part of the island. The conquest of Britain was considered as already achieved; and it was the design of Agricola to complete and ensure his success, by the easy reduction of Ireland, for which, in his opinion, one legion and a few auxiliaries were sufficient.

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The western isle might be improved into a valuable possession, and the Britons would wear their chains with the less reluctance, if the prospect and example of freedom was on every side removed from before their eyes.

But the superior merit of Agricola soon occasioned his removal from the government of Britain; and for ever disappointed this rational, though extensive scheme of conquest. Before his departure, the prudent general had provided for security as well as for dominion. He had observed, that the island is almost divided into two unequal parts, by the opposite gulfs, or as they are now called, the Friths of Scotland. Across the narrow interval of about forty miles, he had drawn a line of military stations, which was afterwards fortified in the reign of Antoninus Pius, by a turf-rampart, erected on foundations of stone. This wall of Antoninus, at a small distance beyond the modern cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, was fixed as the limit of the Roman province. The native Caledonians preserved, in the northern extremity of the island, their wild independence, for which they were not less indebted to their poverty, than to their valour. Their incursions were frequently repelled and chastised; but their country was never subdued. The masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates of the globe, turned with contempt from gloomy hills, assailed by the winter tempest, from lakes concealed in a blue mist, and from cold and lonely heaths, over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians.

31. CHARACTER *of a* CLERGYMAN.

I WAS very much pleased, in my late visit at *Colonel Caustic's*, with the appearance and the deportment of the clergyman of his parish, who was a frequent visitor of my friend's and his sister's. The Colonel, after drawing his character in a very favourable way, concluded with telling me, that he had seen something of the world, having officiated, in the early part of his life, as the chaplain of a regiment. To this circumstance, I confess, I was inclined to impute some of the Colonel's predilection

predilection in his favour; but a little acquaintance with him convinced me, that he had done the good man no more than justice in his eulogium. There was something of a placid dignity in his aspect; of a politeness, not of form, but of sentiment, in his manner; of a mildness, undebaied by flattery, in his conversation, equally pleasing and respectable. He had now no family, as Miss Caustic informed me, having had the misfortune to lose his wife, and two children she had brought him; a good many years ago. But his parishioners are his family, said she. His look indeed was parental, with something above the cares, but not the charities of this world; and over a cast of seriousness, and perhaps melancholy, that seemed to be reserved for himself, there was an easy cheerfulness, and now and then a gaiety, that spoke to the innocent pleasures of life, a language of kindness and indulgence.

"'Tis the religion of a gentleman," said Colonel Caustic. — "'Tis the religion of a philosopher," said I. — "'Tis something more useful than either," said his sister. "Did you know his labours as I have sometimes occasion to do! The composer of differences; the promoter of peace and of contentment; the encourager of industry, sobriety, and all the virtues that make the lower ranks prosperous and happy. He gives to religion a certain graciousness, which allures to its service, yet in his own conduct he takes less indulgence than many that preach its terrors. The duties of his function are his pleasures, and his doctrine is, that every man will experience the same thing, if he brings his mind fairly to the trial: That to fill our station well, is in every station to be happy."

"The great and the wealthy, I have heard the good man say," continued the excellent sister of my friend, "to whom refinement and fancy open a thousand sources of delight, do not make the proper allowance for the inferior rank of men. That rank has scarce any exercise of mind or imagination but one, and that one is religion; we are not to wonder, if it sometimes wanders into the gloom of superstition, or the wilds of enthusiasm."

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To keep this principle warm, but pure, to teach it as the gospel has taught it, 'the mother of good works,' as encouraging, not excusing our duties, the guide at the same time, and the sweetner of life: To dispense this sacred treasure as the balm of distress, the cordial of disease, the conqueror of death! These are the privileges which I enjoy, which I hope I have used for the good of my people: They have hitherto shed satisfaction on my life, and I trust will smooth its close!"

"'Tis the religion of a Christian!" said Miss Caustic.

32. DISTRESSES *of a* YOUNG LADY.

SIR,

THOUGH I hate writing, yet I am so very unhappy, that I am at last resolved to apply to you. Indeed, I have no other means of relief; for telling my distresses to any body that knows me, would be worse than death itself. I must give you all my history, or you can have no idea of my misfortunes. I was eldest daughter to a gentleman of L. 700 a-year, who had four sons and two daughters. My sister and I were remarkably well educated; besides being three years at a boarding-school, we had a governess at home, who had once been in France, and who understood thorough-bass perfectly. We had an excellent drawing-master, and were nine years at the dancing-school. Though no body of taste thought the youngest near so handsome as her sister; yet, vexing thought! only think how lovely she was! Married to a Baronet with a fine fortune, and a charming place; to be sure he is old, and very ill tempered, and she cries sometimes, and wishes she had never seen him; but I know that must be all affectation, for she has the loveliest carriage, and the smartest liveries I ever saw. But why should I think of her, for it is just thinking of her that vexes me often; yet I once despised her.—Well, Mr Lounger, I was once happy myself, at least much happier than I am now. We lived in town always, except a month or two in the summer, and even then I did not tire so much as you would suppose; for we visited all our neighbours, and my brothers brought
out

out their companions; and we had dances and parties of pleasure. But when winter came, how charming it was! To be sure, one had vexations now and then. To see other people better dressed, or have better partners, or more *tonish* matrons, is horrible; but then, if one takes pains, and goes every where, they may soon be fashionable. Well, I went about constantly, and flirted, and danced, and played, and sung, and every mortal said, I was so handsome, and so lively, and so accomplished, and so much the thing—Oh! why do people ever grow older? Then, as for lovers, I had I don't know how many. All the smart men used to dance with me by turns, invite me to private balls, and tell me how much they adored me; and though they did not just ask me to marry them, yet I thought that question must follow, that there was no hurry, I might divert myself, and perhaps get a better husband than any I had seen yet. It is but fair to say, I was not the least romantic. My mother warned me against that, and I had sense enough to be convinced, that if I got a fashionable man, and a man of fortune, every thing else was nonsense. I made but one resolution; since my sister had married a Baronet, I would have nothing lower, and perhaps insist upon a Peer.—painful reflection! to think I have got nobody!—Now, Mr Lounger, read what follows, and pity me: For some years I was the most contented soul alive; but, alas! misfortunes at last began to come upon me. Silly baby-faced girls turned fashionable, and were taken notice of before me. Many of my companions were married, and could talk of *their* house, and *their* servants, and *their* carriage; the fine men turned ill-bred fools. In short, I grew every day less comfortable, when, to add to all, my father died, and left me just L. 1000. Then began misery indeed. My eldest brother married, the rest were dispersed; my mother and I were forced to live alone; we have no carriage, no country-house, no large parties—was ever any creature so unfortunate? I find myself more unhappy every day. Assemblies are detestable; I may sit there two hours before any mortal asks me to dance; and then some brute

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of a married man says, If I can do no better, he'll be happy to have the honour. The playhouse is a degree more tolerable, though the horror of thinking who will hand one out, prevents one from being diverted. In company, I see every body more attended to than myself. At home, I am miserable—What can I do? People talk of friends; one may get plenty of them; but unless they are fashionable, what the better are you? Besides, if one has no lovers to talk about, except to repeat scandal, and that one can always get, I don't see the use of them; for my part, I have tried a great many, but though we were always monstrously fond at first, we very soon tired of one another.

Now, Sir, if you have the least compassion, tell me what to do; is there any scheme on earth by which I might be married? To say the truth, I plot for every man I see, but they never succeed. If you could assist me, I would be the most grateful creature on earth. No matter who he is, if he is but genteel and decently rich. If I were married, I might soon make myself *tonish*, which is all I wish in the world. Never talk to me of giving up the rage for being so, or of settling my mind, and amusing myself with working and reading. I tell you they don't amuse me. I have worked purses, and painted trimmings for hours, without being the least diverted. And as for reading, what can I read? History I know perfectly, for we read an hour with the governess every day; and as for novels, though I get all the new ones, and they are the only books I like, yet, after all, they are a provoking sort of reading: They always talk of youth and beauty, and lovers; and the men now are so different from what they should be, or what these books represent them, I cannot bear it. Now do, Sir, take pity on me, and help me; but pray convey the advice, so that nobody but myself can profit by it; for if the multitude in the same situation were all provided for, the world would grow intolerably good-natured, and I would have none to exult over. At present, I cry bitterly whenever I hear of a good marriage; it would be divine to think that two were doing

doing so at mine.—Farewell, my dear Sir, forgive this trouble, and believe me your sincere friend, and I hope soon,—grateful servant,—JESSAMINA.

33. FAMILY HAPPINESS *of* AURELIUS.

I ENTERED upon the world with a small patrimony; but by close attention to my profession, I was soon rendered superior to the fear of poverty; and have now retired from business with a fortune, though not large, yet fully adequate to all my wants, and which has been sufficient to rear a numerous family. My profession was such as led me to direct my labours to the immediate use and advantage of my fellow-creatures; and I would not forfeit, for any consideration, the pleasure which, in my present advanced period of life, I receive from recalling to my mind the persons to whom I think my labours have been of some advantage.

I married early a Lady, whose views of life were similar to my own; and though the first rapture of love was quickly over, it was succeeded by a calmer and less tumultuous affection, more happy on the whole, and which has increased with our increasing years. Our mutual habits, our mutual attachments, our fondness for our children, have made us for a long course of time more and more one, and every year rendered dearer that union so long ago formed. My eldest son is now cultivating that profession from which his father has retired. With what joy do I see his talents successful! with what satisfaction do I perceive him improving those lessons I have given him; and with the most engaging modesty advancing much farther than his father's genius entitled him to advance! This is indeed living twice! With great sincerity, and with hopes that they are prophetic of my situation, can I use those words of Morni, in the Poems of Ossian; “May the name of Morni be forgot among the people; may it only be said, behold the father of Gaul!”

My youngest boy is less advanced, but of no less promising parts, nor less amiable dispositions than his brother.

I have four daughters, and I cannot speak of them
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but with emotions of gratitude. They are obliged to me, and to their excellent mother, for the education we have given them ; but how amply have they repaid that obligation ! My eldest daughter, now many years married, was before her marriage my companion, and the help-mate of her mother ; we used then to call her our little housekeeper. Her own merit, the good education she received, and the inducement of having for a wife the daughter of such a mother as my *Hortensia*, contributed to make her the wife of a very respectable man ; and Hortensia and I, now, with enraptured hearts, see her eldest child, our grand-daughter, holding the same station in her mother's family, that her mother did in ours. After our eldest daughter's marriage, our second succeeded to her place ; and she again, upon her marriage, was succeeded in her turn.—Our youngest, Maria, is the only one now left to us ; and, I think I may say it without vanity, is in no respect inferior to any of the family. Her affection to me seems to be quickened in proportion to my advance in life ; and if I feel any of the infirmities of age, they are much more than counterbalanced by her delicate attention : Methinks I would not wish to be younger and stouter than I am, at the expence of losing the assistance of my dear Maria.

It is our custom, every Saturday evening, to have a general family-party. At tea I have all my grand-children round me ; and the variety of gratifications I receive from this little society, it is impossible to describe. At supper, my son, my daughters, and their husbands, are with us ; and my wife and I, I can assure you, cut no unrespectable figure, seated in our elbow-chairs. Had I any grievances to complain of through the week, which indeed I have not, this night would fully compensate them.

Amidst the amusements which this evening's party affords, I must mention one, the pleasure which we receive from the perusal of your *Lounger*. My wife gets it regularly delivered her every morning about nine ; but no one is allowed then to read it. She herself care-

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fully deposits it in her scrutoire, and it is not produced till after supper. It is then brought upon the table, and it is read by my Maria, who does it all justice in the reading. I am sure it would give you much delight to hear the conversation it occasions; the remarks which are made, without affectation, and with perfect candour, upon the composition, the scenes it describes, the characters it represents, their familiarity to other papers of the kind, and the like. Many things are said, which I am persuaded, if collected together, would afford matter for a number of papers. One thing I shall mention, which came from Maria last Saturday. She observed, that there were many of the papers which introduced unmarried men and women, and she proposed that we should make up matches between them. This gave occasion to a good deal of pleasantry, most of which I have forgot: but I remember, that, among other marriages, it was proposed, that *Captain N.* should be married to *Miss Gauslie*, though Maria, grasping my hand, the tear half starting in her eye, objected to it, because it would be wrong to deprive the Colonel of his sister. With regard to your correspondent *Hortensius*, the youngest of my married daughters, looking at her husband with inexpressible good humour, said, that if she were not already tied, she believed she could have married him herself.

Another source of our entertainment in reading your papers, is a suspicion which I see prevails in the company, that some of its members are your correspondents, and have written in the Lounger. This suspicion gives birth to many a joke; and it is diverting to see upon whom the conjecture of having written this or that paper falls, and the different devices which are thought of to discover where the truth lies. Little do they imagine that their old father is at this moment employed as your correspondent.

But I must conclude: I am afraid ere this you will have thought, that I have one quality of an old man about me, that of being a great talker. I shall only add, that if you think this account of a happy family worth

worth your insertion, it will afford, on the evening of the Saturday on which it is published, a good deal of entertainment to the family-party I have described.

34. STORY of LOGAN, a MINGO CHIEF.

IN the spring of the year 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawnee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on these much-injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanhaway, in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe of women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed, and unsuspecting any hostile attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalled himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought, at the mouth of the great Kanhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawnees, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen amongst the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which such a distinguished chief absented himself, he sent by a messenger the following speech, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; and if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the

friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even his women and children. Their runs not a drop of my blood in any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many; I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country's sake I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear; Logan never felt fear; he will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

IBRAHIM'S INTENDED SUICIDE PREVENTED.

IN the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by eastern writers, lived Ibrahim, the son of Emir Hassan, who had formerly been principal favourite to the Caliph, and intrusted by the commander of the faithful with the most important designs. Ibrahim was esteemed an honour to his country, and looked upon as the glory of his race. He was now in all the comeliness of manhood, and his reputation was uncommon for his years. His name went forth like the gales of the morning, and his presence was as chearful as the beams of the sun. Sorrow never saw a cloud upon his brow; nor did grief ever take possession of his heart. Envy was a stranger to his thoughts, and rancour an alien to his breast. His affection was cordial to his friends, and his charity constant to the poor. Resolute in good, he was a stranger to fear; and, promoting the satisfaction of every body, grew tenderly respected by all.

Such was Ibrahim, when the angel of love touched his bosom, and kindled a flame for Almira, the sister of Helim, who was Visier to the Caliph, and the next in power and greatness to his lord.—Almira was the most beautiful virgin of Bagdad, and the fame of her charms had reached the remotest borders of the east. Her cheek was as fresh as the roses of morning, and her bosom was more white than the lily of the dale. The diamond of Golconda was less piercing than her eye, and her

Her air was more comely than the presence of the fawn. Her voice was like the music of paradise, and her breath was as pure as the breezes of the west. Her song would subdue the tyger of the forest, and her looks would detain the ree upon the hills. Ye daughters of Bagdad, ye beheld her with envy; and ye maids of Balfora, ye knew her with regret. At her sight, the winter of age would glow with admiration, and the summer of youth with tenderness and love. She, alone, was worthy the hand of Ibrahim; and Ibrahim, at length, was happily blessed with her's.

The thirtieth moon had now gone down upon their felicity, and increased the transport of the lovers with a daughter, beautiful as her mother, and a son, the strongest picture of his sire. Their hours were measured only by their happiness, and the minutes alone were numbered out by joy. But, oh! how unstable are the pleasures of this life! and how oft are the plans which we lay for delight, defeated in their end! A fatal distemper preyed upon the two smiling infants, and nature at last consigned them over to the angel of death. Ibrahim was struck with grief inexpressible, and Almira with anguish too mighty to support. He was, however, enabled, by the force of reason and philosophy, to combat with his affliction; but she, from the tenderness of constitution, and the extravagance of maternal love, was incapable of receiving the smallest relief.—How oft did she complain to Heaven in the bitterness of her sorrows! how oft call upon death in the anguish of her heart! Ye matrons of Bagdad, ye bore witness to her tears. Ye mothers of Balfora, ye have heard of her distress. Ye beams of the morning, ye rose upon her sighs; and ye shades of the evening, ye brought no comfort to her breast. Despair was at last succeeded by distraction; and the Fates, offended at her complaints, cut the thread of life, as she was tearing her hair, and pouring forth her lamentations upon the new-made grave of her little Ibrahim and Almira.

Almira's death deprived the wretched Ibrahim of all

his fortitude; he seized a dagger, and prepared to put an end to an existence which he was no longer able to enjoy: but first, turning his eyes up to heaven, and falling on his knees, he breathed out the following prayer: "God of my forefathers, who sitteth enthroned above the seven heavens; and thou great Prophet Mahomet, exalted minister of truth, behold the tortures of my heart, and forgive the rashness they produce! It is not for me to ask, why Eternal Providence should shower such nameless woes upon me? Yet let me ask, if I deserve them all? The laws of truth and righteousness I have hitherto inviolably preserved; and, whether it is from frenzy, or the weakness of human nature, I cannot determine; but I am no longer able to sustain a weight of afflictions, which the utmost profligacy of the abandoned has never yet experienced. Pardon me, then, O Omnipotent! that thus, uncalled, I rush before thy throne, to seek that repose in another world, which fate destroyed in this."

Here ended Ibrahim; and he was just about giving the fatal stroke, when one of those celestial beings that attend the presence of the living God appeared, and instantly with-held his hand.—Ibrahim fell prostrate; and thus the inhabitant of heaven went on: "Cease, mistaken Ibrahim, to complain of the dispensations of Providence; nor think that the decrees of the Most High are not actuated by unerring justice. In this world, which thou must look upon as a state of probation, and not consider as a place of reward, thou art wrong to seek for perfect happiness, or to think of meeting with undisturbed repose. To these delightful ends, if thou art solicitous to soar, pay an implicit obedience to the Divine will, nor ever tax that Being with severity, who, in the midst of his displeasure, only chastens to reform. Both thou and Almira were too dotingly fond of these two babes, which Heaven had blessed you with, and paid a less attention to the giver, than either did to the gift. In goodness, therefore, Heaven remanded what it thought proper to bestow: and art thou so unjust as to be offended, when the Divine Being is pleased to recall his own?

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or canst thou be said, in reality, to love those little infants, if thou wouldst a moment wish them back from those eternal mansions of felicity, which are provided for the blessed? They are happy; wouldst thou disturb their happiness? they are angels, wouldst thou reduce them to common clay? What hast thou to complain of? Almira, thy late loved wife, is in paradise; wouldst thou bring her back to a miserable world? If they were dear to thee, thou hast cause to rejoice at their felicity, not to lament for their loss. Thou beggest of Heaven, Ibrahim, to forgive thy intended suicide: How canst thou be so inconsistent, as to pray to Heaven in the very moment thou art going to violate the strictest of its laws? How canst thou presume to address thy God for mercy, yet, in the midst of thy petition, intend to offend the greatness of his power? O Ibrahim! Heaven has dealt mercifully with thee, and provided never-ending happiness for the wife of thy bosom, and the children of thy heart. Wouldst thou share their fate, and join them in felicity, the way does not lie in being disturbed at the Almighty's will, but in being resigned." Here the angel ceased, and vanished.—Ibrahim arose, quite comforted at the exhortation: he laid by his rash design; and the remainder of his days he devoted to the service of his Maker.

36. ABDALLAH.—ACTIVITY *the* PROVINCE of YOUTH.

IN the city of Samarcand, while Jenghizcan swayed the imperial sceptre of the east, lived Abdallah, the son of Mirza. Prosperity awaited his call, and success crowned all his endeavours; nor was he deaf to the voice of virtue. His benevolence diffused itself far and wide, as the fragrance of the spicy groves, wafted on the balmy wings of the eastern breeze. Abdallah the rich, the happy, and the virtuous, was echoed from where the sun first tinges the morning clouds with purple, to where his revolving chariot sinks into the embraces of the western ocean.

Amongst the crowds which frequented his house, was one Haly, a man of a seeming melancholy disposition, and
solitary

solitary turn of mind. When Abdallah one day had shewn him all his sumptuous apartments, and all the splendour of immense riches, and asked his opinion of what he saw, he replied coldly, "Allah and our Prophet are my witnesses, that I esteem a solitary recluse far happier than thee with all thy riches." While Abdallah stood amazed at this reply, he thus continued—"In the wilds of Sara, lives Aladin, the son of Aboulcascem. The herbs of the field supply his table, and the running stream slakes his thirst; regardless of the luxuries of life, he covets not the spices of Arabia, nor the glittering gems of Irak. Content to him supplies the place of riches, and a cheerful mind the want of power:—Son of Mürza, this is the man whose state I account far preferable to thine; and so wouldst thou thyself, couldst thou be capable of enjoying the sweets of retirement."

He ceased, and his words left a deep impression on the heart of his friend; he became eager to try by experience the truth of what Haly had said; often would he send for him, and question him more concerning the dervise whom he had mentioned; till at last he persuaded himself, that felicity resided only in the scenes of simple nature; and soon actually put an end to his anxiety, by taking a sudden journey, unattended, to the place which had been pointed out to him for the habitation of Aladin.

When first he arrived at the retreat, he was so well pleased with the unruffled calm of a solitary life, that he thought himself more than compensated for all the pleasures he had left behind. But, alas! how unstable are the resolutions of youth!—the daughter of vizier Abdelaziz, lovely as one of the houri, had heard, by some means, of his retirement, and followed him into those shades, to dissuade him from so strange a resolution. Amiable as he was, it was no wonder she had conceived a passion for his person. While he was musing under the shadow of a tree, fanned by the refreshing evening-breeze, she approached him, and drew aside her veil.—The sight of so much beauty (for he had never

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ver before beheld her, though she had often seen him) was too strong for the youthful heart of Abdallah ; and when she discovered herself, and told the motive of her journey, nothing could equal his perplexity. When he turned away from her, he retained his old resolutions of quitting the world ; but when he cast a glance on her beauties, they were all overthrown.—He was in this perplexing situation, when the dervise Aladin suddenly appeared, and (the lady withdrawing) thus addressed him :

“ Wonder not, son of Mirza, that I am fully informed of all that concerns thee : this night the prophet has visited me in a vision for thy sake. In vain thou seekest to lead the life of a hermit, with the passions of a lover. Heaven, which bade day and night succeed each other, has appointed seasons for all things. The sequestered life of a dervise by no means suits the temper of a youthful mind ; and that will please most, which boasts the greatest variety. Purling streams, and thick embowering shades, may please a while ; but being always the same, they soon become disgusting to an active mind. Go then, my son, and while youth glows on thy cheek, and diffuses its generous ardour through thy heart, be truly happy in a social life : enjoy the innocent pleasures, without running into the criminal excesses of the world ; make all thy studies useful, all thy amusements innocent ; and let pleasure be thy diversion, but virtue thy chief good.—Then, if, in old age, thou art tired with the enjoyments of this world, retire to solitude for rest, and make contemplation thy sweetest companion.”

Abdallah followed his advice ; he returned to Samarcand, and espoused the daughter of Abdelaziz ; and that visier soon after dying, he succeeded to his office, which he filled with universal applause, and enjoyed till thirty times the revolving year had run its course : then having lost the partner of his bed, and growing old, he remembered the words of the dervise, and once more withdrew to solitude, which then exactly suited his condition : day succeeded day, and year rolled on after year,

year, in one continued scene of felicity; and he glided down the current of time, on the gentle stream of a calm composure. At last, the angel of death, by a quick and easy transition, bore him to the gardens of Paradise, leaving behind him this useful lesson: "That the morning of life should be spent in acts of virtue, that the decline of it may be blessed with serenity and peace."

37. *The WOODEN LEG, an HELVETIC TALE.*

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Rauti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called gay echo from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the valleys seven times resound his melodious songs. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staff bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. "My son," said the old man, smiling, "do you not think, that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? know, however, that I make this journey but once a-year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most straight and active." "I don't doubt, father," replied the shepherd, "but it is very honourable to you, though I dare say another would be more useful. Without doubt you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of that rock?"

Old Man. "I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg." The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, "Let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for, without that,

that, you would have bowed your neck beneath the yoke, instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your song's resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! it is thou that pourest felicity upon this blessed land! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours, and the time of harvest is with us a time of rejoicing."

Young Shepherd. "He does not deserve to be a free-man, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers."

Old Man. "But who in their place would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels*, I come once each year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle, where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced. Thousands of lances glittered at a distance, with more than two hundred horsemen, covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched, and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broke. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat was re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley, and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of the hill where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rock. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees o'erthrown, in vain oppose their course; they
overleap,

* The battle of Nefels, in the Canton of Glaris, in 1388.

overleap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom, in that pool. So we ran to the cry of our General, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or to die. The enemy advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always forced to retire to the shelter of these hills, we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, reinforced by thirty Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lays waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other, to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still further. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier who fought nearest me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring Heaven to aid us.—‘Take care, good father, of this warrior,’ my deliverer cried, ‘he has fought like a son of liberty!’ He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! But many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured, but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life. I have sought him in vain. I have made vows and pilgrimages, that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude.” The young shepherd having heard the old warrior, with tears in his eyes, said, “No, father: in this life you can never shew him your gratitude.” The old man, surprised, cried,

"Heavens! What dost thou say? Dost thou then know, my son, who my deliverer was?"

Young Shepherd. "I am much deceived if it was not my father. Often has he told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, "I wonder if the man I carried from the field of battle be still alive?"

Old Man. "O God! O angels of heaven! Was that generous man thy father?"

Young Shepherd. "He had a scar here,—(pointing to his left-cheek), he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field."

Old Man. "His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! My son!"

Young Shepherd. "He died two years ago, and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats." The old man embraced him, and said, "Heaven be praised, I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come! my son, come with me, and let some other keep thy goats."

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. "My child," he said to her, "he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united!" The young man was of an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man, with tears of joy, said to them, "My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals."

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

REMARKS ON DESCRIPTION.

AS Description is not a distinct species, but an enlivening ornament to many kinds of writing, separate examples of it may be supposed almost unnecessary; especially as it is so closely allied to narration, that it might with propriety have been arranged under the same class. But where differences are real, distinctions are generally useful; and the following selection, being calculated to facilitate the application of its peculiar rules, to introduce variety into the present compilation, and to relieve the pupil from the painful task of attending to too many objects at once, will, it is humbly presumed, prove acceptable to a great majority of readers.

Few compositions are purely descriptive; few regular works are constructed without some moral proposition, some interesting fact, as their foundation: But Description is an excellent criterion of merit, and distinguishes an original from an inferior genius. To the feeble optics of the one, Nature displays but few of her beauties: her surface seems barren, and her stores exhausted: no undescribed object courts his attention, no awful sublimities dilate his fancy. Hence it is that his conceptions are weak and irregular, his expressions general and desultory, his pictures faint and unimpressive. But the other, possessed of a strong imagination, a correct taste, and a sound judgement, clearly discerns the peculiarities of his object, animates them with expressive colouring, and exhibits them to the mind's eye in the most attractive attitudes. The circumstances he selects to compose his portrait, are not common and uninteresting, but such as distend the fancy, and excite admiration; they are not general and abstract, but appropriate and perspicuous; they are such as strongly characterise, and procure particular attention to the subject described,

described, they aggrandise great objects, beautify such as are pleasing, and cloathe with peculiar odium such as are detestable. In short, his descriptions neither weary with tediousness, nor disgust with exaggeration. He describes accurately, because he thinks justly; and transmits the liveliest impressions to his reader, because his own sensibility is always awake.

Many of the poets are justly celebrated for descriptive talents. The fire of their imaginations, the harmony of their numbers, and the liberties of thought and language which are generally allowed them, qualify them, in an eminent degree, for forming delightful portraits; and I would certainly have enriched this part of the Work with many elegant extracts from them, had I not formed a previous resolution to preserve the prose and poetic departments entirely distinct. I shall proceed, however, to suggest such directions as will apply with equal propriety to prosaic and poetical descriptions.

RULES for READING DESCRIPTIVE COMPOSITIONS.

1. THE description of inanimate scenes, and of still life, should be read with the same deliberation and unaffected ease which are necessary in narration; for few attempts will be found successful, which tend to communicate impressions by one sense, which are usually received through the medium of another; or, to convey adequate ideas of an object through the ear, which more strikingly addresses the organ of sight.

2. But when the sound tends to elucidate the sense, and the addressing of different faculties contributes to assist us in forming proper conceptions of the object described, the reader must neither flatten nor obscure the description, by carelessness and inaccuracy, but endeavour to humour its tendency, and heighten its effect, by the force of impressive variations.

3. Peaceful, pleasant, and facetious scenes, should be described with smoothness, vivacity, and humour; and sublime, terrible, and distressful events, with dignity, awe, and compassion: but the reciter should neither seem suffocated with passion in pathetic scenes, nor conceal

ceal the humour of a comic description from his audience, by his own immoderate laughter.

4. Descriptions, in the *first* person, must be read differently from those in the *third*: for when joyous or sorrowful scenes are described by the happy or suffering subject, the reader is incapable of doing them justice, unless he counterfeits the feelings, and exemplify the tones of natural personation; but when the same scenes are described by a spectator, the emotions may be less vivid, the tones less varied, and the emphasis less forcible.

5. But though the description, and the exemplification of passion, are in many instances analagous, they are in some cases considerably different. When we wish, by pathetic descriptions, to inspire sympathy, or rouse to revenge, the looks, the tones, and the gestures, which indicate these passions, are most likely to produce the desired effects: But scenes of grief, in which we are not immediately concerned, should be described with the signs of pity; and excessive ebullitions of anger, arising from slight or imaginary causes, with the leer and tone of ridicule or contempt.

6. In short, in all descriptions which are plain, and purely verbal, the manner must be simple, easy, and accurate; but in those that are impassioned, the reader must indicate congenial feelings; he must take care, however, never to seem so highly affected as to hurt his articulation, and make his exhibition appear the effect of art, rather than the spontaneous effort of nature.

I. A DESCRIPTION of PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

A MAN of sensibility discovers his friend about to take a step contrary to his interest or duty. He is desirous of opposing it, but he is afraid of repelling confidence by a hasty contradiction. He gently insinuates himself into his mind. He does not at first oppose. He inquires. He is not regarded. He requests only to be heard, and instantly he states his reasons, and offers convincing arguments with modest diffidence.—No answer

is returned. He then complains, not of obstinacy, but of silence. He meets all objections, and refutes them. Animated by the tender zeal of friendship, he is far from attempting to shine by his wit, or to dishearten by his reproaches. He speaks only the language of affection. At length, assured of having arrested the attention of his friend, he uncovers the precipice under his feet, and shews him all its depth, in order to alarm his imagination, that weakest, and yet most predominant of our faculties.

He thus succeeds in moving him. He now descends to entreaty, and gives an unrestrained vent to his sighs and tears. The work is done, the heart yields, and his friend is fully persuaded. They both embrace; and it is to the eloquence of friendship that reason and virtue are indebted for the honour of victory.

CHRISTIAN ORATORS! behold your model. Let that compassionate man who should be affected with sympathetic tenderness in order to convince, be you, and that friend who should be moved in order to be undeceived, be your auditory.

The STARLING.

—**B**ESHREW the sombre pencil! said I, vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained “it could not get out.”—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird, and to every one who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity—"I can't-get out," said the starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the starling.—"I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections so tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but
one

one in my ascent—Grant me but health, thou Great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them !

2. *The CAPTIVE.*

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room ; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement : I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitudes of sad groups in it did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish ; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard
his

his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

4. CHARACTERS of CAMILLA and FLORA.

CAMILLA is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest, and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy, to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated, for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they inquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortunes of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others

seem,

seem, by a natural impulse, to feel her superiority; and when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness, a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! By this silent unassuming merit, she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures, in superior stations, overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? What! will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, Nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an untroubled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her, and to love her, is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases, rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely
maid

maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native, feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which Nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet, while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and though she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

5. On FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

FLAVELLA has a multitude of charms. She is sensible, affable, modest, and good-humoured. She is tall without being awkward, and as straight as an arrow. She has a clear complexion, lively eyes, a pretty mouth, and white even teeth; and will answer the description which any rhyming lover can give of the mistress of his affections, after having ransacked heaven and earth for similes: and yet I cannot admire her. She wants, in my opinion, that *nameless something*, which

is

is far more attractive than beauty. It is, in short, a peculiar manner of saying the most insignificant things, and doing the most trifling actions, which captivates us, and takes our hearts by surprise. Though I am a strenuous advocate for a modest, decent, and unaffected deportment in the fair sex, I would not, however, have a fine woman altogether insensible of her personal charms, for she would then be as insipid as Flavella. I would only have her conscious enough of them, to behave with modest freedom, and to converse with fluency and spirit. When a woman stalks majestically into a room, with the haughty airs of a first-rate beauty, and expects every one who sees her to admire her, my indignation rises, and I get away, as fast as I can, in order to enjoy the conversation of an easy, good-humoured creature, who is neither beautiful, nor conceited enough to be troublesome, and who is as willing to give pleasure, as desirous to receive it.

6. CHARACTERS of FLIRTILLA and AMELIA.

FLIRTILLA is a gay, lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every fashion, person, play, opera, masquerade, or public exhibition, and has an easy flow of words, that pass upon the multitude for wit. In short, the whole end of her existence seems to be centered in a love of company and the fashion. No wonder it is that she is noticed only by the less worthy part of the world. Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greatest happiness. Nature has not been so lavish of her charms, as to her sister, but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of her heart within. Her person is not striking at first, but as it becomes familiar to the beholder, is more so than that of her sister. For her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person who has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much, and digests what she reads. Her serenity of mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure; nor her spirit agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but
 .. little.

little when in company, but when she does, every one is hush, and attends to her as an oracle; and she has one true friend with whom she passes her days in tranquillity. The reader may easily judge which of these two sisters is the most amiable.

7. ODIOUSNESS of AFFECTATION.

LUCY, EMELIA, and SOPHRONIA, seated on a bank of daisies, near a purling stream, were listening to the music of a neighbouring grove. The sun gilded with his setting beams the western sky; gentle zephyrs breathed around; and the feathered songsters seemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise. Delighted with the artless melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thrush, they were all ear, and observed not a peacock, which had strayed from a distant farm, and was approaching them with a majestic pace, and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert was soon interrupted by the loud and harsh cries of this stately bird; which, though chased away by Emelia, continued his vociferations with the confidence which conscious beauty too often inspires. Does this foolish bird, said Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to sing, because he is furnished with a spreading tail, ornamented with the richest colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of such a reflection; but I hope that you and Emelia will always avoid the display of whatever is inconsistent with your sex, your station, or your character.

Shun affectation in all its odious forms; assume no borrowed airs; and be content to please, to shine, or to be useful in the way which nature points out, and which reason approves.

8. *The FUNERAL of MARIA.*

MARIA was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellency of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they

they had been attended with that success they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness, or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration—none ever felt it less; With all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent on her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our more immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extremely useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, present to us a little view of family-afflictions, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow, and national regret, we gaze, as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien: yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalry of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent, to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child, the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me, that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a kind of melancholy indulgence; but, when her father dropt the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity.

It was but for a moment——He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, of piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance, rather of pity than of enmity; on the next a look of humbleness and hope.

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of a sceptic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of the mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy, which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

If the influence of such a call to thought, can only smother in its birth one allurements to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered, not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

AUTUMNAL

9. AUTUMNAL MORNING; or, DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

ALREADY had the sun's rays gilded the summit of the mountains, and proclaimed the approach of the fairest of autumnal days, when Milon placed himself at his window. The sun then shone through the branches of the vine, whose verdure, mixed with purple and aurora, formed over the window a shady arbour, that lightly waved to the morning's gentle gale. The sky was serene; a sea of vapours covered the valley. The highest hills, crowned with smoking cottages, and with the party-coloured garb of autumn, rose like islands, by the power of the sun's rays, out of the bosom of that sea. The trees, loaded with ripening fruits, presented to the eye a striking mixture of a thousand shades of gold and purple, with some remains of verdure. Milon, in sweet extasy, suffered his sight to wander through the vast extent. Sometimes he heard far off, sometimes more near, the joyous bleating of the sheep, the flutes of the shepherds, and the warblings of the birds, that by turns pursued each other on the floating gales, or died away in the vapours of the valley. Plunged in a profound contemplation, for a long time he stood motionless; then, fired with a sudden transport of divine enthusiasm, he seized his lyre, that hung against the wall, and thus he sung:

"Grant, O grant me, Gods! the power to express my transports, and my gratitude, in hymns worthy of you! Full-blown Nature now shines forth in all her charms; her riches she profusely pours around; mirth and festivity reign throughout the plains. The prosperous year smiles in our vines and orchards. How beautiful appears this vast campaign! How delightful the variegated dress of autumn!"

"Happy the man whose heart feels no remorse, who, contented with his lot, frequently enjoys the delight of doing good. The serenity of the morning invites him to new joy: his days are full of happiness; and night finds him in the arms of the sweetest slumbers: his mind is for ever open to the impressions of pleasure!

The various beauties of the seasons enchant him ; and he alone enjoys all the bounties of nature.

“ But doubly blessed is he who shares his happiness with a companion formed by virtue and the graces ; with one like thee, my beloved Daphne. Since Hymen has united our destinies, there is no felicity that is more delightful to me. Yes, since Hymen has united our destinies, they are like the concord of two flutes, whose pure and sweet accents repeat the same air. Whoever hears them is penetrated with joy. Did my eyes ever express a desire that thou didst not accomplish ? Have I ever tasted any happiness that thou didst not augment ? Did any care ever pursue me to thy arms, that thou didst not dispel, as the vernal sun dispels the fogs ? Yes, my spouse, the day that I conducted thee to my cottage, I saw all the joys of life attend thy train, and join themselves to our household gods, there for ever to remain. Domestic order and elegance, fortitude and joy, preside over all our labours, and the gods vouchsafe to bless thy undertakings.

“ Since thou hast been the felicity of my heart, since thou hast been mine, O Daphne ! all that surrounds me is become more pleasing to my sight ; prosperity has rested on my cottage, and dwells among my flocks, my plantations, and my harvests. Each day's labour is a new pleasure ; and when I return fatigued to this peaceful roof, how delightfully am I solaced by thy tender assiduity ! Spring now appears more joyous, summer and autumn more rich ; and when winter covers our habitation with its hoary frost, then, before the glowing fire, seated by thy side, I enjoy, in the midst of the most tender cares and pleasing converse, the delicious pleasure of domestic tranquillity. Let the north wind rage, and let storms of snow hide the face of all the country from my view, shut up with thee, my Daphne ! I feel, I more sensibly feel, that thou art all to me : and you, my lovely infants ! crown my felicity, adorned with all the graces of your mother, you are to us an earnest of Heaven's unbounded favours. The first words that Daphne taught you to
lisp,

lisp, was, that you loved me : health and gaiety smile in all your features, and sweet complacency shines already in your eyes : you are the joy of our youth, and your prosperity will be the comfort of our latter days. When returning from the labours of the field, or from guarding my flocks, you meet me at the cottage-door with cries of joy ; when hanging on my knees, you receive, with transports of innocence, the trifling presents of fruits that I have gathered, or the little instruments that I have made while tending my flocks, to form your hands, as yet too feeble, to cultivate the garden or the field ; Gods ! how does the sweet simplicity of your joys delight me ! In my transport, O Daphne, I rush to thy arms, that open to embrace me ; then with what an enchanting grace you kiss away the tears of joy that flow from my eyes !”

While he thus sung, Daphne entered, holding in each arm an infant, more beautiful than Love himself. The morning bathed in resplendent dew, is not so charming as was Daphne, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. “ O my love !” she sighing said, “ how happy am I ! We are come, O we are come, to thank thee for thy tender love.” At these words he clasped the lovely infants and their mother in his arms : lost in delight, they could not speak. Ah ! he who at that instant had seen them, must sure have felt at the bottom of his heart, that the virtuous man alone is happy.

10. AMYNTAS, *the* HAPPY PATRIOT.

LYCAS and I came from Miletum, bearing our offerings to Apollo. We already perceived at a distance, the hill on which the temple, adorned with columns of resplendent white, rose from the bosom of a laurel grove, toward the azure vault of heaven ; beyond the grove our view was lost in the sea’s unbounded surface. It was mid-day. The sand burned the soles of our feet, and the sun darted its rays so directly on our heads, that the shadows of the locks of hair which covered our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged himself with pain through the

fern that bordered the path. No sound was heard, save that of the grasshopper chirping amidst the meadows scorched grass. At each step there rose a cloud of fiery dust, that burned our eyes, and stuck upon our parched lips. Thus we laboured on, oppressed by langour; but soon increased our pace, when we saw before us, even on the border of our path, some high and spreading trees. Their shade was dark as night. Seized with a religious awe, we entered the grove, and there inhaled a most refreshing breeze. This delicious place at once afforded all that could regale each sense. The tufted trees inclosed a verdant spot, watered by a pure and most refreshing stream. The branches of the trees, bending with golden fruit, hung over the basin, and the wild rose, jessamine, and mulberry, twined in rich clusters round their trunks. A bubbling stream rose from the foot of a monument, surrounded by honeysuckles, the sickly willow, and the creeping ivy.—“O Gods!” I cried, “how enchanting is this place! my soul venerates the bounteous hand that planted these delightful shades. His ashes here, perhaps, repose.” “See here,” cries Lycas, “see those characters that appear through the branches of the honeysuckle on the front of the tomb. They, perhaps, will tell us who it was that thus vouchsafed to solace the weary traveller.” He raised the branches with his staff, and read these words:

“Here repose the ashes of Amyntas, whose whole life was one continued scene of bounteous acts: desirous to extend his goodness far beyond the grave, he hither led this stream, and planted these trees.”—“Blessed be thy ashes, generous man! May thy posterity be for ever blessed!” While I was speaking, we perceived at a distance, through the trees, some one advancing towards us. It was a young and beautiful woman; her shape was elegant; in her deportment appeared a noble simplicity; on her arm she bore an earthen vase. Advancing to the fountain, she addressed us in a courteous voice. “You are strangers,” she said, “wearied, doubtless, with your tedious journey in the fervour of the day. Say, do you want any refreshment
you

you have not here met with?"—"We thank thee," I replied, "we thank thee, amiable and beneficent woman. What could we wish for more? The waters of this stream are so pure, so delicious are these fruits, and these shadows so refreshing! We are filled with veneration of that worthy man whose ashes are here deposited; his bounty hath anticipated every want the traveller can know. You seem to be of this country, and doubtless knew him. Ah! tell us, while we repose beneath these cooling shades, tell us who was this virtuous man?"

The woman then seating herself at the foot of the tomb, and leaning on the vase, which she placed by her side, with a gracious smile replied:

"His name was Amyntas. To honour the gods, and do good to mankind, was his greatest felicity. There is not a shepherd in all this country, who does not revere his memory with the most tender gratitude; not one who does not, with tears of joy, relate some instance of his rectitude or beneficence. I owe to him myself all that I enjoy, it was by him that I became the happiest of women"—here her eyes were filled with tears—"I am the wife of his son.—My father died, leaving my mother and myself in grief and poverty. Retiring to a solitary cottage, we there lived by the labour of our hands, and by the beneficence of virtue.—Two goats that gave us milk, and the fruits of a small orchard were all our wealth.—This calm did not long continue; my mother died, and I was left alone without support or consolation. Amyntas then took me to his house, committed to my care the conduct of his family, and was more a father than a master to me. His son, the most handsome of all the shepherds of these hamlets, saw with what tender solicitude I sought to merit such a sweet asylum. He saw my faithful labours and assiduous cares.—He loved me, and he told me that he loved me. I would not confess to myself what my heart felt at that moment.—‘Damon,’ I said, ‘forget thy love; I was born in indigence; and am quite happy to be a servant in thy house.’ This to him I often earnestly repeated: but he would not forget his love.

"One

“One day, while I for use prepared our fleecy stores before our cottage-door, Amyntas came and sat down by me in the morning sun. After looking a long time at me, with a gracious smile he said, ‘My child, thy candour, cares, and modesty delight me. I love thee, and I will, if the gods shall prove propitious, I will make thee happy.’ ‘Could I, O my dear master, could I be more happy if I merited thy bounty?’ was all I could reply; while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes. ‘My child,’ he said, ‘I would honour the memory of thy parents, I would see, in my old age, my son and thee made happy. He loves thee; will his love, tell me, will his love make thee happy?’ The work fell from my hands; I trembled, blushed, and stood motionless before him. He took me by the hand, ‘My son’s love, tell me,’ again he said, ‘will his love make thee happy?’ I fell at his feet, and my voice died on my lips. I pressed his hand against my cheeks, bedewed with tears, and from that fortunate day I have been the happiest of women.” She paused a while, then drying her eyes, continued thus: “Such was the man whose ashes here repose. You may still wish to know how he brought hither this stream, and planted these trees; I shall now inform you.

“In his latter days he frequently came to this spot, and seated himself on the side of the high-way. With an affable and smiling aspect, he saluted passengers, and offered refreshment to the wearied traveller. ‘And what,’ he one day said, ‘if I should here plant fruit-trees, and under their shade conduct a fresh and limpid stream; both shade and water are from hence far distant. I then shall solace, a long time after I am gone, the man fatigued with travel, and him that faints amid the noon-day’s ardour.’ This design he soon executed. Hither he conducted that pure stream, and around it set these fertile trees, whose fruits in different seasons ripen. The work completed, he repaired to the temple of Apollo, and having presented his offering, he made this prayer: ‘O God, prosper the young trees I have just planted,

planted, that the pious man, as he resorts to thy temple, may refresh himself under their shade.'

"The god vouchsafed to hear his prayer. Amyntas often visited the saplings he had planted, and beheld with transport their surprising progress. When he saw them arrived at full perfection, 'O God!' he cried, 'what do I behold! Tell me, O my children, is it a dream that deludes me! I see the plants that I set so lately, changed into strong and lofty trees.' Transported with sacred admiration, we all went to the grove. The branches of the trees, already in their full vigour, and loaded with fruit, bowed down to the flowery ground. 'O wonderful,' the old man cried, 'shall I, even in the winter of my days, still walk beneath these shades?' We poured forth our thanksgivings, and sacrificed to the god who had granted, had even exceeded the prayers of Amyntas. But, alas! this old man, so favoured by the gods, did not long frequent this bower. He died, and we have here interred his ashes, that all who repose under these shades, may bless his ashes."

At this relation, penetrated by respect, we blessed the ashes of the worthy man; and said to his daughter, "This stream we have found most pleasing; by these shades we have been refreshed, but much more by the recital you have made us. May the gods, each moment of thy life, pour down their blessings on thee!" And filled with divine sensations, we directed our steps to the temple of Apollo.

II. DAPHNIS, *the* RESPECTFUL LOVER.

ON a fair summer's night, Daphnis stole to the cottage of his shepherdess. Love can seldom sleep. The vast expanse of heaven was strewed with brilliant stars. The moon poured her gentle rays through the dark shades of the forest. All the country round was still and gloomy. All things seemed to respect the repose of Nature. No light was seen, except some sparkles of the torch of night, that played upon the purling brooks, and here and there a glow-worm, wandering in the dark. All other lights were out.

Daphnis,

Daphnis, plunged in a sweet melancholy, seated himself before the cottage of his mistress. His eyes remained fixed on the window of the chamber where she slept. The window was partly open to the soft gales of the night, and to the gentle rays of the moon. Daphnis, in a low voice, thus sung :

" May thy slumbers be tranquil, O my beloved, and refreshing as the morning breeze. Rest gently on thy couch, as the drops of dew repose upon the leaves of the lilly, when no breath of wind agitates the flowers. How soft must be the slumbers of innocence !

" Descend from heaven, sweet dreams ! you that attend the lovely train of sports and mirth, descend on Cynthia's rays, and hover over my shepherds. Present to her mind nought but laughing plains, pastures ever verdant, and flocks more white than their milk.

" Let her think she hears a concert of the sweetest flutes, resounding in the solitary valley, as if it were Apollo's self that played. May she seem to bathe in some pure crystal stream, beneath the shades of jessamines and myrtle, beheld by none except the birds that fly from tree to tree, and sing for her alone ! Let her seem to sport among the Graces ; let them call her their companion and their sister ; and may they together wander in the most delightful fields, gathering of flowers ; the garlands made by Phillis being worn by the Graces, may those made by them be worn by her.

" Lovely dreams ! conduct her to the groves where flowers are mixed with the verdure ! There let the little loves pursue and play around her, as bees about the new-blown rose. Let one of the lovely group settle at her feet, loaded with a fragrant apple ; while another presents her with vermillion and transparent grapes ; and others agitate the flowers with their wings, to diffuse about her the most sweet perfumes.

" At the bottom of the grove let the Paphian god appear, but without his arrows or his quiver, lest he alarm her timid innocence. Let him alone be adorned with all the charms of his enchanting youth.

" Sweet dreams ! deign at last to present my image
to

to her. Let her see me languish at her feet ; incline my eyes, and say, in faltering accents, that for love of her I die ! Never, O never yet, have I dared to tell it her. Ah, at that dream may a sigh distend her bosom. May she then blush, and smile upon me ! Why am not I as beautiful as Apollo when he guarded the flocks ? Why are not my songs as melodious as those of the nightingale ? and why have not I all excellencies to deserve her love ?”

Thus sung the shepherd, and then, by the light of the moon, returned to his cottage. Dreams of hope beguiled the remaining hours of night. At break of day he led his flock by the side of the hill where the cottage of Phillis stood. His sheep went slowly on, browsing on the sides of the path. “ Feed on, my sheep, feed on, my tender lambkins ; there is no sweeter pasture. The verdure on which Phillis casts her looks, becomes more pleasing, and the flowers are eager to adorn the path she treads.”

While he thus spoke, Phillis appeared at her window. The morning sun brightened her beauteous visage. He saw that she regarded him with a gentle smile : he even saw a most lively colour glow in her cheeks. With lingering steps, and a heart that throbbed with joy, he passed before her ; she saluted him with a lovely air, and her looks complacent still pursued him—for she had listened to his midnight song.

12. DAPHNE and the NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen Daphne. Perhaps, alas ! perhaps it would have been happy for me had I not seen her. Never before did she appear so charming. I was reposing, during the noon-day fervour, under the shadow of the willows, where the brook rolls slowly over the pebbles. The clustering boughs hung over my head, and spread their peaceful shade upon the water. There I enjoyed the sweetness of repose. But since that hour, alas ! there is no repose for me.

Not far from the bank where I sat, I heard a rustling of the leaves, and presently saw Daphne, the beauteous

teous Daphne! She walked in the shade, by the side of the stream. There, with a charming grace, she raised her azure robe, and discovering her lovely feet, entered the limpid stream; then her body gently reclining, with her right-hand she laved her beauteous visage, and with the other held her flowing robe: then she stopt, and waited till not a drop fell from her hand to agitate the surface of the stream. The water, become tranquil, presented the artless semblance of her lovely features. Daphne smiled at her own beauty, and collected her flaxen tresses in a charming group. "For whom," I sighing said, "for whom are all these cares? Who would she please? Who is the happy mortal that employs her thoughts; while the pleasure to see herself so lovely, thus blows the roses of her lips."

While she mused, inclining over the brook, she dropt the nosegay that adorned her bosom, and the stream brought it to where I sat. Daphne retired, and I seized the nosegay. How I kissed it! How I held it to my panting heart! No, I would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! it fades, this lovely nosegay, and yet it is but two days since I first possessed it. With what care have I not preserved it! I have still kept it in the prize-cup I gained in the spring by singing. On it is seen, curiously engraved, the figure of Love sitting under a bower of myrtle; with the ends of his fingers he, smiling, tries the sharpness of his arrows; at his feet appear two doves, their wings mixing together, while they tenderly bill each other. Three times each day, in this cup have I refreshed my nosegay with the purest water, and at night exposed it at my window to the dew of heaven. How often, leaning over these flowers, have I breathed their sweet perfumes! Their odour seems to me more delicious, and their colours more brilliant, than those of all the flowerets of the spring. It was on Daphne's bosom they completely bloomed.

Then in an extasy I contemplate the cup, and I sighing say, "O love! how infectious are thy arrows! how forcibly I feel their sting! Ah! make Daphne feel for me but half of what I feel for her, and I will consecrate

to

to thee this cup. I will place it on this little altar. Every morning will I surround it with a garland of the freshest flowers; and when winter shall despoil our gardens, I will adorn it with a branch of myrtle. O may you, charming doves! may you be the happy omen of my future bliss. But, alas! in spite of all my cares, the nosegay fades. Dejected and colourless, the flowers hang their heads around the cup; no longer they exhale perfumes, but their drooping leaves fall off. O love! grant that the fate of these flowers may not prove a direful presage to my tender passion.

13. *The STUDY of NATURE.*

AS we sat one evening in a long gallery, where we commonly studied, which looked into a garden, and commanded the view of groves, and fields, and villages, with a river beautifully winding through them; the weather being remarkably fine, we threw open the window next us, in order to enjoy the fresh air, and the various prospects. It was now early summer. Nature was in her highest bloom. She was all benignity and sweetness. Her unnumbered offspring shared her bounties, in infinitely diversified forms. Her vocal children shouted for joy. Was it possible to behold her and her happy family, unaffected, undelighted, or to hear her little choiristers, who seemed to vie with each other in singing her praise, and not be prompted to join in the grateful hymn? I could not resist so pleasing an infection: but after a pause of contemplative and silent rapture, starting up, I broke forth into several poetical descriptions of the seasons, which I recollected from *Virgil*, *Pope*, and *Thomson*. The fancy of my youthful friend took fire immediately; and with a charming enthusiasm, he echoed them back from other poets in similar descriptions. I was willing to feed so fine a flame, and therefore added a few passages more in the same style. At last, mentioning my particular admiration of the *Scotch Bard*, for his highly descriptive and moral genius, I repeated from his *Summer* the following picturesque and feeling lines.

H

Thick,

Thick, in yon stream of light, a thousand ways
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quiv'ring nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious men, unheeding pass
 An idle summer life, in fortunes shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 'Till blown away by death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

This led me to regret in general the folly and wretchedness of those who, quitting the taste of Nature, and deviating from the paths of Virtue, in which are to be found such sincere, such substantial, such undecaying joys, wander into the purlieus of Forbidden Pleasure, where all is false and fugitive, and where a transient gleam of flashy gratifications is succeeded by a long winter of solid misery.

As a deep persuasion of this point was of the utmost importance to the security of my noble charge, I thought the present a very proper opportunity to illustrate it more particularly. And on purpose to make it the more agreeable to him, by embellishing it with the colours of Fancy, which never failed to arrest and please him, I stepped to one of the book-cases, took down the second volume of Dialogues on Education, and turning to the sixteenth dialogue, I read to him the dream concerning Pleasure, in which, under a great variety of imagery and characters, taken from the poetic and the living worlds, are shadowed out, after the manner of some ancient moralists, the cursed arts of that enchantress, in seducing, disappointing, and destroying unwary mortals. My pupil appeared very sensibly touched by it. He often changed his colour, in the progress of it. He sometimes lowered with indignation at the strong pictures which it draws of vice and villany; sometimes brightened into approbation of the just retributions which it adjudges to the guilty; at other times smiled with contempt of the futility and foppery which are represented in some of the ideal personages. In short, he was so deeply engaged by the whole visionary scene, that he hung upon my
 words

words with eager suspense, and when I had done reading, seemed buried and lost in thought; from which he no sooner recovered himself, than he cried out hastily, "Pray, dear Sir, is it done? Is the dream ended? What a pity the author should have stopt so soon! But perhaps he hath made amends, by telling more such dreams somewhere else."—Observing me silent, he said, "Is not Virtue usually spoken of by the poets, as a real person? Why did not this writer publish such another dream concerning Virtue? Surely it would have been as instructive, and vastly more delightful." The thought was not unreasonable. I reflected on it after parting, went into the garden all alone, and there mused very deeply on what had passed. That, with the beauty of surrounding nature, the serenity and stillness of approaching night, and a state of perfect health which I then enjoyed, concurred to produce the happiest flow of ideas I had ever felt. Imagination stretched her powers, as if intending a higher flight. Some heavenly spirit seemed to whisper sublimer things. My breast heaved with the force of those sensations which now possessed it. In this state of mind, I wandered insensibly into an adjoining summer-house, where, flinging myself down upon a settee, I fell asleep unexpectedly, and was presented with the following dream; which, on recollecting it in the morning, I imagined might be of use to confirm my pupil in the love of Virtue, was he to hear it; and therefore it being long, I wrote it down, and some days after read it to him.

14. *The* PALACE of PLEASURE.

METHOUGHT I was suddenly transported into the Palace of Pleasure, which I had seen described the evening before, where, in spite of all the showy magnificence of the mansion, and all the specious charms of the goddesses, that struck at first sight, I discovered, on a closer attention, such an air of affectation and illusion in both, with such a look of real distress in many of her votaries, ill concealed under artificial smiles, as, joined to the impressions remaining on me from my waking

thoughts, soon convinced me that the whole was a cruel trick, to deceive and ruin unhappy men. Whereupon I broke away with a mixture of disdain and horror, and made what haste I could from the enchanted valley in which the palace stood. When I was got to what I judged a safe distance, I began to lament in my own mind the misery of such as are taken in the snares of that wicked forcerefs. I had not gone far on, when I was met by that good old man whom I had read of a few hours before, as giving directions to those travellers that were willing to hearken to him, and who I remembered was called the Genius of Education. Perceiving me in a penfive and melancholy mood, he addressed me very kindly, and inquired into the cause of it. I told him where I had been, and what I had observed, with the sorrowful reflections I could not help making on the fate of numberless deluded wretches; and added, that being myself a young traveller in quest of Happiness, I was uncertain which way to take. He looked at me with generous compassion, and bade me follow him, promising to put me into the right road. He conducted me along a winding path up a hill, on the top of which dwelt a sedate and thoughtful man, well advanced in years, who he told me was a near relation of his. He lodged in an open pavilion, from whence there was a prospect of the whole country round, and appeared, as we approached, to sit in a musing posture, on a chair of polished metal, which cast an uncommon lustre about him, and reflected strong and full the images of surrounding objects. He held in his hand a large telescope of exquisite workmanship, by the help of which the most distant things might be easily and distinctly discerned. My guide informed me, that his name was Contemplation; that he was one of the eldest sons of Wisdom, and that he was posted on that hill by the sovereign of a great adjoining empire, called Virtue, to direct those who were travelling towards her temple. Methought his aspect was hale, serene, and piercing. There was something majestic in his wrinkles and gray hairs. A transparent mantle hung loose about him,

him, on which were wrought some mysterious figures that I did not understand.

As we entered his pavilion, he rose up with an erect and awful mien, and came forward to receive us with a remarkable composure and grace in his motions. Being struck with reverence, I beheld him at first with respectful silence. But growing more confident by his encouraging looks, I told him, that having been lately in the palace of that cursed enchantress, Pleasure, I was so sensible of her destructive wiles, that I had speedily made my escape, and was now in search of Happiness. Contemplation said, that as he was the professed friend and guardian of Youth, if I would trust myself to his care, he would undertake to conduct me. Having joyfully accepted his offer, and being warmly recommended to him by my former guide, he took me gently by the hand, and led me to the brow of the hill, from whence we could descry a wide-extended country below, and travellers innumerable crossing it by a thousand different roads. "That large tract," said he, "which you see towards the left-hand, so variegated with hills, and dales, and groves, and streams, and so full of inhabitants and travellers, is the dominion of that powerful forcerefs, Vice: for so she is properly called, though she assumes to herself the more honourable name of Pleasure. In that seemingly delicious bottom, which lies in the heart of the country, you see her palace, where you lately was. To confirm you in your opinion of her character, you may observe," said he, desiring me to look through the telescope, "how some of those miserable wretches, her votaries, are lost in the mazes of the wood which grows hard by; how others of them wander up and down from one bower of the garden to another, forlorn and distracted; whilst many of them are dragged away to a dirty cave, concealed from those who enter into her palace, at the farther end of a long lane behind it, and called the Cave of Poverty: a horrid place, the mistress whereof sits in gloomy state, on a large rough stone, clad in rags, shivering with cold, pining with hunger, and environed with a set of dismal figures, looking at her and one another

ther with amazement. Some of their names are Dejection, Lamentation, Meanspiritedness, Suspicion, Greediness, Dishonesty, Despair. Not far from thence, you may perceive a strong prison, which is styled the House of Discipline. It is kept by two fierce and frightful fellows, called Punishment and Terror, who are furnished with various punishments of toil, of pain, and of disgrace, for the chastisement of such malefactors as are delivered into their hands.

"But now," proceeded he, "cast your eye again over the country which I showed you. It is divided into sundry districts, lying in a circle round the Palace of Pleasure. In their respective centres stand the seats of her principal ministers, who are always subject to her will, subservient to her interests, and ready to attend her court. On one side," to which he pointed the glass, "you see," said he, "the mansion of Luxury, exceedingly magnificent and splendid, raised with a profusion of expence, and adorned on every hand with all the extravagance of art." And here he desired me to mark with particular care an outlet from the gardens leading directly to the Cave of Poverty.

Then turning the telescope to another side, "Yonder," said he, "is the abode of Intemperance. It resembles, you see, a great inn, the gate whereof stands always open, and into which passengers are continually crowding. You may observe, that hardly any come out with the same countenance or shape with which they went in, but are transformed into the likeness of different beasts. A little way off is a large Hospital or Lazar-house, into which the poor wretches are flung from time to time, loaded with all manner of diseases, and condemned to sickness, pain, and putrefaction."

Directing the glass another way, he next shewed me the Tower of Ambition, built on the top of a very high hill, "Thither," said he, "you behold multitudes climbing from different quarters, struggling who should get foremost, and pushing down those before them. On one side of it, is a steep and slippery precipice, from which the most part, after having with infinite toil and contention

tion gained it, tumble headlong into a bottomless gulf, and are never heard of more. On the other side, is a secret path, which grows broader by degrees. At the entry to it, stands a smooth and artful villain, called Corruption, holding in one hand ribbons, and in the other bags of money, which, under many specious pretexts, he presents to travellers, according to their several tastes. The path, after winding up the hill, leads down again by a straight descent, till it terminates in a dark dungeon, styled the Dungeon of Infamy. You observe what numbers are drawn into it. And of these there are not few, who not only rejected for a long time the offers of Corruption, but exclaimed loudly against all who embraced them."

"The valley below," continued my guide, bending down the telescope, "is possessed by Vanity, whose district, you may perceive, is still better peopled than those of the other retainers to Pleasure, which you have already seen. She allures into her gaudy mansion, most travellers, by promising to lead them to the palace of her mistress through the Temple of Fame, which she pretends is just in her neighbourhood, and only to be come at by passing through her dwelling, although indeed the right road to it lies through the Temple of Virtue, hard by which it stands. Those who are so foolish as to be decoyed by her, are generally consigned over to the scoffs of Ridicule, a formidable figure, who wears on his face a perpetual sneer, and who, after treating them with proper marks of scorn, shuts them up in an obscure cell, called the Cell of Contempt."

After this, Contemplation pointed out to me, in a remote corner of the country, that looked as if it had been disjoined from all the rest, a castle, which he said was inhabited by an old usurer, named Avarice, who sat starving amidst heaps of gold, and who, though in reality a chief retainer to Vice, refused to acknowledge her under the form of Pleasure, and would never come near the court of that jolly goddess. "His castle, you see, is situated in the centre of a deep wood, and defended with high walls, and strong fortifications. That iron gate, which you perceive with the assistance of the glass, is
the

the only entrance. It is secured within by many strong bolts. Without, stand two sharp-eyed guards, with visages emaciated and keen, called Hunger and Anxiety, who let none pass into the castle, till they have manifested their good affection to the master of it, by serving a sufficient time in an outer yard, where some are digging, some hewing stones, others carrying on their shoulders heavy burdens, and many filling great chests with earth. It is remarkable," added he, "that from the lowest cellar of the house, there is a long subterraneous passage, which communicates with the Cave of Poverty."

15. *The Temple of VIRTUE.*

THE Temple, in full sight of which we were now come, stood on the summit of the hill. My guide perceiving me ravished with the view of so glorious a structure, said, pointing to it, "That, Sir, is the Temple of Virtue, and the abode of Happiness. There the monster who so lately frightened you, Self-will, and his gloomy partner, Bigotry, dare not venture. Spleen never spreads her sable wings there. From thence are for ever excluded Coroding Cares, and fearful forebodings, with those infernal furies, bitter Strife, blind Passion, brutal Revenge, Jealousy of jaundiced eye, fell Hate, pining Envy, rapacious Appetite, and pale Remorse. Neither the indolent nor the busy adherents to Pleasure, can breathe in so pure an air. Her dependants, who are at the same time inhabitants, pass the festal hours in a perpetual round of pleasing exercises, divided into different social bands, loving and beloved, improving and improved by one another, without any contention but this, who shall pay the highest homage, and do the most acceptable service to their common sovereign, who is always sure to dispense her noblest boons to the most active and deserving."

Mean-while we approached nigh to the sacred mansion, which was built of a transparent stone, that admitted light from every quarter. It was of a quadrangular form, and had at top a magnificent dome. Its portal was supported by a double row of pillars of the Dorick order. The entry was guarded by two centinels, who had something

thing in their looks so awful, that several travellers recoiled at sight of them. Their names were, Temperance and Fortitude. The former held in his hand a bridle, and the latter a spear in her's. Though their first appearance was rather stern and forbidding, methought it softened on us, as soon as they observed the company we were in. The gates stood wide open, as I was told they always do. Ascending by easy steps, we entered. I was transported with the beauty and greatness of the place. The height and circumference of the dome, both filled and delighted the eyes. The manner of the whole was simple and solemn. There was no need of adventitious decorations, and there were none.

At the upper end of the temple, on a throne of state, appeared the goddess. But how describe her wondrous form? Her complexion was clear, healthful, and animated with a native glow more bright than art can confer. Her features were regular, and well proportioned, but had withal a kind of masculine air. Her eyes were blue, beautiful, and piercing as light itself. In all her mien there was a happy mixture of dignity and modesty. No ornaments about her person, but what were decent and natural. Her hair flowed down her neck in artless ringlets. A sprig of laurel was wreathed round her temples. She wore a robe of the purest purple, which was girt with a zone about her waist, from which it fell in ample and easy folds, alike graceful and unencumbered. She held in her hand an imperial sword, the emblem of power and authority. Before the throne, which was of alabaster, were placed various ensigns of dominion, a globe, crowns, scepters, batons, fasces, tables of laws, suits of armour, instruments of war, trophies, and the several symbols of the finer arts.

The presence of the goddess, so divinely great, overwhelmed me with veneration and rapture. I stood for some time immovable, as if lost in admiration. When I was a little recovered from my extacy, my guide, pointing to the throne, said, "There sits the Divinity of the place, the daughter of those immortal powers, Wisdom and Love. She was brought forth at a birth with Happiness,

pinefs, her fiftter, and undivided companion; and fent down from above, as the beft friend of men, and the fureft directrefs of life, the guardian of youth, the glory of manhood, and the comforter of old age. By her instructions and laws, human fociety is formed and maintained; and human nature, by converse with her, grows truly godlike."

My guide then acquainted me with the names and fymbols of the numerous attendants of the goddefs. On either fide of the throne, as its fupporters, flood two illuftrious perfonages, called Prudence and Juftice. Prudence held a rule in one hand, and in the other a ferpent, which twined its inoffenfive fpires round her arm. Juftice held in her hand a pair of fcales. The votaries, as they approached, were introduced to the prefence by a young virgin of the moft lovely appearance, who could not perform her task without blufhing. Her name was Modesty. On the right-hand of the goddefs, flood Domestic Tendernefs, Chafity with a veil, meek-eyed Charity, fabled Friendfhip, and heroic Indignation, of a ftern afpect and awful mien, grasping the imperial fword which Virtue reached out to him, and leading up Public Zeal, Magnanimity, and Honour, perfons of a fearless countenance and noble deportment, with feveral more whole names I have forgot. On her left-hand were placed, amongft others, Honesty, in her transparent veft; Sincerity, of an ingenuous face; Refignation, leaning on a column, and looking up to Heaven; Clemency, holding an olive-branch; and Hofpitality, of a liberal and open manner, joining hands with Politenefs. Behind the throne, flood ranged, unruffled Serenity; fmiling Cheerfulnefs; ever-blooming Joy, with a garland of flowers in her hand; and the Graces, encircled in each other's arms. There too appeared Industry, of a hale and active look, and Peace crowned with laurel, fupporting a Cornucopia between them; Credit linked hand in hand with Commerce; and both introduced by Civil Liberty, holding her wand and cap. In Virtue's train, I likewise faw Rhetoric, of a bold enthufiaftic air; Poetry, with her lyre; Philofophy, with her fpeculum; Hiftory, with her pen; Sculpture, Painting,

Painting, and the rest of the Arts and Sciences, each adorned with their respective symbols. The presence of the goddesses seemed to inspire the whole generous and amiable band, and gave a fresh lustre to their beauty.

16. VIRTUE REWARDING FEMALE MERIT.

THE area of the Temple was filled with a glorious *Multitude, which no man could number*, collected out of all tribes and nations, who lived in holy union, and conversed together with perfect esteem and confidence. I observed, stationed near the throne, a distinguished company, on whom the goddesses smiled with peculiar satisfaction. My guide informed me, they were a set of transcendent Worthies, who had approved themselves patterns of every excellence, the promoters of Truth, the defenders of Liberty, the benefactors of mankind, the very Lights of the World.

This great assembly joined in offering up their several gifts; which were not so remarkable for their splendour or riches, as they were ennobled and consecrated by the Purity of the offerers. The minutest oblations were acceptable, being made with a Willing Mind. And the undissembled homage of such persons as had nothing else to present, was received by the Divinity with a countenance no less propitious, than she vouchsafed to her most munificent worshippers.

The first person whom the bashful usher introduced, was a comely old woman of a most decent appearance. Purity and sweetness were so tempered in her, as to create at once respect and confidence, whilst they shone out in an eminent degree through all her looks and demeanour. When presented to the goddesses, the paleness of age could not conceal a candid blush which overspread her cheeks, as the Recorder read aloud the following encomium of her, that her earliest youth was distinguished by an affectionate piety to God and her parents, accompanied with a sobriety of mind, and sedateness of manners, uncommon at that period of life: That being married very young, to an elderly gentleman of good fortune and great worth, but of a warm temper, she had improved

ved his circumstances by her prudent management, and subdued his passion by a superior mildness and singular discretion : That she had reared a numerous family with the most tender care, and studied, by her instructions and example, to inspire them with an early attachment to Religion and Virtue : That, by a winning conversation and well-conducted indulgence, she had engaged them to love her as their Friend, no less than to reverence her as their Parent : That after her husband's death, which happened when the most of them were young, she had watched over their interests with unwearied attention, given them a liberal education, and settled them in useful and honourable stations : That such of them as were now at a distance from her, she continued to counsel, and to confirm in the principles of their education, by a regular epistolary correspondence, in which she wrote her heart with a simplicity and a dignity seldom equalled : in fine, that she was venerated by her servants, beloved by her friends, blessed by the poor, to whom she was indeed a mother, and applauded by all that knew her unaffected goodness.

On hearing this ample attestation, Virtue beheld her with particular regard, and said, " Excellent woman ! thou hast been happy in the best of parents, the kindest of husbands, and the most dutiful of children. And long shalt thou continue happy in thy family, enjoying for many years the highest felicity that can reach a parent's soul, that of seeing them prosperous in their different spheres of action, and esteemed by the wise and worthy. Having reaped this natural recompense in the present world, thy labour of love shall not be forgotten in the future, to which thou shalt be gathered in a good old age, full of consolation, and ripe for immortality."

Having said this, she ordered Piety, Prudence, Charity, Conjugal Love, and Domestic Tenderness, to weave a chaplet of flowers, and crown her with it in the presence of all her female ministers ; and then commanded them to conduct her into the abode of Happiness, who dwelt in apartments under the same roof with the Temple.

The next who appeared before the goddess, was a young woman, in all the bloom of youth and beauty. She

She was clad in mourning. There was something in her dress unadorned and careless, to which a sweetly languishing and downcast air, that appeared about her, corresponded admirably. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, whilst the Recorder gave her this remarkable testimony, that having a very aged and most deserving parent, with two young brothers, left to her charge by the death of her mother, she had, by her constant care and vigilance, cherished the former, and educated the latter, and, by many works of ingenuity, earned a tolerable subsistence for both; that in order to acquit herself of this laborious task the more completely, she had declined accepting the most tempting offers of marriage for herself, being resolved never to transfer upon a husband the burden which Providence had laid on her; that having at last closed her father's eyes, and seen her brothers happily provided for by a public foundation, the managers of which had heard of her meritorious behaviour, it was now her chief employment to excite them to the imitation of their parent's excellencies, so as to embalm and preserve his honoured memory in the unblemished reputation of his children.

Such unexampled self-denial and filial piety, in so handsome and so young a creature, drew upon her the admiring eyes of the whole assembly; which, occasioning a virtuous confusion, heightened her native graces. The goddesses looked at her with great benignity, and said, "Lovely daughter! thy gentle virtues shall gain thee fairer honours, than the more splendid achievements of those who have been accounted heroines; and thy name shall be held up to future ages, as the pattern of filial duty and natural affection. Thy children (for thou shalt have a beautiful offspring) shall repay thee tenfold, and imitate with ardour those perfections which thou hast so usefully displayed."

Virtue then presented her with a mystic girdle, which was woven by the Graces, and endowed with such wondrous efficacy, as to bestow upon the wearer the power of charming every beholder. She received it blushing, and withdrew.

17. *The DEPRESSED PATRIOT ENCOURAGED.*

ANOTHER votary now came forward, past the prime of life. He had in his face unusual spirit, chastened with wonderful sedateness. He approached the presence with a grave and dignified mien, holding in his hand a volume. With a steady countenance he eyed it and the goddess by turns; whilst the Recorder testified of him, That being animated with a most ardent love of liberty and of his country, he had devoted himself to their interests: That he had employed his youth in correcting his passions, ascertaining his principles, and storing his mind with all elegant and useful knowledge: That he had applied with particular sedulity to the study of history, politics, and oratory, with a view to fit him for the important part he might afterwards sustain in the councils of the nation: That, possessed of a small estate, he had always bounded his expences by it, with a prudent but genteel economy: That at home he had ever lived the private gentleman, dividing his time chiefly between his books and his friends, a stranger to luxury, and an enemy to tumult: That in the senate, to which he was early called by the unbribed election of his countrymen, he had still appeared the steady patriot, neither cringing to the haughty pageants of power, nor courting the favour of the giddy populace: That, scorning a bribe himself, under whatever name disguised, he had constantly inveighed, with a boldness that dreaded no reprisals, against the venal herd of every kind; against those sham-patriots especially, who, after decrying venality in others, had themselves bartered independence, freedom, and fair renown, for filthy lucre, or some tinsel ornament of dear-bought greatness: That the character he had gained of integrity and capacity, having raised him to a most beneficial place in the Administration, he had, by his unequalled moderation in it, generously renouncing very considerable profits which he might have received without reproach, displayed a perfect superiority to wealth: That, as he had discharged his duty of the place with an attention which nobody questioned,

questioned, so he had shewn that he accepted it on conditions which none could condemn, by quitting it with dignity, when he could not hold it with honour: That whilst he yet held it, he scrupled not to level the thunders of his more than modern, his Demosthenic eloquence, against those unhappy measures, and that prodigality of public treasure, by which he foresaw that its infatuated managers would expose their country to disgrace and ruin: That he had often proposed and warmly pleaded in behalf of salutary laws and wise regulations, for stopping the progress of corruption, for reforming the manners of the people, for purifying the British constitution, and for securing the independency of parliament: That this course of service had been a course of suffering; he having been hated and persecuted by the corruptors and the corrupted, reproached by those he could not reclaim, relinquished by those he could not promote, and his public spirit, integrity, and contempt of riches, represented as artifice, or ridiculed as Quixotism: That, nevertheless, unterrified, and undiverted from the purpose of his soul, he had continued a courageous champion for liberty, and a zealous votary of Virtue.

The high eulogium being read, the goddess desired him to make known his request before the whole assembly. On this he said, "Great Sovereign! being weakened by indisposition, and worn with fatigue, I come to ask an abatement of my toils, hitherto, alas! but little effectual; and beg leave to resign into your hands this volume of the laws, which the profligacy of the times would not receive; since you alone can accomplish what your few friends have attempted without success. O send forth your powerful influence throughout the land, to restore the genius of ancient freedom, to raise the taste, and rectify the disorders, of a degenerate age, and to inspire into every rank a supreme regard to truth, religion, and the commonweal. Support, O mighty goddess, the majesty of the Laws, the glory of the King, and the sinking reputation of unfortunate Britain. Animate the British youth with Roman cou-

rage to defend their country. Inflame them with a fervent zeal to assert thy cause, and reinstate thee in thy primæval honours. Extinguish in them the enervating love of Pleasure, thy ignoble rival. Fill them with a just disdain of Avarice, and mean Ambition. Teach them to despise the cowardice of doing wrong, to spurn the hire of Oppression, and to abhor the wages of Iniquity in every form. Let the Muses and all the Liberal Arts be made subservient to morality, to decency, to refinement of manners. And O, thou guardian and friend of human kind! inspire all in stations of authority, to join their strongest efforts in favour of their native land; till, under thy direction, the constitution be thoroughly refined, Liberty and Power attain an equal poize, and Britain, by a wholesome discipline and prudent laws, be rendered incorruptible at home, as well as by a bold exertion of her hidden force, restored to her former character abroad, and made once more the mistress of the seas, the envy of the nations, and the dread of tyrants."

The goddesses heard him with deep attention, and, with a look and accent expressive of singular applause, replied, "Heroic man! expect from Providence and me the rewards due to your exalted merit. Know, meanwhile, that your country turns her imploring eye to you, and asks from your interposition, under Heaven, her deliverance and restoration. To you alone she is determined to intrust her treasure, and she calls upon you to direct its application, to save it for the future, by dismissing her dishonest and her useless servants, and introducing, among the rest, methods of frugality to promote the reformation of her sons, to repel the encroachments, and countermine the policy of her foreign foes, to point her vengeance against her bosom-traitors, and to support a great and worthy Prince amidst the cares of government. It is an awful charge, but shrink not from it. Take back the sacred volume. Your noble perseverance shall be crowned with never-dying fame, and, what you will reckon still more valuable, with glorious success. The cause you have espoused is immortal. It is the cause of Virtue."

Then

Then the goddess, descending some steps from her throne, presented her hand to this extraordinary personage, and commanded him to sit down by her. After which, taking out from her stores a golden signet, with this inscription, *To the Real Patriot*, she ordered Justice to deliver it into his hands, that he might wear it during the rest of his life. Hereupon the whole temple resounded with the voice of universal and cordial approbation.

18. CHARACTER of a VENERABLE PRIEST.

SILENCE was again proclaimed, when another votary appeared, whose presence seemed to produce in the beholders a mixture of veneration and delight. I was surpris'd at the peculiar freshness and beauty of his looks, when told of his declining age. I ascribed it in part to the temper of his mind, which I understood was the sweetest in the world. Indeed his very countenance declared it. That was lighted up by Candour and Bénévolence. His eyes were both serene and sweet. The meek and quiet spirit of a little child shone forth in every feature of this amiable man. At the same time, there was a certain greatness in his aspect, which was animated with that exalted and spiritual kind of air, which Wisdom and Purity bestow. His person was tall and graceful. He wore a robe of white lawn, that reached down to his feet; an emblem of Peace and Innocence. His gait was at once composed and courteous. The Recorder informed the assembly, that this was one of Virtue's priests, who made the fewest pretensions, but had the fairest title to her favour. His bosom was touched by her gentlest inspiration. His whole life had been an offering to her. He had never done an unjust action, never an unkind one. But a negative goodness could not content his generous mind. He aimed from the beginning at somewhat more divine. He aspired at the sublimity of *Christian perfection*. Borne up by an irresistible impulse, he had mounted through the successive degrees of his order, in each of which his growing merit, and that alone, paved the way to his

next advance; till by the continued and increasing friendship of his Prince, responsive to the public voice, he arrived at the very summit of sacerdotal preferment in his country. There he sat with all the mild dignity of humble excellence; for, as he had attained this height without Ambition, so he possessed it without Pride. He deemed it, on account of the numerous and difficult duties it demanded, a painful pre-eminence, and only for the satisfaction of discharging them, desirable. His large revenue, and larger power, he employed solely for the interests of Virtue, and those of her lovely attendant, Religion, which he still considered as inseparably conjoined. Their common cause he had ever pleaded with an oratory which all admired, and none could equal. Men listened with awful recollection, and as they listened caught the vital spirit that issued from his lips. They believed those strains in commendation of Holiness to be entirely genuine, which streamed so naturally from a feeling and abundant heart. His elocution easy, yet strong and beautiful, his manner simple, yet noble and expressive, rendered him a valuable model in the preaching art; an art which he never prostituted to palliate the vices of the great, or to humour the passions of the vulgar, or to promote the designs of a party, or to kindle the destructive flame of theological debate. No one ever knew better to reconcile Politeness with Sincerity, Affability with Grandeur, the warmest attachment to Truth with the justest regard to Toleration. When the King and the Nation were in danger, his magnanimous behaviour showed, that Loyalty, Resolution, and Public Zeal, had full possession of his soul. But Peace was always his darling object, as became a servant of the Prince of Peace; and Moderation was his constant companion. These placid Graces he had on every proper occasion recommended to all, to those especially of his own profession. The poorest and the lowest of these, though raised so far above them, he ever considered and treated as his brethren. He was a father to the church. The sons of the clergy he cherished as his sons. But his kindness was not circumscribed to those

of

of his particular persuasion; its emanations, like the rays of the sun, were expanded through the general orbit of humanity. His religious sentiments might be said to resemble the same glorious luminary: they were all benign and bright, unconfined by local prejudices, and impartial as that eye of nature. Good without ostentation, and friendly without pretence, his promises were few, his services many. He was beloved by worthy men of all denominations. He was revered even by the worthless, whom he compassionately admonished, not upbraided. He was hated by none but bigots: and these he forgave, and served when he could. A friend to all the votaries of Virtue, a benefactor to all the children of Misery, his inexhaustible benevolence, like some perennial spring, perpetually overflowing to both, to those most who most deserved and wanted it.—Here the Recorder paused a little, looked at the venerable prelate, and then added with warmth, “I attest this man to have been a faithful minister of Virtue and of Jesus!”

The goddess smiled applause, and said, “My friend, and advocate! I thank you for supporting my cause so nobly. I am indeed at a loss to say, which hath been most persuasive, your eloquence or your example. How happy for mankind were all of your order to imitate both! Henceforth take your station at the gate of my temple, and conduct my purer worshippers to the inmost sanctuary, where Perfection and Happiness sit enthroned, and are encircled in each other’s arms for ever.”

Meanwhile, she ordained him to be crowned with a golden mitre, on the fore-part of which was a heart embossed with diamonds, whence proceeded a lambent flame, signifying, in the symbolical language, *that the wearer was eminent for a heart consecrated to Purity and Love.*”

19. Of the PERSIAN WORSHIP.

THE ancient Persians had neither temples nor altars; they sacrificed upon high mountains and eminences; nor did they use libations, or music, or hallowed bread. Zoroaster had made no change in the old rites, except by the introduction of music into divine worship. At
break

break of day, all the wives of the Magi being crowned with myrtle, and clothed in long white robes, walked two and two, with a slow grave pace, to the mount of Mythra; they were followed by their daughters, clad in fine linen, and leading the victims, adorned with wreaths of all colours. The summit of the hill was a plain, covered with a sacred wood; several vistas were cut through it, and all centered in a great circus, which had been turned into a delightful garden. In the middle of this garden there sprang a fountain, whose compliant waters took all the forms which art was pleased to give them. After many windings and turnings, these crystal streams crept on to the declivity of the hill, and there falling down in a rapid torrent from rock to rock, frothed and foamed, and at length lost themselves in a deep river which ran at the foot of the sacred mount.

When the procession arrived at the place of sacrifice, two sheep, white as snow, were led to the brink of the fountain: and while the priestesses offered the victims, the chief, or women, struck their lyres, and the young virgins joined their voices, singing this sacred hymn: "Oromazes is the first of incorruptible natures, eternal, unbegotten, self-sufficient, of all that's excellent, most excellent,—the wisest of all intelligences; he beheld himself in the mirror of his own substance, and by that view produced the goddess Mythra; Mythra the living image of his beauty, the original mother, and the immortal virgin; she presented him the ideas of all things, and he gave them to the god Mythras, to form a world resembling those ideas. Let us celebrate the wisdom of Mythra, let us do her homage by our purity and our virtue, rather than by our songs and praises." During this act of adoration, three times the music paused, to denote by a profound silence, that the Divine Nature transcends whatever our words can express. The hymn being ended, the priestesses lighted, by the rays of the sun, a fire of odoriferous wood; and while she there consumed the hearts of the sheep, sang alone, with a loud voice, "Mythra desires only the soul of the victim." Then the remainder of the sacrifice was dressed for a public

blic feast, of which they all ate, sitting on the brink of the sacred fountain, where they quenched their thirst. During the repast, twelve young virgins sang the sweets of friendship, the charms of virtue, the peace, innocence, and simplicity of a rural life.

After this regale, the mothers and daughters all assemble upon a large green plot, encompassed with lofty trees, whose shady tops and leafy branches were a defence against the scorching heat of the sun, and the blasts of the north wind: Here they diverted themselves with dancing, running, and concerts of music. Then they represented the exploits of heroes, the virtues of heroines, and the pure pleasures of the primæval state, before Arimanius invaded the empire of Oromazes, and inspired mortals with deceitful hopes, false joys, perfidious disgusts, credulous suspicions, and the inhuman extravagancies of profane love. These sports being over, they dispersed themselves about the garden, and by way of refreshment, bathed themselves in the waters. Towards sun-set they descended the hill, and joined the Magi, who led them to the mountain of Oromazes, there to perform the evening sacrifice; the victims which were offered, served every family for supper, (for they had two repasts on festival days), and they cheerfully passed the time till sleep called them to rest.

20. NIGHT-SCENES *in a GREAT CITY.*

THE clock just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the fallies of cotemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever-changing, but a few hours past, walked before me; where she kept up
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the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around ! the dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam ; no sound is heard, but of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog ; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten : an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time, when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just, and as unbounded ; and, with short-sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality ! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some ; the sorrowful traveller wanders over the awful ruins of others ; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds ; there, their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile : Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen ; for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and, at last, swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded ! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent ? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated

emaciated with disease: The world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they shew to wretches, whose hearts are insensible; or debauchees, who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve? Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches, but will not give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the great, the most imaginary uneasinesses of the rich, are aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny; and every law which gives others security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or, why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving, only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

OBSERVATIONS *on* DIFFERENT MODES *of* INSTRUCTION

THE principles of morality and religion are communicated to mankind in a vast variety of forms. Philosophers and theologians diversify their instructions agreeably, either to the peculiarities of their own talents, tempers, and tastes; or to the capacities, characters, and stations of those they address. One of these

these public instructors conveys the information of which he is master, in plain, concise, and significant sentences; and leaves it, without illustration, to produce its own native effects: Another thinks it proper to amplify important truths, and exhibit them to public view in different attitudes; that no means may be wanting to make them fully understood, familiar to the mind, and influential of the practice. One elucidates the most abstract theories, with a pleasing simplicity: Another inspires activity of thought, rouses the powers of invention, expands the mind with delightful solicitude, and engages an eager unwearied attention, by artful interrogatories, or the successive images of allegory. While one recommends the beauties of truth, and the advantages of virtue, by the graces of poetry, the charms of eloquence, and the powerful influence of anecdote: Another exposes the deformity, the danger, and the wretchedness of vice, with all the cogency of argument, the energy of zeal, and the emphatic language of affection.—At one time *Philosophy* entertains the contemplative, assists the industrious, and guides the operator's hand with steadiness and certainty, by unfolding the phenomena of nature, the principles of science, and the laws of mechanism: And at another, *History*, with her impartial pen, relates the transactions of ages long elapsed, to inspire temperance in enterprise, fortitude under adverse fortune, prudence in the management of public affairs, and benevolence to all the human race. She exhibits to her attentive readers, the treasures of wealth, the splendour of greatness, the glory of empires, and all that the human mind is apt to esteem, vanishing for ever from their anxious possessors, and plunging them in misery proportioned to the height of their former elevation; that they may learn the transient nature of sublunary bliss, a cheerful acquiescence in the will of Heaven, and an unreserved obedience to the Sovereign of the universe.

But as the tendency of all instruction is to dispel ignorance, and to vanquish error; to explain some unknown, or indistinctly apprehended truth, and to prove positions which are either disbelieved, or concerning which

which doubts are entertained;—the Teacher must endeavour, by *plainness* and *perspicuity*, to convey *information*, and, by *conclusive reasoning*, to produce *conviction*, and establish belief. That every species of instruction, however, admits of something peculiar in the manner of conveyance, is a truth too evident to escape general notice. And as different subjects require different modes of discussion, as every method in which the same subject may be treated demands a corresponding variation of tone, inflection, and utterance, it would no doubt be extremely useful, to form definite rules for regulating the Teacher's manner, and rendering his labours universally successful; but the difficulty of the task prevents its execution. All that I can promise at present, is the selection of a few *general laws*, or *characteristical features* of public instruction, calculated to assist the inexperienced, and prompt the ingenious to progressive improvement.—The rules which apply more particularly to narrative, descriptive, and impassioned compositions, may be used alternately, with the utmost advantage, in the delivery of moral, religious, and other instructive discourses; but the following observations are adapted to every variety of instruction.

RULES for DELIVERING INSTRUCTION.

1. THE aspect should be mild, sedate, and attentive; dignified with an air of authority, and softened with the signs of benevolence: the necessary qualities of tone are, strength, insinuation, clearness, and confidence; the articulation should be distinct, the utterance slow, and the whole demeanor interesting and impressive.

2. As an immoderate diffidence tends to indicate uncertainty, and magisterial airs are apt to offend a delicate audience, and to give the speaker a presumptuous appearance, both these extremes must be cautiously avoided; and the firm, emphatical, unostentatious assurance, inspired by the importance of truth, and a zeal for its diffusion, be uniformly assumed.

3. The features, voice, and action, must always accord with the nature of the audience, and the importance

ance of the subject. Youth should be addressed with openness and affability; the aged, with meekness and modesty; the dull, with simplicity and perseverance; the intelligent, with perspicuity and precision; the diffident, with softness and condescension; and the stubborn, with boldness and resolution. Individuals and auditories, corresponding in circumstances, require a similar mode of address.

4. Teachers must attempt, by every laudable effort, to secure the esteem of those they address. They must, if possible, appear more solicitous to promote *their* interest, than their own honour; to communicate useful information, than display personal superiority: for if they provoke aversion, or even awaken suspicion that their exertions are actuated by low, base, mercenary motives, their success will be marred, and their well-meant labours entirely lost.

1. MEANS of PERSUADING a LARGE ASSEMBLY.

IT is only necessary, in fact, for the orator to keep one man in view amidst the multitude that surrounds him; and, excepting those enumerations which require some variety in order to paint the passions, conditions, and characters, he ought merely, while composing, to address himself to that one man whose mistakes he laments, and whose foibles he discovers. This man is, to him, as the genius of Socrates * standing continually at his side, and, by turns, interrogating him, or answering his questions. This is he whom the orator ought never to lose sight of in writing, till he obtain a conquest over his prepossessions. The arguments which will be sufficiently persuasive to overcome *his* opposition, will equally controul a large assembly.

The orator will derive still farther advantages from
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* Lactantius observes, that Socrates affirmed, that there was a demon, or tutelar angel, constantly near him, which had kept him company from a child, and by whose beck and instructions he had guided his life.

a numerous concourse of people, where all the impressions made at the time will convey the finest triumphs of the art, by forming a species of action and re-action between the auditory and the speaker. It is in this sense that Cicero is right in saying, "That no man can be eloquent without a multitude to hear him." The auditor came to hear a discourse:—the orator attacks him; accuses him; makes him abashed; addresses him, at one time as his confidant, at another as his mediator, or his judge. See with what address he unveils his most concealed passions; with what penetration he shews him his most intimate thoughts; with what energy he annihilates his best-framed excuses!—The culprit repents. Profound attention, consternation, confusion, remorse, all announce that the orator has penetrated, in his retired meditations, into the recesses of the heart. Then, provided no ill-timed sally of wit follow, to blunt the strokes of Christian eloquence, there may be in the church two thousand auditors, yet there will be but one thought, but one opinion; and all those individuals united, form that ideal man whom the orator had in view while composing his discourse.

2. ADVANTAGES of an ORATOR'S STUDYING HIMSELF.

BUT, you may ask, where is this ideal man, composed of so many different traits, to be found, unless we describe some chimerical being? Where shall we find a phantom like this, singular but not outré, in which every individual may recognize himself, although it resembles not any one? Where shall we find him?—In your own heart.—Often retire there. Survey all its recesses. *There*, you will trace both the pleas for those passions which you will have to combat, and the source of those false reasonings which you must point out. To be eloquent, we must enter within ourselves. The first productions of a young orator are generally too far fetched. His mind, always on the stretch, is making continual efforts, without his ever venturing to commit himself to the simplicity of nature, until experience teach him, that to arrive at the sublime, it is, in fact,

less necessary to elevate his imagination, than to be deeply impressed with his subject.

If you have studied the sacred books; if you have observed men; if you have attended to writers on morals, who serve you instead of historians; if you have become familiar with the language of orators; make trial of your eloquence upon yourself: become, so to speak, the auditor of your own discourses; and thus, by anticipating the effect which they ought to produce, you will easily delineate true characters; you will perceive, that, notwithstanding the shades of indifference which distinguish them, all men bear an interior resemblance to one another, and that their vices have an uniformity, because they always proceed either from weakness or interest. In a word, your descriptions will not be indeterminate: and the more thoroughly you shall have examined what passes within your own breast, with more ability will you unfold the hearts of others.

3. *Of the INJURY WIT does to ELOQUENCE.*

TO all those rules which art furnishes for conducting the plan of a discourse, we proceed to subjoin a general rule, from which orators, and especially Christian orators, ought never to swerve.

When such begin their career, the zeal for the salvation of souls which animates them, doth not render them always unmindful of the glory which follows great success. A blind desire to shine and to please, is often at the expence of that substantial honour which might be obtained, were they to give themselves up to the pure emotions of piety, which so well agree with the sensibility necessary to eloquence.

It is, unquestionably, to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labour which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompence. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love, and you may perceive

ceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator. Tell me, then, what is this you call Eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?" Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles? of rounding periods? of tormenting one's self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art which disdains frivolous ornaments, which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory?—You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them, conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No; these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great.—How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! And you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendations from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet! Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others.

4. *Of the PRODUCTION of IDEAS.*

IT is this continual propagation of great ideas, by which they are mutually enlivened; it is this art of incessantly advancing in composition, that gives strength to eloquence, rapidity to discourse, and the whole interest

rest of dialogue to an uninterrupted succession of ideas, which, were they disjointed, would produce no effect, but languish and die.

The progression which imparts increasing strength to each period, is the natural representation of those transports of soul which should enliven throughout the compositions of the orator. Hence it follows, that an eloquent writer can only be formed by a fertility and vastness of thought.

Detached phrases, superfluous passages, witty comparisons, unprofitable definitions, the affectation of shining or surprising at every word, the extravagance of genius, these do not enrich, but rather impoverish a writer, as often as they interrupt his progress.

Let, then, the orator avoid, as most dangerous rocks, those ensnaring fallies which would diminish the impetuosity of his ardour. Without pity on his productions, and without ever regretting the apparent sacrifices which it will cost him, let him, as he proceeds, retrench this heap of flourishes, which stifles his eloquence, instead of embellishing it; and which hurries him on forcibly, rather than gracefully, towards his main design.

If the hearer find himself continually where he was, if he discover the enlargement, the return of the same ideas, or the playing upon words, he is no more transported with the admiration of a vehement orator; it is a florid declaimer, whom he hears without effect. He does not even hear him long. He also, like the orator, makes idle reflections on every word. He is continually losing sight of the thread of the discourse, amidst those digressions of the rhetorician, who is aiming to shine while his subject languishes. At length, tired with this redundancy of words, he feels his exhausted attention ready to expire with every breath.

Mistaken man of genius! wert thou acquainted with the true method of attaining eloquence, instead of disgusting thy hearer with thy insipid antithesis, his attention would not be at liberty to be diverted. He would partake of your emotions. He would become all that you mean to describe. He would imagine that he himself

self could discover the plain and striking arguments which you laid before him, and, in some measure, compose your discourse along with you. His satisfaction would be at its height, as would be your glory. And you would find, that it is the delight of him who hears, which always ensures the triumph of him who speaks.

"A good judge of the art of Oratory," says Cicero, "need not hear an Orator in order to judge of his merits. —He passes on—He observes the judges conversing together—restless on their seats—frequently inquiring in the middle of a pleading, whether it be not time to close the trial and break up the court. This is enough for him. He perceives at once that the cause is not pleaded by a man of Eloquence, who can command every mind, as a musician can produce harmonious strains by touching the strings of his instrument."

"But if he perceive, as he passes on, the same judges attentive—their heads erect—their looks engaged, and apparently struck with admiration of the speaker, as a bird is charmed with the sweet sounds of music; if, above all, he discover them (or 'the court,' or 'the audience') most passionately affected by pity, by hatred, or by any strong emotion of the heart; if, I say, as he passes on, he perceive these effects, though he hear not a word of the Oration, he immediately concludes, that a real Orator is in this assembly, and that the work of Eloquence proceeds, or rather is already accomplished."

5. ORATORY.

ORATORY is the art of speaking gracefully upon any subject, with a view to instruct, persuade, and please. The scope of this art is, to support truth and virtue, to maintain the rights and liberties of mankind, to alleviate the miseries and distresses of life, or to defend the innocent, and accuse the guilty.—The masters of rhetoric among the Greeks and Romans, have considered an oration as consisting of three or four parts, called the *exordium*, or mere beginning; the *narration* and *confirmation*, extending from thence to the *peroration*, or recapitulation and conclusion of what hath been said. Now,

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as these parts of an oration differ widely in nature from each other, so they require a difference of style. A discourse may open variety of ways, bespeaking the favour and attention of the audience, as by an address to those who preside in chief ;—with an apology ;—with setting forth the design of the point in debate ;—or with any other form, arising from the speaker's consideration of his own situation, or the person of his hearers.—But, from whatever occasion the exordium may take its rise, in general it should be short, plain, and modest.—Swelling introductions to plain subjects are ridiculous, and to great actions unnecessary, because they sufficiently show and magnify themselves ;—not but, on some occasions, it may be proper to begin with spirit and fire. Examples of this kind are found in Cicero.—The language too must be plain, simple, and concise in the narration, which is the part for stating the subject, and setting forth its consideration under one or more propositions ; the fewer and clearer the better :—Neither must the speaker rise much in the confirmation, where he is to prove the point under consideration, by proper illustrations, apt, short, and plain examples ; by expressive similitudes, cogent arguments, and just observations, backed and supported by authorities divine and human. Here the speaker must make his way to the judgement and conviction of his audience, by words and matter weighty and significant ;—in sentences grave and unaffected ;—in short, rather by strong good sense in familiar language, than by trifling observations in hard words and studied ornaments.—The subject being opened, explained, and confirmed, in the three first parts ; that is to say, the speaker, having gained the attention and judgement of his audience, must proceed in the peroration to complete his conquest over the passions, such as imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger.—To these some application may be made in the exordium ; but now the court must be paid wholly to them ; in managing which is required no small skill and address. Now, therefore, the speaker must begin to exert himself.—Here it is that a fine genius may display itself in the use of amplification, enumeration,

enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing.—Thus the orator may gain the ascendant over his audience ;—can turn the current of their minds his own way, either like the rapid Severn with uplifted head, rushing on impetuous, or like the smooth gliding Thames, gently rising by almost imperceptible advances.

6. INDOLENCE.

NO other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation : he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it : he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it : he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving ; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch or at the gallows : if he embarks in trade, he will become a bankrupt ; and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself will perhaps die in the Fleet.

It should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement ; which should seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute idiots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application ; nor are there any possessed of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable ; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed, by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention

tion here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after affixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob-majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital: all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a modern rhymers, of which he is now no bad emblem; and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless, idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge; he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some way of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

7: PRODIGALITY.

IT is the fate of almost every passion, when it has passed the bounds which nature prescribes, to counteract its own purpose. Too much rage hinders the warrior from circumspection; and too much eagerness of profit hurts the credit of the trader. Too much ardour takes away from the lover that easiness of address with which ladies are delighted. Thus extravagance, though dictated by vanity, and incited by voluptuousness, seldom procures ultimately either applause or pleasure.

If praise be justly estimated by the character of those from whom it is received, little satisfaction will be given to the spendthrift by the encomiums which he purchases. For who are they that animate him in his pursuits, but young men, thoughtless and abandoned like himself, unacquainted with all on which the wisdom of nations has impressed the stamp of excellence, and devoid alike of knowledge and of virtue? By whom is his profusion praised, but by wretches who consider him as subservient to their purposes, syrens that entice him to shipwreck, and cyclops that are gaping to devour him?

Every man whose knowledge, or whose virtue, can give value to his opinion, looks with scorn or pity (neither of which can afford much gratification to pride) on him whom the panders of luxury have drawn into the circle of their influence, and whom he sees parcelled out among the different ministers of folly, and about to be torn to pieces by tailors and jockies, vintners and attornies; who at once rob and ridicule him, and who are secretly triumphing over his weakness, when they present new incitements to his appetite, and heighten his desires by counterfeited applause.

Such is the praise that is purchased by prodigality. Even when it is yet not discovered to be false, it is the praise only of those whom it is reproachful to please, and whose sincerity is corrupted by their interest; men who live by the riots which they encourage, and who know, that whenever their pupil grows wise, they shall lose their power. Yet with such flatteries, if they could last,
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might the cravings of vanity, which is seldom very delicate, be satisfied: but the time is always hastening forward, when this triumph, poor as it is, shall vanish, and when those who now surround him with obsequiousness and compliments, fawn among his equipage, and animate his riots, shall turn upon him with insolence, and reproach him with the vices promoted by themselves.

And as little pretensions has the man, who squanders his estate by vain or vicious expences, to greater degrees of pleasure than are obtained by others. To make any happiness sincere, it is necessary that we believe it to be lasting; since whatever we suppose ourselves in danger of losing, must be enjoyed with solicitude and uneasiness; and the more value we set upon it, the more must the present possession be imbibittered. How can he, then, be envied for his felicity, who knows that its continuance cannot be expected, and who is conscious that a very short time will give him up to the gripe of poverty, which will be harder to be borne, as he has given way to more excesses, wantoned in greater abundance, and indulged his appetites with more profuseness?

It appears evident, that frugality is necessary even to complete the pleasure of expence; for it may be generally remarked of those who squander what they know their fortune not sufficient to allow, that in their most jovial expence, there always breaks out some proof of discontent and impatience; they either scatter with a wild kind of desperation and affected lavishness, as criminals brave the gallows when they cannot escape it; or pay their money with a peevish anxiety, and endeavour at once to spend idly, and to save meanly; having neither firmness to deny their passions, nor courage to gratify them, they murmur at their own enjoyments, and poison the bowl of pleasure by reflection on the cost.

Among these men there is often the vociferation of merriment, but very seldom the tranquillity of cheerfulness; they inflame their imaginations to a kind of momentary jollity, by the help of wine and riot; and consider it as the first business of the night to stupify recollection,

lection, and lay that reason asleep, which disturbs their gaiety, and calls upon them to retreat from ruin.

But this poor broken satisfaction is of short continuance, and must be expiated by a long series of misery and regret. In a short time the creditor grows impatient, the last acre is sold, the passions and appetites still continue their tyranny, with incessant calls for their usual gratifications; and the remainder of life passes away in vain repentance, or impotent desire.

7. *On MODESTY.*

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say, such an one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I were but to define Modesty, I would call it the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man truly modest, is as much so when he is alone, as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid

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against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but, above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions be at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand

stand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

8. CHEARFULNESS.

MEN of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart, that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred Person, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never seen to laugh.

Chearfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest Philosophers among the Heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of

this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgement undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes, with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons with whom he converses, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence, towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of chearfulness; in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he look into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which was so lately bestowed on him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress and which will be still receiving an increase of happiness?

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The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind, is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add, those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to him whom we were made to please.

9. VIRTUE *our* HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accom-

moderate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, it is not possible—What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest joined with others, such an absurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, somewhere at least, possible. How then am I assured, that it is not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows?—If so, then Honour and Justice are my interest—then the whole train of Moral Virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourse of arts and letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate?—Again—I must have food and cloathing.—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish.—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation,

resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I need not surely seek for a better. I have an interest compatible with the spot on which I live.—I have an interest which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence; without mending or marring the general order of events—I can bear whatever happens with manly magnanimity; can be contented, and fully happy in the good which I possess; and can pass through this turbid, this fickle fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

10. *Of GIVING ADVICE.*

IF we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others execute their undertaking, it will not be very wonderful that their labours, however zealous or affectionate, are frequently useless. For, what is the advice which is commonly given? A few general maxims, enforced with vehemence, and inculcated with importunity; but failing for want of particular reference, and immediate application.

It is not often that a man can have so much knowledge of another, as is necessary to make instruction useful. We are sometimes not ourselves conscious of the original motives of our actions; and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority, either of power or understanding, may entitle them to inspect our lives. It is therefore very probable, that he who endeavours the cure of our intellectual maladies, mistakes their cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he knows not which of the passions or desires is vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious; but, for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbours. To be wise or to be virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance

ance at a high price; but when nothing is necessary to elevation, but detection of the follies or the faults of others, no man is so insensible to the voice of fame, as to linger on the ground.

Advice is offensive, not because it lays us open to unexpected regret, or convicts us of any fault which has escaped our notice, but because it shews us that we are known to others as well as to ourselves; and the officious monitor is persecuted with hatred, not because his accusation is false, but because he assumes the superiority which we are not willing to grant him, and has dared to detect what we desire to conceal.

The chief rule to be observed in the exercise of this dangerous office of giving advice, is to preserve it pure from all mixture of interest or vanity—to forbear admonition or reproof, when our consciences tell us, that they are incited, not by the hopes of reforming faults, but the desire of shewing our discernment, or gratifying our own pride by the mortification of another. It is not indeed certain, that the most refined caution will find a proper time for bringing a man to the knowledge of his own failings, or the most zealous benevolence reconcile him to that judgement by which they are detected. But he who endeavours only the happiness of him whom he reproves, will always have either the satisfaction of obtaining or deserving kindness:—if he succeeds, he benefits his friend; and if he fails, he has at least the consciousness that he suffers only for doing well.

II. REMARKS ON READING.

READING is the food of the mind; it forms taste, enriches knowledge, and refines reason. The gay, the giddy, the frivolous, read without expansion of soul, or improvement of their mental powers. They read without choice, without system, and with heedless precipitation. The impressions and the objects succeed each other with such rapidity, that the first is effaced by the following, and all are jumbled together in the memory; so that, after much reading, the men I allude to have only acquired the equivocal talent of disgusting a sound

found mind with embryo ideas, lost in a luxuriancy of words.

Young men are, in general, counselled to read much. If they adhere to this advice; if they devour every book that falls in their way, as is usually the case, even with those who have the best intentions, they overshoot the mark, and their purpose is disappointed. Amusement only will become their aim. They will give up Tillotson, Blackstone, Addison, Steele, Congreve, &c. for a novel, that is, for reading, of a nature the most dangerous to the undecided taste of a raw mind. I am well aware that there are some few of these ephemeral productions that may be run over with a sort of advantage, but this must not be during the period allotted you for laying the foundation of manly eloquence.

A young man may read *Don Quixote* twenty times over, before he perceives the acuteness of the author, or feels the moral aim of the work. It will appear to him a tissue of extraordinary events only, and eccentricities of a wild imagination. You well know, that in romances, or even novels, things are generally pushed to the extreme. If they treat of virtue, it loses its name, and becomes heroism or fantastic virtue. They always address themselves to fancy, and lead her a chase after ideal happiness, which nothing but cool reason, in a more advanced period of life, can put a stop to.

For the present, therefore, leave every work of this nature, even the best, and peruse none but such as are recommended to you for truth, solidity, and elegance.

To guard you against this intemperance of reading, I must assure you, that the number of books on which you should form your taste, is by no means considerable. Let your friends see master-pieces in your hands. Attach yourselves, at first, to their thoughts, and acquire, by every exertion of assiduity, that harmony of style, which wins the soul by charming the ear; those felicities of expression, that rules cannot reach to; and that combination of sounds, by the means of which you will paint and impress your ideas.

Be not precipitate: call yourself often to account for
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what you have read. I would counsel you; at first, to take down the heads in writing. You will soon find yourself able to remember them without this assistance; and, besides, you will imperceptibly make yourself master of the art of analysis, which is the surest and shortest road to instruction.

12. *Of METHOD in SPEAKING.*

METHOD is the art of ranking every thing in the place that suits it; in fact, I might boldly tell you at once, that method is nothing but good taste; I do not mean that good taste which produces the graces of a discourse, but that other species of taste, which regulates the order in which the different parts, the reasons, the proofs, and-all the means of persuasion, should be displayed, for the purpose of producing the greater effect: it is not the taste that colours, but it is that which draws, which sketches the forms, and groups them; in short, I mean the taste that creates the beauty of reason, and not that of fancy; the beauty of plenitude, not that of a single member. It disposes the springs that you are to put in motion for the purpose of pleasing, instructing, and persuading.

Before you cast about for the order in which you are to offer your thoughts, you must already have preconceived a general outline of your subject: the next process is, in that outline, to mark the place of your principal ideas; your subject will then become circumscribed, and you will see its extent.

This plan will be your ground-work; it will support you, direct you, regulate the movements of your mind, and submit them to the laws of method. Without it, the best speaker will go astray, his progress will be unguided, and the irregular beauties of his speech will be at the mercy of hazard. How brilliant soever the colours he employs may be, the disposition of the picture will ruin the whole effect; and the speaker may be admired, but his genius will most certainly be suspected.

Why are the works of Nature so perfect? says Buffon; it is because every work is a whole, or has its full plenitude;

plenitude ; it is because she never deviates from one eternal plan. She prepares in silence the seeds of all her productions : in one bold stroke alone, she hits off the primitive form of every living being : she unfolds and bestows perfection on it by a perpetual motion, and in a prescribed time. The human mind cannot create, it can produce nothing until it has been fertilized by experience and meditation : its notions are the seeds of its productions ; but if it imitates the progress and labour of Nature ; if it rises on the wings of contemplation, to the most sublime truths ; if it connects them, links them, and forms them into one grand whole by the powers of reflection ; it will raise a monument of fame on an immortal foundation.

It is for want of a plan, and for not having allowed reflection to dwell long enough on his subject, that a man of abilities finds himself embarrassed, and knows not where or how to begin. He at once perceives a vast number of ideas ; as he has made no comparison betwixt them, nor established any subordination among them, there is nothing that determines him to give the preference to one more than to the other ; he, therefore, stands a victim of his own perplexity. But when he shall have laid down a plan to himself ; when once he shall have gathered together, and put in order, every idea essential to his subject, the work will have arrived at the point of maturity ; he will be eager to give it birth ; thought will succeed thought, with ease and pleasure to himself ; his style will be natural and lucid ; the delight he feels will beget a warmth, which will glow through all his periods, and give life to every expression ; his animation will increase ; the tones of his voice will swell ; every object will become prominent : and sentiment, in unison with perspicuity, will render the discourse both interesting and luminous.

Weigh your own feelings, examine the emotions of others, endeavour to discover, in every occurrence of life, the spring of human passions, study to imitate nature, and, with the genius and judgement you are blessed with, you cannot but succeed as a great speaker.

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One word more, and I quit the subject: accustom yourself, even in your common conversation, to link your thoughts to one another; utter none without a momentary examination, whether it is sound and fit or not: justness and precision will glide from your conversation into your first little essays, and from these into greater; and when, at last, nature shall have attained its maturity, and occasion touches the spring of genius, all the powers of your mind will burst into harmonious motion.

13. ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

IT will not, I think, be pretended, that any of our preachers have often occasion to address more sagacious, learned, or polite assemblies, than those which were composed of the Roman senate, or the Athenian people, in their most enlightened times. But it is well known what great stress the most celebrated orators of those times laid on action, how exceeding imperfect they reckoned eloquence without it, and what wonders they performed with its assistance, performed upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits the world ever saw: It were easy to throw together a number of common-place quotations, in support, or illustration of this, and almost every other remark that can be made upon the present subject. But as that would lead us beyond the intention of this paper, we need only recollect here one simple fact, which every body hath heard of, that whereas Demosthenes himself did not succeed in his first attempts, through his having neglected to study action, he afterwards arrived at such a pitch in that faculty, that when the people of Rhodes expressed in high terms their admiration of his famous oration for Ctesiphon, upon hearing it read with a very sweet and strong voice by Æschines, whose banishment it had procured, that great and candid judge said to them, "How would you have been affected, had you seen him speak it! For he that *only bears* Demosthenes loses much the better part of the oration."—What an honourable testimony this, from a vanquished adversary, and such an adversary!

verfary ! What a noble idea doth it give of that wonderful orator's action ! I grasp it with ardour ; I transport myself in imagination to old Athens. I mingle with the popular assembly, I behold the lightning, I listen to the thunder of Demosthenes. I feel my blood thrilled, I see the auditory tost and shaken like some deep forest by a mighty storm. I am filled with wonder at such marvellous effects. I am hurried almost out of myself. In a little while, I endeavour to be more recollected. Then I consider the orator's address. I find the whole inexpressible. But nothing strikes me more than his action. I perceive the various passions he would inspire rising in him by turns, and working from the depth of his frame. Now he glows with the love of the public ; now he flames with indignation at its enemies ; then he swells with disdain of its false, indolent, or interested friends ; anon he melts with grief for its misfortunes ; and now he turns pale with fear of yet greater ones. Every feature, nerve, and circumstance about him, is intensely animated : each almost seems as if it would speak. I discern his inmost soul, I see it as only clad in some thin transparent vehicle. It is all on fire. I wonder no longer at the effects of such eloquence : I only wonder at their cause.

14. WOMEN *polish and improve* SOCIETY.

AMONG the innumerable ties by which mankind are drawn and held together, may be fairly reckoned that love of praise, which perhaps is the earliest passion of human beings. It is wonderful how soon children begin to look out for notice, and for consequence. To attract mutual regards by mutual services, is one chief aim, and one important operation, of a principle, which I should be sorry to think that any of you had outlived. No sooner do the social affections unfold themselves, than youth appear ambitious to deserve the approbation of those around them. Their desires of this kind are more lively, as their dispositions are more ingenuous. Of those boys who discover the greatest ardour to obtain, by their capacity, their spirit, or their generosity, the esteem of their companions, it may be commonly ob-

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served, that they shoot up into the most valuable characters.

Eagerness for the admiration of school-fellows and others, without distinction of sexes, is felt at first: but when, in process of time, the bosom becomes sensible to that distinction, it begins to beat with a peculiar anxiety to please the female part of your acquaintance. The smiles, the applause, the attachment of Young Women, you now consider as conferring felicity of a more interesting nature; and to secure such happiness, is from henceforth an object that incites and influences you on a thousand occasions. By an increasing susceptibility to the attractions of the softer sex, you are carried more and more into their company; and there, my brothers, your hearts and manners, your tastes and pursuits, receive very often a direction that remains ever after, and that will probably decide your destiny through the whole of your existence.

I am aware, indeed, that to under-rate their importance, and cultivate their commerce only as subservient to convenience, amusement, or voluptuousness, is common among the ignorant, the petulant, and the profligate of our sex: but, happy as I have been in the conversation of many worthy and accomplished persons of the other, I would willingly, if possible, prevent your adopting a system alike ungenerous and false.

It is certain, that savages, and those who are but little removed from their condition, have seldom behaved to women with much respect or tenderness. On the other hand, it is known, that in civilized nations they have ever been objects of both; that, in the most heroic states of antiquity, their judgement was often honoured as the standard, and their suffrages often sought as the reward of merit: and though in those states the allurements of feminine softness was perhaps not always sufficiently understood, owing probably to that passion for public interests, and extensive fame, which seems to have overpowered all other emotions; it must yet be acknowledged, that the Ladies of ancient days frequently possessed a wonderful influence in what concerned the political welfare,

fare, and private affections, of the people to whom they belonged. But say, my friends, does it not reflect some lustre on the fair sex, that their talents and virtues have still been most revered in periods of the greatest renown? And tell me, I beseech you, what age or country, distinguished in the annals of fame, has not received a part of that distinction from the numbers of women, whom it produced, conspicuous for their virtues and their talents? Look at this, in which you live: does it not derive a very considerable share of its reputation from the female pens that eminently adorn it? Look into the history of the world at large: do not you find, that the female sex have, in a variety of ways, contributed largely to many of its most important events? Look into the great machine of society, as it moves before you: do not you perceive, that they are still among its principal springs? Do not their characters and manners deeply affect the passions of men, the interests of education, and those domestic scenes, where so much of life is past, and with which its happiness or misery is so intimately blended? Consult your own experience, and confess, whether you are not touched by almost every thing they do, or say, or look; confess, whether their very foibles and follies do not often interest, and sometimes please you?

There cannot, I am persuaded, be many worse symptoms of degeneracy, in an enlightened age, than a growing indifference about the regards of reputable women, and a fashionable propensity to lessen the sex in general. Where this is the case, the decencies of life, the softnesses of love, the sweets of friendship, the nameless tender charities that pervade and unite the most virtuous form of cultivated society, are not likely to be held in high estimation: and when these fall into contempt, what is there left to polish, humanize, or delight mankind?

15. FONDNESS *for* FASHION *hurts* FEMALE REPUTATION.

AS it is probable, that most of you will, after the confinement of the school, of the college, of an apprenticeship, or of whatever other early study, pass

much of your time in the company of women, it deeply imports you to consider, with what sort of women you should associate. The infinite mischiefs attendant on communication with those miserable females, who have forfeited their honour, I will not now attempt to relate. At present I will take it for granted, that the sons of Reason should converse only with the daughters of Virtue.

Of these last, the number is greater than many of you have been told; much greater than bad men, who judge from bad samples, will ever be persuaded to believe; and even greater than would be readily expected by the candid and virtuous themselves, were they to take their estimate from the general appearance of women in public life, instead of those private scenes where show and noise are excluded, where the flutter of fashion is forgotten in the silent discharge of domestic duties, and where females of real value are more solicitous to be amiable and accomplished, than alluring and admired.

Little, indeed, do those women consult either their own interest, or the reputation of their sex, who enter eagerly into the bustle of the mode, obtrude themselves on the gaze of the glittering throng, and sacrifice the decent reserves, and intellectual attainments, by which men of sentiment and delicacy are most taken, to the passion for dress, and visiting, and splendor, and prattling, and cards, and assemblies, and masquerades without end. The coxcombs of the age, may be caught by such arts of display, as much as those can be who are so generally captivated with themselves. They, no doubt, will be flattered with what they suppose to be an offering presented at their shrine, a price paid for their admiration. But, depend upon it, my sisters, those men who are formed to be agreeable companions, faithful friends, and good husbands, will not be very forward to chuse their associates and partners for life, from the flaunting train of Vanity, or the insipid circles of Dissipation. Nor will it always be very easy to convince them, that while the open theatre of the world exhibits so many trivial and insipid characters of the female sex, its more retired situations

situations abound with women of discretion and significance.

For my own share, I will confess that I should not have thought so favourably in general concerning the fair part of the creation, as I now think, had I formed my opinions on their subject in places of gay resort; where simplicity, softness, a sedate carriage, and rational conversation, must usually give way to the boasted tone, and brilliant but illusive figure of the society in vogue, which seems to me a composition of frivolous talk, fantastic manners, expensive outsize, servile imitation of the mode, incessant amusement, ruinous gaming, and eternal disguise. May I venture farther, and acknowledge my astonishment, when I have discovered that some sensible and deserving women, who in the country delighted all that came near them, by a style and deportment perfectly reasonable and highly engaging, yet appeared to forget themselves the moment they plunged in the diversions and tumults of the town. Their heads turned round in the whirl of a fashionable life; and their hearts, which went forth to their friends in the quiet of retreat, shrunk and vanished out of sight, in scenes where they apprehended that sentiment, affection, confidence, would probably be objects of derision. So then, Ladies, you could resign those sweetest pleasures of the soul, for the reputation of appearing modish: you could bury your better feelings, and relinquish, for weeks and for months, your more respectable pursuits, to mix familiarly and habitually with the herd of inferior beings, that run mad after superficial amusements, and the poorest objects of low-souled ambition.

Do we mean, that you ought to shut yourselves up from all the resorts of what is called Genteel Company, which, to say the truth, is often but another name for well-dressed triflers? We do not mean, we do not wish it. There are situations and connexions which would render it improper. To minds capable of reflection, the pageant, as it passes in review, may occasion many observations on the emptiness and perturbation of all but piety, worth, and heart-felt enjoyment. Nor is it altogether impos-

fible, that a more correct appearance, a more composed address, friendly hints dropped by accident, improving remarks suggested by good sense, without the affectation of unseasonable gravity, may sometimes leave useful impressions where they were least expected. We only complain, that the friends of Virtue should ever be so far intangled in the maze of modern impertinence, as to be afraid of living principally to themselves, to one another, and to the noblest purposes of their being.

16. *The SENTIMENT and MORAL of TIME.*

THE Lounger having now "rounded one revolving year," may consider himself as an acquaintance of some standing with his readers, and, at this period of gratulations, may venture to pay them the compliments of the season, with the freedom of intimacy, and the cordiality of friendship. In the life of a periodical Essayist, a twelvemonth is a considerable age. That part of the world in which his subject lies, he has then had an opportunity of viewing in all its different situations; he has seen it in the hurry of business, in the heyday of amusement, in the quiet of the country; and he now attends it in its course of Christmas festivity, and holiday merriment.

Yet I know not how it is, that amidst the gratulations and festivity of this returning season, I am sometimes disposed to hear the one, and partake the other, with a certain seriousness of mind, not well suited to the vacancy of the time; to look on the jollity around me, with an eye of thought, and to impress, in my imagination, a tone of melancholy on the voices that wish me many happy years.

As men advance in life, the great divisions of time may indeed furnish matter for serious reflection, as he who counts the money he has spent, naturally thinks of how much a smaller sum he has left behind. Yet, for my own part, it is less from anxiety about what remains of time, than from the remembrance of that which is gone, that I am led into this "mood of pensiveness." In my hours of thoughtful indolence, I am not apt to
conjure

conjure up phantoms of the future; it is with a milder sort of melancholy that I sometimes indulge in recalling the shades of the past. To this perhaps the Lounger's manner and habits of life naturally incline him. To him leisure gives frequent occasion to review his time, and to compare his thoughts. By the Lounger, a few ideas, natural and congenial to his mind, are traced through all their connections; while the man of professional industry, and active pursuit, has many that press upon him in succession, and are quickly dismissed. He who lives in a crowd, gains an extensive acquaintance, but little intimacy; the man who possesses but a few friends, enjoys them much, and thinks of them often.

Time mellows ideas as it mellows wine.—Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the scenes of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance or feeling, rise up to our memory dignified at the same time and endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which when present we gave but little attention, are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of a tender kind, the ties which they had on the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling, which the same objects of the immediate time are unable to excite. The ghosts of our departed affections are seen through that softening medium, which, though it dims their brightness, does not impair their attraction. The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook which, in our childhood, we have frequently traced; the ruins of an ancient building which we remember almost entire; these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures, the business, the ambition of the present moment, fade and disappear.

This indulgence of memory, this review of time, would blunt the angry and discordant passions that often prey on our own quiet, as well as on the peace of others. Scarce any man is so hard of heart, as to feel himself an

enemy

enemy over the grave of his foe ; and the remembrance of contests, however just, with those who are now no more, comes across an ingenuous mind with a sort of self-accusation. The progress of time, though it may not have swept our adversaries from the earth, will probably have placed both them and us in circumstances such as to allay, if not to extinguish, our resentment. Prosperity to us, or misfortunes to them, may have soothed our anger into quiet, or softened it to pity. The lessons of Time may have taught us, what Wisdom or Prudence once preached to us in vain, that the object of our contention was not worth the struggle of the contest, that we mistook the value of the prize, or did injustice to the motives of our competitors ; or perhaps we have altered those sentiments in which we were formerly so warm, and forsaken those tenets we were once so positive to maintain. The hand of Time, imperceptible in its touch, steals the colour from our opinions ; and, like those who look on faded pictures, we wonder at having formerly been struck with their force.

Nor will this philosophy of time convey a less important lesson to the successful than to the unfortunate. It will moderate the luxurious indulgence of the rich, and restrain the wanton or useless exertions of the powerful. Every one who can look back on a moderately long life, will remember a succession of envied possessors of wealth and influence, whose luxury a thousand flatterers were wishing to share, whose favour a crowd of dependents were striving to obtain. Let those who now occupy their place, attend to the effects of that wealth enjoyed, of those favours bestowed. Let them cast up the sum of pleasure which was produced by the one, of gratitude or self-satisfaction procured by the other. If there are any whom elevation has made giddy, or power rendered insolent, let them think how long that elevation can endure, how far that power can extend ; let them consider in how short a space the influence of their predecessors has ceased to be felt, how soon their appointments have made room for the appointments of others ; how few of their dependents and favourites survive, and of those few
how

how very small a part acknowledge their benefactor. If some of the actions of such eminent persons there are which the world still remembers with approbation, and individuals own with gratitude, they are probably such as, in this review of the past, it will be useful for their successors to observe and to imitate. Those have obtained a victory over time, which is the noblest excitement and animation to virtue; that honest fame, of which the consciousness gives its highest enjoyment to the present, which the future can neither reproach nor overcome.

17. *On NEGLECTING to IMPROVE TIME.*

THE neglect of the improvement of time, is an evil of which every moralist has complained, on which therefore it were presumption in me to attempt to enlarge. But, without repeating what has been so often and so well said on its waste or its abuse, permit me to take notice of that forgetfulness of its progress, which affects the conduct and deportment of so many in the different relations of life. In matters of serious concern, we cannot violate the rights of time, without rendering ourselves unhappy; in objects of smaller importance, we cannot withdraw from its jurisdiction, without making ourselves ridiculous. Its progress, however, is unfortunately very apt to be unnoticed by ourselves, to whom its daily motion is gradual and imperceptible; but by others it will hardly fail to be marked, and they will expect a behaviour suitable to the character it should stamp upon us.

How often do the old forget the period at which they are arrived, and keep up a behaviour suitable, or perhaps only excuseable, to that which they have long ago passed? We see every day sexagenary beaux, and gray-haired rakes, who mix with the gay and the dissipated of the present time, and pride themselves on the want of that thought and seriousness which years alone, if not wisdom, should have taught them. This is the pitiful ambition of the weak and the profligate; who, unable to attain the respect due to virtue, or the credit of usefulness, wish to show the vigour of their minds, and the soundness

soundness of their constitutions, at a late period of life, by supporting a character of folly or licentiousness. But they should be told, that they generally fail in their object, contemptible as it is; the world only allows them credit for an attempt at follies, for an affectation of vice. "What a fine wicked old dog your father is!"—said a young fellow, in my hearing, at the door of a tavern a few nights ago. "Why, yes," replied his companion, with a tone of sang froid, "he would if he could."

In the other sex, I confess I feel myself more inclined to make allowance for those rebels against time, who wish to extend the period of youth beyond its natural duration. The empire of beauty is a distinction so flattering, and its resignation makes so mortifying a change in the state of its possessor, that I am not much surprised if she who has once enjoyed it, tries every art to prolong her reign. This indulgence, however, is only due to those who have no other part to perform, no other character to support. She who is a wife or a mother, has other objects to which her attention may be turned, from which her respectability may be drawn. I cannot therefore easily pardon those whom we see at public places, the rivals of their daughters, with the airy gait, the flaunting dress, and the playful giggle of fifteen. As to those elderly ladies who continue to haunt the scenes of their early amusements, who sometimes exhibit themselves there in all the gay colours of youth and fashion, like those unnatural fruit-trees that blossom in December, I am disposed rather to pity than to blame them. In thus attending the triumphs of beauty, they may be of the same use with the monitor who followed the Roman heroes in their triumphal processions, to put them in mind, amidst the shouts of the people, and the parade of conquest, that, for all their glory, they were still but men.

But the progress of time is as often anticipated, as it is forgotten, and youth usurps the privileges of age as frequently as age would retain the privileges of youth. At no period, perhaps, was this prematurity of behaviour more conspicuous than at present. We have boys discouraging politics, arguing metaphysics, and supporting infidelity,

infidelity, at an age little beyond that when they used to be playing at taw and leap-frog. Nor are these the most hurtful of their pretensions. In vice, as in self-importance, they contrive to get beyond "the ignorant present time;" and, at the years of boyishness, to be perfect men in licentiousness and debauchery. It is much the same with the young people of the female world. Girls, who formerly used to be found in the nursery, are now brought forward to all the prerogatives of womanhood. To figure at public places, to be gallanted at public walks, to laugh and talk loud at both, to have all the airs, and all the ease of a fine lady, are now the acquirements of misses, who, in my younger days, Mr Lounger, were working their samplers, learning white seam, or were allowed to spoil a mince-pie, by way of an exercise in pastry: And it is no uncommon thing, now-a-days, to see in the corner of a ball-room at mid-night, leaning on the arm of her partner, and now and then answering some of his speeches with a rap of her fan, the same ungrown girl, who, not a great many years ago, would have curtesy'd to the company, kissed Papa and Mamma, and gone to bed supperless between eight and nine in the evening. In both sexes, the "ingenuus pudor," the becoming modesty and reserve, which were formerly the most pleasing characteristics of youth, seem now to be exploded: They have forgot to blush; and the present rule of manners is such, that their parents do not blush for them. I confess, Sir, it is not without some indignation that I frequently see fathers and mothers smiling with complacency and pride on their children, for saying and doing things for which, in my time, they would have been turned out of the room.—But I am an old man, apt, perhaps, to complain and be peevish. That I may not incur the other charge of the poet, the garrulity of age, I beg leave to conclude, by assuring you, that I am, Sir, your admirer and humble servant,—SENEX.

18. MAN was MADE to be ACTIVE.

IN devising, or in executing a plan, in engaging in the whirl of active life, the soul seems to unfold its being,

being, and to enjoy itself. Man is not like the soil on which he lives, which spends its powers in exercise, and requires repose, in order to recruit its wasted strength, and prepare it for new exertions. Activity is an essential attribute of mind. Its faculties exist only when they are exercised; it gains a new accession of strength from every new exertion, and the greater acquisitions it makes, it is enabled to make still greater. It is not a brook formed by the shower; it is a living fountain, which is for ever flowing, and yet for ever full. This will account for an observation that we have often occasion to make in life, that none have so little leisure as those who are entirely idle; that none complain so much of the want of time, as those who have nothing to do. The fact is, they want that energy of soul which is requisite to every exertion, and that habit of activity which applies to every thing. Indolence unmans the faculties; impairs and debilitates the whole intellectual system. Those who, under its influence, become a kind of perpetual sleepers, degrade themselves from the honours of their nature, and are dead while they live. A habit of activity is a most valuable acquisition. He who is possessed of it is fit for all events, and may be happy in every situation. This habit is only to be acquired by pursuing some great object that may agitate the mind. Think not that your labour may be spent in vain. Nothing is in vain that rouses the soul; nothing in vain that keeps the æthereal fire alive and glowing. The prospect of something coming forward, the pleasure and the pride which the mind takes in its own action, beget, insensibly, that habit of industry which will abide through life.

19. ACTIVITY *the* SOURCE of GREAT ENJOYMENT.

ACTIVITY is not only the source of our excellence, but also gives rise to our greatest enjoyments. Even the lower class of enjoyments, animal pleasures, are not only consistent with a life of activity, but also derive from it additional sweets. Hours of leisure, suppose hours of employment; they alone will relish the feast, who have felt the fatigues of the chase. But

mere

mere animal pleasures are not of themselves objects for a wife or a good man. Unless they are under the direction of taste; unless they have the accompaniments of elegance and grace; unless they promote friendship and social joy; unless they come at proper intervals, and have the additional heightening of being a relief from business, they soon pall upon the appetite, and disgust by repetition. Has sensuality a charm when thy friend is in danger, or thy country calls to arms? Who listens to the voice of the viol, when the trumpet sounds the alarm of battle? When the mind is struck with the grand and the sublime of human life, it disdains inferior things, and, kindling with the occasion, rejoices to put forth all its strength. Obstacles in the way only give additional ardour to the pursuit; and the prize appears then the most tempting to the view, when the ascent is arduous, and when the path is marked with blood. Hence that life is chosen, where incentives to action abound; hence serious engagements are the preferable objects of pursuit; hence the most animating occasions of life are calls to danger and hardship, not invitations to safety and ease; and hence man himself, in his highest excellence, is found to pine in the lap of repose, and to exult in the midst of alarms that seem to threaten his being. All the faculties of his frame engage him to action; the higher powers of the soul, as well as the softer feelings of the heart, wisdom and magnanimity, as well as pity and tenderness, carry a manifest reference to the arduous career he has to run; the difficulties with which he is destined to struggle, and the sorrows he is appointed to bear. They know not what they say, who cry out, "Let us build tabernacles of rest." They mistake very much the nature of man, and go in quest of felicity to no purpose, who seek for it in what are called the enjoyments of life, who seek for it in a termination of labour and a period of repose. It is not in the calm scene; it is in the tempest; it is in the whirlwind; it is in the thunder, that this genius resides. When once you have discovered the bias of the mind; when once you have recognised your path in life; when once you have found

out the object of the soul, you will bend to it alone, like an eagle when he has tasted the blood of his prey, who disdains the objects of his former pursuit, and follows on in his path through the heavens.

20. SINCERITY.

TRUTH and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world: it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The
arts

arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself: Whereas, he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretence before-hand, nor make excuses afterwards, for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage; a hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips: whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end, than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the

reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good word, it were then no great matter, (as far as respects the affairs of this world), if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

21. DUTIES of the GREAT.

IN estimating the conduct of men, we naturally take into account, not only the merit or blame of their actions, abstractedly considered, but also that portion of, either which those actions derive from the situation of the persons performing them. Besides the great moral laws by which every man is bound, particular ranks and circumstances have their peculiar obligations; and he who attains elevation of place, or extent of fortune, increases not only the pleasure he has to enjoy, but the duties he has to perform. This, however, moralists have always complained, is apt to be forgotten; the great are ever ready to exercise power, and the rich to purchase pleasure: but the first are not always mindful of benignity, nor the latter of beneficence.

In the lighter duties of life the same rule takes place, and is, in the same manner, but little attended to. In these, indeed, it is more liable to be disregarded, from an idea of its unimportance. Yet to the little and the poor, the behaviour of the great or the rich is often as essential as their conduct. There may be tyranny and injustice in the one as well as in the other; nay, I have known many men who could forgive the oppression of the powerful, and the encroachments of the wealthy, in more material instances, who never could pardon the haughtiness

haughtiness of their demeanour, and the fastidiousness of their air.

It is strange, methinks, that the desire of depressing the humble, and overawing the modest, should be so common as it is among those on whom birth or station has conferred superiority. One might wonder how it should ever happen, that people should prefer being feared to being loved, to spread around them the chillness of unsocial grandeur, rather than the warmth of reciprocal attachment. Yet from the pride of folly, or of education, we find this is often the case; there is scarce any one who cannot recollect instances of persons who seem to have exchanged all the pleasures of society, all intercourse of the affections, for the cold pre-eminence of state and place.

It is by no means so easy to do the honours of a high station, as many who attain high stations are apt to imagine. The importance of a man to himself is a feeling common to all; to settle with propriety the claims of others, as well as of ourselves, requires no inconsiderable degree of discernment; and the jealousy of inferior stations in this matter, will criticise, with the utmost nicety, the determinations of their superiors. In proportion as the great claim respect or adulation, the spirit of those beneath them will commonly refuse it. We see daily examples of men, who go on arrogating dignity, and procuring contempt; who meet with slights where they demand respect, and are refused even the attention to which they are entitled, because they would impose attention rather than receive it.

Nothing is more difficult than the art of a *patron*; the power of patronising is but one ingredient in its composition. A patron must be able to read mankind, and to conciliate their affections; he must be so deserving of praise, as to be independent of it; yet receive it as if he had no claim, and give it value where it is just, by resisting adulation. He must have that dignity of demeanour which may keep his place in the circle; yet that gentleness which may not overpower the most timid, or overawe the meanest. If he patronises the arts,

he must know and feel them ; yet he must speak to the learned as a learner, and often submit the correctness of his taste to the errors of genius. With so many qualifications requisite for a patron, it is not wonderful that so few should arise ; or that the bunglers whom we see attempt the part, should so frequently make enemies by offices of friendship, and purchase a lampoon at the price of a panegyric.

There is a sort of female patronage, of which I cannot forbear taking notice, though it be somewhat out of place here. It is considered as of little importance, though, I am apt to believe, its consequences are sometimes of a very serious nature. In some great houses, My Lady, as well as My Lord, has a train of followers, who contend for that honour which her intimacy is held to confer, and emulate those manners which her rank and fashion are supposed to sanctify. Let the humanity of such a patroness lead her to beware, lest her patronage be fatal to her favourites. If the glare of grandeur, or the luxuries of wealth, deprive them of the relish of sober enjoyments ; if the ease of fashionable behaviour seduce them from the simplicity of purer manners ; they will have dearly purchased the friendship which they court, or the notice which they envy. Let such noble persons consider, that, to the young ladies they are pleased to call their friends, those sober pleasures, those untainted manners, are to be the support of celibacy, the dower of marriage, the comfort and happiness of a future life. It were cruel indeed, if, by any infringement of those manners, any contempt for those pleasures, (too easily copied by their inferiors), they should render the little transient distinctions which they bestow in kindness, a source of lasting misery to those who receive them.

SPECIMENS

SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

I. GENERAL REMARKS *on* PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE is the art of speaking with propriety, elegance, and effect. To enlighten the understanding, please the imagination, move the passions, and influence the will, are the important ends it proposes to accomplish. The darkness which envelopes the human understanding, must be dispelled by a clear exhibition of truth.—A combination of noble images presented to the mind, in the rich or agreeable colouring of a finely finished picture, tends to swell the imagination with vast conceptions, and transport the soul with sublime ideas.—The creative faculty, from her exuberant stores, produces those expressive figures, and exhibits these vivid features, which, when associated with objects of desire or aversion, love or hatred, pity or contempt, awaken the liveliest sensibility, and precipitate the passive assembly into all the perturbation of passion.—Would the orator not only agitate the soul, and inspire generous feeling, but produce volition, and propel to action, he must employ an artful mixture of the truths which convince, and the imagery which interests; he must incorporate argumentation with pathos, and the efforts of reason with the ebullitions of passion, before he can force his way to the heart, and wield at will its active powers.

The eloquence of the pulpit possesses advantages peculiar to itself. The dignity and importance of its subjects tend to solemnize Christian assemblies, and ought to interest every heart. The preacher has liberty and leisure to chuse his theme, and appears in public with all the advantages of mature preparation. The largeness and solemnity of his audience inspire animation, and powerfully prompt to exertion. His style may be embellished with the highest ornaments, and his delivery adorned with all the variegated graces of action.

Candidates for the sacred ministry should possess good
natural

natural talents : a clear understanding, to discriminate truth from error ; a lively imagination, to open extensive fields of thought, and exhibit interesting objects in the most advantageous points of view ; a retentive memory, to which he may commit the different sets of ideas, and the various parts of knowledge he collects in the course of his study, and may have occasion to use in the discharge of his duty ; and an original gift of utterance, to fit him for speaking with freedom and fluency, on any subject which he thoroughly understands. Without a considerable share of such inestimable talents, I may venture to affirm, all the learning and industry in the world will be unable to render him an eloquent preacher.

Besides the possession of these natural and necessary qualities, much remains to be acquired by study and observation : An extensive knowledge of natural and revealed religion ; of the theory and practice of moral, relative, and religious duties ; of the doctrines of grace, the practice of piety, and pure experimental godliness : A comprehensive knowledge of the scriptures in their connection, dependence, and leading design ; of the meaning and application of particular passages ; of the principal idea contained in every text he undertakes to illustrate, and of the best method of dividing, explaining, and impressing the instructions deduced from it, on the hearts of his hearers : An intimate acquaintance with the opinions, passions, and propensities of mankind ; the various scenes and circumstances through which they pass, the motives by which they are most easily actuated, and the avenues which lead most directly to the heart ; with the characters, sentiments and humours, which prevail among the people he is destined to address. The preacher must be acquainted with books as well as with men. The clearest commentaries on scripture, and the most judicious systems of divinity should hold the highest rank in his estimation ; but such as possess sublime moral sentiments, unfold the obligations, characters, and connections of men, explain the principal sciences with elegance and accuracy, inspire the brightest train of thought, enrich

enrich the soul with exalted perceptions, improve the taste for composition, give a compass and purity of expression, and afford materials for forming a style, in which simplicity and grandeur, elegance and chastity, animation and ease, copiousness and perspicuity, harmoniously unite;—are also entitled to a frequent and attentive perusal. Every book of real merit, indeed, may contribute to assist him in his official capacity, but such as contain the best precepts and specimens of eloquence which either ancient or modern times have produced, should be selected with judgement, studied with diligence, digested by mature reflection, and rendered subservient to the great ends of the gospel-ministry. It must always be recollected, however, that the most extensive reading will be of little advantage to the Christian clergyman, unless it be accompanied by the reiterated practice of careful composition. It is this which converts the materials of reading to the nourishment of thought, which establishes a habit of arrangement, of viewing objects with accuracy and distinction, and of expressing sentiments with variety, fulness, and freedom.

The gospel-preacher must maintain an unremitting regard to the great ends of his office; which are, to honour his divine Master, by a faithful exhibition of revealed truths, and an ample declaration of his counsels to men; to promote the best interests of his fellow-creatures, by conscientiously explaining the doctrines, and enforcing the duties of religion, by endeavouring to confirm their faith, increase their comfort, and influence their practice: to adapt his discourses to the nature of the times, and the capacities of his hearers;—by trying to stop the progress of prevailing vices, directing to the proper uses of national calamities, and exciting to the grateful acknowledgement of public mercies; by avoiding unedifying conjectures about points confessedly obscure, matters of mere speculation, and the peculiarities of party-opinion, which tend to foster a disputatious temper, and to “minister questions rather than godly edifying;”—by guarding against those minute criticisms, abstracted reasonings, and learned investigations,
which

which are not level to the comprehension of a common audience, and turning his thoughts into such a shape, as shall bid fairest for drawing the attention, enlightening the minds, and affecting the hearts of his hearers ;—by confining himself in every discourse to a single leading truth, character, virtue, or vice, which, when properly explained, placed in interesting views, and enforced by suitable motives, can scarcely fail to penetrate and possess the heart.

A SKETCH of the MANNER proper for the PULPIT.

1. WHATEVER art the preacher uses, must be cautiously concealed under the appearance of a native dignified simplicity ; for when art is observed, the audience is alarmed. They are apt to consider the speaker as a mere declaimer, ostentatious of his talents, and more anxious to obtain celebrity, than to promote instruction. He must therefore seem to forget himself, mind his subject, respect his hearers, and be deeply concerned for the interest of souls.

2. There is a certain solemnity, a sanctified dignity of manner, from which the pulpit orator should never deflect. The violence, the rage, and the fury, as well as the low, familiar, and comic strain, which are highly acceptable on the theatre, would be totally inconsistent with the gravity, the grandeur, and the sanctity of sacred subjects. But though the pulpit does not admit of such strength, variety, and extent of passion, as the theatre ; yet the religious, as well as other affections, have certain signs by which they are indicated, which they all spontaneously assume, when energetically felt. And the more strongly that love to God, benevolence to men, admiration of divine revelation, indignation against sin, and other hallowed affections, are felt and expressed by the minister of Jesus,—the better qualified will he be for his office, the more will he recommend the Christian religion, and the more successful are his labours likely to prove.

3. Modesty is amiable in any speaker, but is peculiarly graceful in the Christian orator. Without it his eloquence

eloquence will be thought ostentation, and his apparent earnestness only an artifice of hypocrisy : but discourses adorned with this pleasing quality, steal into the heart with a silent, but irresistible force ; procure universal regard, without pretending to claim it ; and persuade more powerfully than those who possess more merit, when delivered with an air of self-sufficiency. But genuine modesty is by no means inconsistent with that manly assurance, which becomes an advocate for the best of causes, which fans the flame of holy zeal, which warms and animates all his exertions.

4. A deliberate pronounciation should be studied. It possesses many advantages. It looks serious and weighty. It allows the speaker time for recollection ; time to give every sentence and word its proper turn and emphasis ; to observe, as he proceeds, how his hearers are affected ; to vary his address, and to manage his force as he finds occasion, so as not prematurely to exhaust his strength, but to reserve sufficient spirit for finishing his exercise with an affecting pathos. It also gives the hearer time to consider, and to feel every thing that is said, and does not oblige him to strain his attention, in order to keep pace with the preacher. A more accelerated utterance, however, is at times necessary to warm, to fire, to transport the speaker, and prevent him from falling into that flatness and insipidity, which too much uniformity is apt to produce.

5. The preacher should endeavour to copy nature, and he could scarcely fail to be eloquent. When a man is angry, surprised, sad, or joyful, his voice and utterance naturally and insensibly accommodate themselves to the present passion ; they are raised or depressed, strong or tender, quick or slow, just as it inspires and governs : even its different degrees and mixtures are perceived, by the different keys and tones it adopts. But different passions express themselves by a still more sensible diversity of sounds ; inasmuch that those sounds alone, without the aid of words, shall not only give the hearer a striking idea of this or that particular passion, but often
excite

excite it in himself, by that sort of sympathetic impulse, which arises from the constitution of human minds.

6. A drawling pronunciation, in which every word seems to freeze on the speaker's lips, produces a languid listlessness in the hearers, and tires them out with tedious expectation.—An indifferent, careless, monotonous manner, is ungrateful to the ear and unaffecting to the heart. We naturally love variety, and want always to be entertained, aroused, and interested.—Cant, or the running perpetually over a certain insipid and unvarying set of notes, is equally unnatural and ridiculous, as if *one* was to sing every word he uttered in conversation, at the bar, or on the bench.

7. Frequent and well-timed pauses afford equal relief to the *speaker* and his *audience*. They take off that air of declamation, which a continued *address* is ever apt to bear; they bring it nearer to life, add to its importance, and increase its solemnity. When, in treating any momentous topic, they appear to be occasioned by the difficulty of expressing some great idea, which labours in the preacher's bosom, and struggles for vent, they commonly produce a marvellous effect. Such silence is more eloquent than any words.

8. At the beginning of a discourse, the degree of force and animation, should in general be moderate; but as the speaker proceeds, he should warm with his subject, animate in his progress, and wind up his exercise with a commanding energy.—Like the river which is small at its source, and continues, for some time, to meander among mountains and meadows; but when swelled by incessant rains, or by receiving tribute from adjacent streams, it overflows its banks, rolls on with a majestic grandeur, and bears away every obstruction with its irresistible impetus.

9. There are three keys, or pitches of the voice, with which every public speaker should make himself familiar. The *low*, which approaches to a whisper: the *middle*, which we use in common conversation: and the *high*, which we employ when calling to persons at a distance.—Though the extremes of high and low may frequently

quently be used with much propriety, neither of them must be long continued in, lest the *one* should fatigue the attention it at first excited, and the *other* hurt the lungs, and degenerate into the grating thunder of vociferation. The middle pitch is, on all common occasions, the most eligible, as it enables a speaker, with the greatest ease, to rise and fall, give force and variety, to every thing he utters.

10. The *body* should neither continue long unmoved, nor shift its position too often. Its motions should be grave and deliberate, rather than light and rapid.—The *head* held too high indicates arrogance, and dropping it too low hurts the voice, and gives the speaker a clownish appearance. A modestly upright position is the most graceful.—The *face* is capable of expressing, by a peculiarity of look, almost every passion which a susceptible mind may be supposed to feel.—The *eyes* should not be long intensely fixed on any individual, but roll round the audience with a pleasing regard. They should beam with benevolence towards all, melt with compassion for the souls of sinners, dart indignation against daring wickedness, be raised to heaven in the fervour of devotion, and cast down to the earth in the expression of humility.—The *arms* should be moved gradually from the shoulders, kept well out from the sides, and prevented from falling into angles. Sometimes one hand, at other times both, may be stretched out with the palms open, and kept, as nearly as possible, betwixt the horizontal and vertical positions.—Sometimes the palms may be turned downwards, and the fingers continue straight, while below the level of the breast, and gradually curve backward, in proportion as they rise higher; at other times the arm may be extended, either with the hand clenched, or with only the fore-finger stretched out. In any of these positions, a gentle movement should generally be made, before it drop down to the side; but the movement should neither be so high as to look like “sawing the air,” nor so low as to resemble the oscillation of a pendulum.

I. *An EXHORTATION to EARLY PIETY.*

NOW is your golden age. When the morning of life rejoices over your head, every thing around you puts on a smiling appearance. All nature wears a face of beauty, and is animated with a spirit of joy. You walk up and down in a new world; you crop the unblown flower, and drink the untasted spring. Full of spirit, and high in hope, you set out on the journey of life: Visions of bliss present themselves to view: Dreams of joy, with sweet delusion, amuse the vacant mind. You listen, and accord to the song of hope, "Tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." But ah! my friends, the flattering scene will not last. The spell is quickly broken, and the enchantment soon over. How hideous will life appear, when experience takes off the mask, and discovers the sad reality! Now thou hast no weariness to clog thy waking hours, and no care to disturb thy repose. But know, child of the earth, that thou art born to trouble, and that care, through every subsequent path of life, will haunt thee like a ghost. Health now sparkles in thine eye, the blood flows pure in thy veins, and thy spirits are gay as the morning: But, alas! the time will come, when diseases, a numerous and direful train, will assail thy life; the time will come, when pale and ghastly, and stretched on a bed, "chastened with pain, and the multitude of thy bones with strong pain, thou wilt be ready to choose strangling and death, rather than life."

You are now happy in your earthly companions. Friendship, which in the world is a feeble sentiment, with you is a strong passion. But shift the scene for a few years, and behold the man of thy right-hand become unto thee as an alien. Behold the friend of thy youth, who was one with thine own soul, striving to supplant thee, and laying snares for thy ruin! I mention not these things, my friends, to make you miserable before the time. God forbid that I should anticipate the evil day, unless I could arm you against it. Now, remember your Crea-

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tor, consecrate to him the early period of your days, and the light of his countenance will shine upon you through life. Amid all the changes of this fluctuating scene, you have a friend that never fails. Then, let the tempest beat, and the floods descend, you are safe and happy under the shelter of the Rock of ages.

2. *Set apart* STATED HOURS *for* IMPORTANT DUTIES.

IT is the misfortune of great part of men, that they have no fixed plan of acting. They live *extempore*. They act at random. They are always led by instantaneous impulse, and are driven to and fro as inclination varies. Their life rolls on through a course of mispent time, and unconnected years; and appears, upon review, like the path of a cloud in the air, which leaves no trace behind it. It was the custom of the great Alfred, one of the English kings, to divide the day into three parts, which he measured by the burning of tapers. One part he employed in the cares of the government; another part he dedicated to the cultivation of the liberal arts; the third he devoted to religion. It would be happy for you, my brethren, if, in this respect, you would imitate such an illustrious example. Let at least one part of your time be devoted to the service of God. When the morning ascends from the east, let it be your first care to offer up your earliest thoughts as incense to Heaven; to add your praises to the hymns and hosannahs of the angels in light, and spirits of just men made perfect. When the shades of night fall around you, let it be your constant care to implore the pardoning mercy of God for the errors of the past day, and to commit yourselves to the protection of his providence, who slumbers not nor sleeps. In particular, let this day, which is sacred to the memory of a Saviour's resurrection from the dead, which is a memorial of the full accomplishment of our redemption, let this day be set apart for holy contemplation on the wonders of redeeming love, on the height, and depth, and breadth, and length, of the love of Jesus to our race, which passeth

all understanding ; which prompted him to forego the glories of his divine nature for a time, to take upon him the robe of humanity, to lead a life of sorrows upon earth, and to suffer a cruel and ignominious, and an accursed death. Let us contemplate this amiable and divine love, till we are changed into the same image, and feel within ourselves an earnest and anticipation of that everlasting Sabbath of joy, which is reserved for the righteous in the world to come, when time shall be no more.

3. DISTINGUISH *your* DAYS by DOING GOOD.

AS those who are intent to amass a fortune, attend to small sums, in like manner, if you would wish to improve your time, you must take care not to lose a day. Many are the ways, and frequent the occasions, which daily present themselves, of adding to your true happiness, of improving your natures, and promoting the interests of society. You have all the world before you where to act, and the whole of human life as a theatre of virtue. Through the assistance of divine grace, conquer the excess of passion, correct some irregular desire, and obtain a victory over the vices that war against the soul. Let your goodness extend to society, and spread over the land like the light of the morning. Can there be any employment so agreeable to a beneyolent mind, and so congenial to the spirit of Christianity, as to assuage the boisterous passions, and reconcile the jarring interests of men ; to open the eye which prejudice has shut ; to charm down the spirit of party, and to unite all your neighbours in one great family of love ? Is not the employment god-like, is not the joy divine, to brighten up the face that was overcast with sadness ; to wipe the tears from the cheek of sorrow ; to turn the voice of mourning into the notes of joy ; to make misery and wo vanish before us, like darkness before the sun ; to refresh with showers of blessings, the dry and barren land wherein no water is, and, co-operating with a beneficent Providence, to watch for the happiness of the world ? Where is there any one so destitute of the gifts of grace, of nature, and of fortune, as

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to have no mite to throw into the public treasury? He who cannot pretend to enlighten or reform the world, may instruct his ignorant, or comfort his afflicted neighbour: He who cannot communicate instruction, may give alms. If even these are not in your power, the gate of heaven is ever open; the throne of grace is ever accessible; and by your intercession with God, society may reap more benefit, than from the bounty of the opulent, or the labours of the learned. It was thus that Job improved his time, as we learn from his affecting complaint, when he reviewed the days of his prosperity: "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; as in the days of my youth, when the candle of the Lord shined upon my head, when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me; when the ear heard me, then it blessed me, when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. I was eyes to the blind, feet was I to the lame: I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not, I searched out. The stranger did not lodge in the street; I opened my doors to the traveller. The loins of the naked blessed me, and were warmed with the fleeces of my flock. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

4. *The CHANGE which DEATH Introduces.*

MAN was made after the image of God; and the human form divine, the seat of so many heavenly faculties, graces, and virtues, exhibits a temple not unworthy of its Maker. Men in their collective capacity, and united as nations, have displayed a wide field of exertion and of glory. The globe hath been covered with monuments of their power, and the voice of history transmits their renown from one generation to another. But when we pass from the living world to the dead, what a sad picture do we behold! the fall and desolation of human nature; the ruins of man; the dust and ashes of many generations scattered over the earth! The

high and the low, the mighty and the mean, the king and the cottager, lie blended together without any order. The worm is the companion, is the sister, of him who thought himself of a different species from the rest of mankind. A few feet of earth contain the ashes of him who conquered the globe; the shadows of the long night stretch over all alike; the monarch of disorder, the great leveller of mankind, lays all on the bed of clay in equal meanness. In the course of time, the land of desolation becomes still more desolate; the things that were, become as if they had never been; Babylon is a ruin; her heroes are dust; not a trace remains of the glory that shone over the earth, and not a stone to tell where the master of the world is laid. Such, in general, is the humiliating aspect of the tomb; but let us take a nearer view of the house appointed for all living. Man sets out in the morning of his day, high in hope, and elated with joy. The most important objects to him are the companions of his journey. They set out together in the career of life, and, after many mutual endearments, walk hand in hand through the paths of childhood and youth. It is with a giddy recollection we look back on the past, when we consider the number and the value of those whom unforeseen disaster, and the hand of destiny, hath swept from our side. Alas! when the awful mandate comes from on high, concerning men, to change the countenance, and to send them away, what sad spectacles do they become! The friends whom we knew, and valued, and loved; our companions in the path of life; the partners of our tender hours, with whom we took sweet counsel, and walked in company to the house of God, have passed to the land of forgetfulness, and have no more connection with the living world. Low lies the head that was once crowned with honour. Silent is the tongue to whose accents we surrendered the soul, and to whose language of friendship and affection we wished to listen for ever. Beamless is the eye, and closed in night, which looked serenity, and sweetness, and love. The face that was to us as the face of an angel, is mangled and deformed; the heart that glowed with

with the purest fire, and beat with the best affection, is now become a clod of the valley.

But shall it always continue so? If a man die, shall he live again! There is hope of a tree if it be cut down; but man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Has the breath of the Almighty, which animated his frame, vanished into the air? Is he who triumphed in the hope of immortality, inferior to the worm, his companion in the tomb? Will light never rise on the long night of the grave? Does the mighty flood that has swept away the nations and the ages, ebb to flow no more? Have the wise and the worthy, the pious and the pure, the generous and the just, the great and the good, the excellent ones of the earth, who, from age to age, have shone brighter than all the stars of heaven, withdrawn into the shade of annihilation, and set in darkness to rise no more? No. While "the dust returns to the earth as it was, the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel of Christ: "We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

5. CHRIST'S DEATH *removes the* DOUBTS OF FUTURITY.

WITHOUT divine revelation, men wandered in the dark with respect to an after life. Unassisted reason could give but imperfect information on this important article. Conjectures, in place of discoveries; presumptions, in place of demonstrations; were all that it could offer to the inquiring mind. The unenlightened eye could not clearly pierce the cloud which veiled futurity from mortal view. The light of nature reached little farther than the limits of this globe, and cast but a feeble ray upon the region beyond the grave. Hence, those heathen nations, of whom the apostle speaks, are described as sorrowing, and having no hope. And whence could reason derive complete information, that there was a state of immortality beyond the grave? Consult with appearances in nature, and you find but few intimations
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of a future life. Destruction seems to be one of the great laws of the system. The various forms of life are indeed preserved; but while the species remains, the individual perishes. Every thing that you behold around you, bears the marks of mortality, and the symptoms of decay. He only who is, and was, and is to come, is without any variableness or shadow of turning. Every thing passes away. A great and mighty river, for ages and centuries, has been rolling on, and sweeping away all that ever lived, to the vast abyss of eternity. On that darkness light does not rise. From that unknown country none return. On that devouring deep, which has swallowed up every thing, no vestige appears of the things that were.

What a dreadful prospect does annihilation present to the mind! To be an outcast from existence; to be blotted out from the book of life; to mingle with the dust, and be scattered over the earth, as if the breath of life had never animated our frame!—Man cannot support the thought. Is the light which shone brighter than all the stars of heaven set in darkness, to rise no more? Are all the hopes of man come to this,—to be taken into the counsels of the Almighty; to be admitted to behold part of that plan of providence which governs the world, and when his eyes are just opened, to read the book,—to be shut for ever? If such were to be our state, we would be of all creatures the most miserable. The world appears a chaos without form, and void of order. From the throne of nature, God departs, and there appears a cruel and capricious being, who delights in death, and makes sport of human misery.

From this state of doubts and fears, we are delivered by the gospel of Jesus. The message which he brought was life and immortality. From the Star of Jacob, light shone even upon the shades of death. As a proof of immortality, he called back the departed spirit from the world unknown; as an earnest of the resurrection to a future life, he himself arose from the dead. When we contemplate the tomb of nature, we cry out, "Can these dry bones live?" When we contemplate the tomb of Jesus, we say, "Yes; they can live!" As he arose,

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we shall in like manner arise. In the tomb of nature, you see man return to the dust from whence he was taken. In the tomb of Jesus, you see man restored to life again. In the tomb of nature, you see the shades of death fall on the weary traveller, and the darkness of the long night close over his head. In the tomb of Jesus, you see light arise upon the shades of death, and the morning dawn upon the long night of the grave. On the tomb of nature it is written, "Behold thy end, O man! Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return. Thou, who now callest thyself the son of heaven, shalt become one of the clods of the valley." On the tomb of Christ is written, "Thou diest, O man! but to live again. When dust returns to dust, the spirit shall return to God who gave it. I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." From the tomb of nature, you hear a voice, "For ever silent is the land of forgetfulness? From the slumbers of the grave, shall we awake no more? Like the flowers of the field, shall we be, as though we had never been?" From the tomb of Jesus, you hear, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, thus saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and pass into glory:—In my father's house, there are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go away, I will come again, and take you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Will not this assurance of a happy immortality, and a blessed resurrection, in a great measure, remove the terror and the sting of death? May we not walk without dismay through the dark valley, when we are conducted by a beam from heaven? May we not endure the tossings of one stormy night, when it carries us to the shore that we long for? What cause have we to dread the messenger that brings us to our Father's house? Should not our fears about futurity abate, when we hear God addressing us with respect to death, as he did the patriarch of old, upon going to Egypt, "Fear not to go down to the grave; I will go down with thee, and will bring thee up again."

6. DELIVERANCE *from* APPREHENSIONS of WRATH.

THAT there is a God who governs the world, the patron of righteousness, and the avenger of sin, is so manifest from the light of nature, that the belief of it has obtained among all nations. That it shall be well with the righteous, and ill with the wicked; that God will reward those who diligently seek him, and punish those who transgress his laws, is the principle upon which all religion is founded. But whether mercy be an attribute in the divine nature, to such an extent that God may be rendered propitious to those who rebel against his authority, and disobey his commandments, is an inquiry to which no satisfactory answer can be made. Many of the divine attributes are conspicuous from the works of creation; the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God, appear in creating the world; in superintending that world which he has made; in diffusing life wide over the system of things, and providing the means of happiness to all his creatures. But from no appearances in nature does it clearly follow, that the exercise of mercy to offenders is part of the plan by which the universe is governed. For any thing that we know from the light of nature, repentance alone may not be sufficient to procure the remission of sins, the tears of contrition may be unavailable to wash away the stains of a guilty life, and the divine favour may be implored in vain by those who have become obnoxious to the divine displeasure. If in the calm and serene hour of inquiry, man could find no consolation in such thoughts, how would he be overwhelmed with horror, when his mind was disordered with a sense of guilt? When remembrance brought his former life to view, when reflection pierced him to the heart, darkness would spread itself over his mind, Deity would appear an object of terror, and the spirit, wounded by remorse, would discern nothing but an offended Judge, armed with thunders to punish the guilty. If, in the day of health and prosperity, these reflections were so powerful as to embitter life, they would be a source of agony and despair when the last hour approached.

proached. When life flows according to our wishes, we may endeavour to conceal our sins, and shut our ears against the voice of conscience. But these artifices will avail little at the hour of death. Then things appear in their true colours. Then conscience tells the truth, and the mask is taken off from the man, when our sins at that hour pass before us in review. Guilty and polluted as we are, covered with confusion, how shall we appear at the judgement-seat of God, and answer at the bar of eternal justice? How shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory, before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble, and adore? How shall guilty and self-condemned creatures appear before him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly? This is the sting of death. It is guilt that sharpens the spear of the king of terrors. But even in this view we have victory over death, through Jesus Christ our Lord. By his death upon the cross, an atonement was made for the sins of men. The wrath of God was averted from the world. A great plan of reconciliation is now unfolded in the gospel. Under the banner of the cross, pardon is proclaimed to returning penitents. They who accept the offers of mercy, and who fly for refuge to the hope set before them, are taken into favour; their sins are forgiven, and their names are written in the book of life. Over them death has no power. The king of terrors is transformed into an angel of peace, to waft them to their native country, where they long to be.

This, O Christian! the death of thy Redeemer, is thy strong consolation; thy effectual remedy against the fear of death. What evil can come nigh to him for whom Jesus died? Does the law which thou hast broken denounce vengeance against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious life of thy Redeemer. Does the sentence of wrath pronounced against the posterity of Adam sound in thine ears? Behold that sentence blotted out, that *hand-writing*, as the apostle calls it, cancelled, nailed to thy Saviour's cross, and left there as a trophy of his victory. Art thou afraid that the cry of thy offences

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may rise to heaven, and reach the ears of justice? There is no place for it there; in room of it ascends the voice of that blood which speaketh better things than that of Abel. Does the enemy of mankind accuse thee at the judgement-seat? He is put to silence by thy Advocate and Intercessor at the right-hand of thy Father. Does death appear to thee in a form of terror, and hold out his sting to alarm thy mind? His terror is removed, and his sting was pulled out by that hand, which, on mount Calvary, was fixed to the accursed tree. Art thou afraid that the arrows of divine wrath which smite the guilty, may be aimed at thy head? Before they can touch thee, they must pierce that body, which, in the symbols of divine institution, was this day held forth crucified among you, and which, at the right-hand of the Majesty in the heavens, is for ever presented in behalf of the redeemed. Well then may ye join in the triumphant song of the Apostle, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

7. *The AWFUL TRANSITION from TIME to ETERNITY.*

WHO ever left the precincts of mortality without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and a trembling eye on the scene that is before him? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them: We have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and of beauty, of power to charm the mind, and make us cry out, "It is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart, to think of parting for ever? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat; the fields where we have frequently strayed; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion

sion to the mind, and upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched on that bed from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends,—how great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we long have loved, and to part for ever with all that is dear below the sun! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just, in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together, not one person shall be missing that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections, have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens!

8. *PROGRESS in VIRTUE and CERTAINTY of SUCCESS.*

IN the pursuit of human honours and rewards, the successful candidates are few. In a race, many run, but one only gains the prize. But here all who run may obtain. In the career of human glory, time and chance happen unto all, and many are disappointed. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; nor riches to men of understanding; nor favour to men of skill." There is a concurrence of circumstances required to raise a man to reputation; and when these circumstances concur, if the moment of opportunity be not embraced, the field of glory may be lost for ever. In human life, there is a favourable hour which never returns, and a call to fame which is repeated no more: Even in its best estate, men ought to lay their account with disappointment and vexation. What thou hast set thy

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heart upon from thy youth ; what has been the aim of all thy labours ; what has been the object of thy whole life,—accident, artifice, ignorance, villany, caprice, may give to another whom thou knowest not. When thy ambition is all on fire, in the utmost ardour of expectation, in the very moment when thou stretchest out thy hand to grasp the prize, fortune may snatch it from thy reach for ever. Nay, thou mayest have the mortification to see others rise upon thy ruins, to see thyself made a step to the ambition of thy rival, and thy endeavours rendered the means of advancing him to the top of the wheel, while thou continuest low.

In the pursuits of ambition or avarice, you may be disappointed ; but if, by a progressive state of righteousness, you seek for glory and honour, and immortality, I in the name of God assure you of success. Never was the gate of mercy shut against the true penitent ; never was the prayer of the faithful rejected in the temple of heaven ; never did the incense of a good life ascend without acceptance on high. Liberal and unrestricted is the divine benignity : Free to all the fountain flows. There is no angel with a flaming sword to keep you from the tree of life. At this moment of time, there is a voice from heaven calling to you, “ Come up hither.” And if you are obedient to the call, God assists you with the aids of his Spirit ; he lifts up the hands that hang down ; he strengthens the feeble knee, and perfects his strength in your weakness. You are not left alone to climb the arduous ascent. God is with you, who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail ; nor the man who seeks his favour, to seek it in vain. Your success in the path of the just will not only be pleasing to yourselves, but also to all around you. In the struggles of human ambition, the triumph of one arises upon the sorrows of another ; many are disappointed, when one obtains the prize. But in the path of the just, there is emulation without envy, triumph without disappointment. The success of one increases the happiness of all. The influence of such an event is not confined to the earth : It is communicated to all good beings ; it adds to the harmony
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of the heavens; and is the occasion of new hosannahs among the innumerable company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect, who rejoice over the sinner that repenteth.

9. PLEASANTNESS *of* PROGRESS *in* PIETY.

LET me exhort you to make advances in the path of righteousness, from the beauty and the pleasantness of such a progress. Whatever difficulties may have attended your first entrance upon the path of the just, they will vanish by degrees; the steepness of the mountain will lessen as you ascend; the path in which you have been accustomed to walk, will grow more and more beautiful; and the celestial mansions to which you tend will brighten with new splendour, the nearer that you approach them. In other affairs continued exertion may occasion lassitude and fatigue. Labour may be carried to such an excess as to debilitate the body: The pursuits of knowledge may be carried so far as to impair the mind; but neither the organs of the body, nor the faculties of the mind, can be endangered by the practice of religion. On the contrary, this practice strengthens the powers of action. Adding virtue to virtue, is adding strength to strength; and the greater acquisitions we make, we are enabled to make still greater. How pleasant will it be to mark the soul thus moving forward in the brightness of its course? In the spring, who does not love to mark the progress of nature; the flower unfolding into beauty, the fruit coming forward to maturity, the fields advancing to the pride of harvest, and the months revolving into the perfect year? Who does not love, in the human species, to observe the progress to maturity; the infant by degrees growing up to man; the young idea beginning to shoot, and the embryo character beginning to unfold? But if these things affect us with delight, if the prospect of external nature in its progress, if the flower unfolding into beauty, if the fruit coming forward to maturity, if the infant by degrees growing up to man, and the embryo character beginning to unfold affect us with pleasurable sensations, how much

greater delight will it afford to observe the progress of this new creation, the growth of the soul in the graces of the divine life, good resolutions ripening into good actions, good actions leading to confirmed habits of virtue, and the new nature advancing from the first lineaments of virtue to the full beauty of holiness? These are pleasures that time will not take away. While the animal spirits fail, and the joys which depend upon the liveliness of the passions decline with years, the solid comforts of a holy life, the delights of virtue and a good conscience, will be a new source of happiness in old age, and have a charm for the end of life. As the stream flows pleasanter when it approaches the ocean; as the flowers send up their sweetest odours at the close of the day; as the sun appears with greatest beauty in his going down; so at the end of his career, the virtues and graces of a good man's life come before him with the most blessed remembrance, and impart a joy which he never felt before. Over all the moments of life, Religion scatters her favours, but reserves her best, her choicest, her divinest blessings, for the last hour.

10. *PROGRESS in VIRTUE has no PERIOD.*

LET me exhort you to this progressive state of virtue, from the pleasant consideration that it has no period. There are limits and boundaries set to all human affairs. There is an ultimate point in the progress, beyond which they never go, and from which they return in a contrary direction. The flower blossoms but to fade, and all terrestrial glory shines to disappear. Human life has its decline as well as its maturity; from a certain period the external senses begin to decay, and the faculties of the mind to be impaired, till dust returns unto dust. Nations have their day: States and kingdoms are mortal, like their founders. When they have arrived at the zenith of their glory, from that moment they begin to decline; the bright day is succeeded by a long night of darkness, ignorance, and barbarity. But in the progress of the mind to intellectual and moral perfection, there is no period set. Beyond these heavens the per-

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fection and happiness of the just is carrying on; is carrying on, but shall never come to a close. God shall behold his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes; for ever drawing nearer to himself, yet still infinitely distant from the fountain of all goodness. There is not in religion a more joyful and triumphant consideration than this perpetual progress which the soul makes to the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at its ultimate period. Here truth has the advantage of fable. No fiction, however bold, presents to us a conception so elevating and astonishing, as this interminable line of heavenly excellence. To look upon the glorified spirit as going on from strength to strength; adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; making approaches to goodness which is infinite; for ever adorning the heavens with new beauties, and brightening in the splendours of moral glory through all the ages of eternity,—has something in it so transcendent and ineffable, as to satisfy the most unbounded ambition of an immortal spirit. Christian! does not thy heart glow at the thought, that there is a time marked out in the annals of heaven, when thou shalt be what the angels now are; when thou shalt shine with that glory in which principalities and powers now appear; and when, in the full communion of the Most High, thou shalt see him as he is?

The oak, whose top ascends unto the heavens, and which covers the mountains with its shade, was once an acorn, contemptible to the sight; the philosopher, whose views extend from one end of nature to the other, was once a speechless infant hanging at the breast; the glorified spirits, who now stand nearest to the throne of God, were once like you. To you, as to them, the heavens are open; the way is marked out; the reward is prepared. On what you do, on what you now do, all depends.

II. *The GREAT CHANGE which SIN produced on ADAM.*

BY what arguments Adam was prevailed upon to become a partner of Eve's guilt, we are not informed. From the apology he made for his conduct, it

is to be inferred, that female insinuation and address misled him from the law of his God. And thus were both ruined by the operation of principles in themselves good and useful—but carried to excess, unchecked by reason, unawed by religion; Eve, by a curious and ambitious desire after a condition for which God and nature had not designed her, a desire to be as God, to know good and evil; Adam, by complaisance to his wife, carried to unmanly weakness and compliance; yielding to his subject, bidding defiance to his Sovereign.

And what words can express, what heart can conceive the bitter change! All his posterity have experienced the melancholy transition from health to sickness, from ease to pain: very many have passed from affluence to indigence, from glory to shame; and not a few have exchanged empire itself for banishment or a dungeon: but more than the accumulated weight of all these at once, falls on the devoted head of our guilty first father. The eyes, which before met the approach of God with rapture, now are clouded with sorrow, tremble with fear, or strain with remorse and horror, at the voice of the Almighty. That tongue, which was once tuned only to the accent and the language of love, has in a moment learned to reproach and upbraid. The heart, which glowed at the promise and the prospect of a fair, numerous, and happy progeny, now sinks in dejection at the dismal apprehension of that guilt and woe, in which his folly has plunged all his hapless children. Where innocence sat enthroned, there fell despair broods over her own stinging reflections, and tormenting fears. Above, the awful throne of an offended God; beneath, a fathomless gulf, kindled by the breath of Jehovah as a stream of brimstone; within, a troubled conscience, like the raging sea, incapable of taking rest.—The glory is departed, the gold become dim, the most fine gold changed. And now a revolution in outward circumstances takes place, corresponding to that which had passed on his internal constitution and character. Adam must no longer possess that paradise of which he had rendered himself unworthy. Justice drives out the man, who

who had cast himself out from the favour of God. A wall reaching up to heaven, and immoveable as the decree of the Eternal, prevents the possibility of return. The flaming sword of the Cherubim bars all access to the tree of life. His labour, formerly his delight, must henceforward be accompanied with pain. The subject tribes throw off their allegiance, and either shun, or threaten their lord. The elements change their influence, and his fair domain becomes a vast solitude; the sole partner of his former joys, becomes the cause and the companion of his guilt, becomes also the companion of his woe, mutual reflections and reproaches embitter and increase their common misery; and stern death stares them in the face.

But will God contend for ever, will he be always wroth? Then the spirit should fail before him, and the souls which he had made. Behold a dawn of hope arises, and the promise of the Most High saves from despair. The moment man becomes, and feels himself a miserable offender, that moment is the gospel preached unto him; and as the woman was first in the transgression, so from her the first prospect of salvation arises, and it is declared, that the old serpent, who is the devil and Satan, who had, in deceiving her, destroyed her posterity, should by one who is peculiarly her posterity, be destroyed and slain. Thus they leave Eden, supported and cheered with the expectation of triumph over their bitter foe, and of being restored at length to the favour of their offended God.

12. INTRODUCTION *to a* MISSIONARY SERMON.

BELOVED, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness." In the presence of Jehovah, the measurements of time and space shrink into nothing. To his eye, not only the inconclusive reasonings of men, but the sagacity and penetration of "angels stand chargeable with folly." With emphatical solemnity he pronounces concerning himself:

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"I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me: declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." The eighteenth century is hastening to its expiration, since the primitive missionary instructions, which I have now rehearsed, were issued in person by the great King and Head of the Christian church. More than three-score times has the revolving globe, since then, changed its inhabitants. Mighty empires have crumbled into ruin. A new world has immersed out of the vast ocean. Nations then obscure, unknown, have acquired celebrity and importance. Britain was, at that period, what the islands of the Pacific Ocean are now; it was arising into light, presenting an object of curiosity to the geographer, of cupidity to the merchant, of ambition to the conqueror; and in the wisdom and goodness of God, the curiosity of the geographer, the cupidity of the merchant, and the ambition of the conqueror, became "the preparation of the Gospel of Peace," and "the wrath of man praiseth God." And what may not the islands of the South-Sea, through the wisdom and goodness of God, in a few years become!

Empires have been formed, and have fallen! the name of Pontiff has swallowed up that of Emperor; new worlds have been discovered; the whole globe "groaneth and travaileth in pain together" at this eventful hour; the beam of the balance quivers on its axis; but amidst all the revolutions which have successively affected the globe, since Christianity was first planted in it, certain objects have nevertheless unvaryingly preserved their character, and exhibit to this day appearances exactly similar. Human nature is the same perverse, degraded, defiled, wretched thing it was. The laws of the most high God maintain their pristine force and authority. The word of the Lord is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;" and the grace that is in Christ Jesus overflows in the same inexhausted fulness. The commission of the Lord Jesus to his disciples, to "preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches" of their divine Master, preserves

preserves the same validity ; and the execution of it shall, through the blessing of Heaven, be crowned with similar success.

The singularity and newness of this day's service would have induced me to decline taking any part in it. I have been frequently called upon, in the course of my ministry, to address a Pastor solemnly set apart to the charge of a particular department of the church of Christ ; and frequently to address a Christian congregation in behalf of the Pastor set over them in the Lord. But the people this day to be admonished, are innumerable, unknown myriads of human beings, scattered over the yet unexplored regions of the Southern hemisphere. How shall a voice that can scarcely fill this small circle penetrate through the diameter of the solid earth ? and could it be heard so far, would not the sounds which it utters, and the meaning which it conveys, be unintelligible jargon to men of a strange speech ? Ah ! what seas are to be crossed, what promontories to be doubled, how many moons must wax and wane, how many difficulties and dangers must be surmounted, before an impression can be made on untutored minds, before a single ray of heavenly light can dispel the awful gloom ! Our address here, therefore, must be directed to the great Father of all, who has immediate access to the ear, to the heart, to the conscience of each of his intelligent creatures, that it may please him, who has put it into the hearts of his servants in the British islands, to extend an arm of mercy towards their brethren perishing for lack of knowledge, that it may please him to dispose their hearts to receive with gladness the message of peace and salvation : may it please him to direct our little missionary bark to the desired haven ; let the " valleys be exalted, and every mountain and hill be made low, and the crooked be made straight, and the rough places plain ! that the glory of the Lord may be revealed, and all flesh see it together, as the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

13. CHRISTIANS uniting to SPREAD the GOSPEL.

IT is with thankfulness and delight that I look round on this great congregation, assembled for the noblest purposes that can interest the best feelings of the human heart. No schemes of worldly advantage—no projects of vain ambition—no selfish ends or aims—contaminate our views. Nor will the *confused noise of the warrior, or garments rolled in blood*, mark our progress. We meet under the conduct of the Prince of Peace, and, unfurling the banner of his cross, desire to carry the glad tidings of his salvation to the distant lands, deep sunk in heathen darkness, and covered with the shadow of death.

The petty distinctions among us, of names, and forms; the diversities of administrations, and modes of church-order, we agree, shall this day all be merged in the greater, nobler, and characteristic name of CHRISTIANS; and our one ambition be, to promote no partial interests, since Christ is not divided, but with united efforts to make known abroad the glory of his person—the perfection of his work—the wonders of his grace—and the transcendent blessings of his redemption—where his adorable name hath never yet been heard; but the God of this world still reigns the uncontrouled tyrant over the bodies and the souls of men.

The infidel, indeed, derides; the careless look on with indifference; and the cold-hearted professor of every denomination is too much engrossed with selfish interests and earthly pursuits, to think of the concerns of immortal souls; of heathens; of creatures of a different colour from our own—unless, perhaps, when the philanthropy and zeal of others awaken their enmity or their envy; and then, like Sanballat and Tobiah, they would interrupt the work of God, put difficulties in the way, or pour contempt on the undertaking; as though, “if but a fox go up, he shall break down their stone wall. Hear, O our God, for we are despised; and turn their reproach upon their own heads!”

We own our efforts are feeble, and our abilities small; but great events often flow from causes apparently insignificant.

nificant. In the time of drought and famine in Israel, the cloud no bigger than a man's hand was the prelude to abundance of rain. If God will work, then none shall let it. The little portion of snow detached from the summit of the highest Alps, swells in its descent, into a mighty Avalanche, and, thundering down the mountain's side, sweeps before it every obstacle. Hath not our glorious Head the residue of the Spirit? Can he not raise up again instruments from the meanest of mankind, to produce changes great, as when he sent twelve poor fishermen to overturn triumphant superstition and idolatry, supported as they were by all the powers of empire, and the wisdom of philosophy? Is his hand shortened, that it cannot save? Let no man's heart then fail, **THOUGH WE ARE WEAK, OUR REDEEMER IS MIGHTY.**

14. EXTENT of the PREACHER'S COMMISSION.

THE *Gospel*, we know, before the end of time, *must be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations.* But few of them, comparatively, have yet enjoyed its light, or felt its influence. *Darkness still covers the earth, and gross darkness the people.* Whoever casts his eye over the terrestrial globe will see, if he is a Christian, with grief and anguish of heart, the multitudes of nations, who *know not God, and obey not his gospel*: on whom no beam of the Sun of righteousness hath yet arisen with healing in his wings; but to this day, *gropping for the wall as blind, they walk on still in darkness, and all the foundations of the earth are out of course.*

I might indeed begin at home, and with too great truth, observe, how little real, vital Christianity is to be found among those who have assumed the profession of it. Not only have Popish superstition and idolatry blinded, and enslaved the principal kingdoms of Europe, but even in that portion, which glories in the name of Protestant, the star Wormwood hath fallen upon the waters, and embittered them with the fatal errors of Pelagius, Arius, and Socinus: and thus have the flood-gates been opened
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for that deluge of Infidelity, which threatens to raze the very foundations of the Christian faith; and, *if it were possible*, that the adored name of God our Saviour, should be had no more in remembrance. Even in our own land, who, that is on the Lord's side, doth not lament these desolations, and tremble for their consequences? The fashion of the day indeed is to be humane, liberal, munificent: every want finds relief, and every disease an asylum, but the souls of men, who careth for? the very idea is in general treated as enthusiastic, and infidelity daringly suggests, that mankind may do as well without Christianity as with it.

Happily there is yet found a generation, who sigh for these abominations,—feel the religion of Jesus essential to life and hope—experience the constrainings of divine charity—and, undismayed by the difficulties of the attempt, desire to seek the sheep of Christ, dispersed through this present evil world.

Turn then, my brethren, your eyes to the burning sands of Afric, where scarce a gleam of light illuminates the darkness, from the Pillars of Hercules to the Cape of Good Hope. There the benighted minds of men, darker than their complexions, offer a scene dreadful as pitiable. There the sweet sounds of gospel-grace are never heard, and millions upon millions brutalized by superstitions, cruel as despicable, are led captive by the devil at his will, alike strangers to their ruin and their remedy.

Pass to the vast continent of Asia, abundantly more populous than Europe. Under the government of China alone, there are said to be three hundred million souls, and perhaps not an individual that *knows the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent*.

On the beautiful banks of the Ganges, where we have risen to wealth and empire, how shameful have been our supineness and indifference respecting any communication of gospel-truth to the poor Hindoos? Among ten millions subject to the India company, I have never yet read of a single missionary sent by them. Commercial Christians seem to worship no other God, but gold.

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The vast regions within and without the Ganges, the immense plains of Tartary, the kingdoms of Siam, Pegu, Japan, and the extensive islands which spread through the Indian Ocean, present one awful blank. Chaotic darkness, still brooding on the abyfs, spreads its wings, and not a ray of truth sheds its blessed influence from one end of these countries to the other. But idols, horrid as obscene, fill every Pagoda, and abominations, that but to name were shameful.

A new world hath lately opened to our view, call it Island or Continent, that exceeds Europe in size, New Holland; and now become the receptacle of our outcasts of society.—New Zealand, and the innumerable islands, which spot the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, on each side of the Line, from Endeavour Straits to the coasts of America, many of them full of inhabitants,—occupying lands, which seem to realize the fabled gardens of the Hesperides,—where the fragrant groves, which cover them from the sultry beams of day, afford them food and cloathing; whilst the sea offers continual plenty of its inexhaustible stores; and the day passes in ease and affluence, and the night in music and dancing. But amidst these enchanting scenes, savage nature still feasts on the flesh of its prisoners—appeases its gods with human sacrifices—whole societies of men and women live promiscuously, and murder every infant born amongst them; whilst every turpitude, committed in the face of open day, proclaims, that shame is as little felt as a sense of sin is known.

Ye untutored offspring of fallen nature! how are ye to be pitied! ye have wondered at our ships, admired the colour of our skin, and been contaminated by our vices, and have known, to our confusion, that those who have infected you with their abominations, bore the name of CHRISTIANS. It remains, I hope for us, my brethren, to redeem the character of that sacred name, and the honour of our nation.

No region of the world, which I have yet observed, (and I have considered the matter with much attention), affords us happier prospects in our auspicious career of

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sending the gospel to the Heathen lands ; no where are the obstacles apparently less, or the opportunities greater, for the admission of the truth as it is in Jesus. No persecuting government,—no Brahmanic casts to oppose,—no inhospitable climate to endure,—a language of little difficulty to attain,—and of vast extent,—with free access, and every prejudice in our favour.

15. *Of FUTURE PUNISHMENT.*

FUTURE punishment is, of all evils, the most dreadful, and therefore, of all evils, the most to be avoided. The calamities which mortals inherit in their earthly tabernacle, are slight and transitory—soon fly off, and die for ever. But those woes, which fester in the souls of bad men after death, are at once intolerable and interminable. Their exquisite acuteness can only be equalled by their endless duration. At that awful period, when these woes commence, the sons of vice must take up their abode in the dismal habitations of darkness and despair, in which reside only demons, and the spirits of malevolent men. They must make their bed in hell ; a dreadful bed indeed ! where rest comes neither day nor night, where the voice of gladness is never heard, where peace and joy can never enter ; “ but the smoke of their torments ascendeth for ever and ever ; ” where the soul is ever forced upwards by the desire of happiness, but is ever pressed downwards by the weight of iniquity : whilst this melancholy reflection ever preys upon the heart—All the treasures of celestial felicity might have been mine, had not my own obstinate wickedness barred against me the gates of heaven. There the worm of conscience never dies, and the fire of appetite is never quenched. There the tears of grief are never banished from the eye, nor the heavings of sorrow from the heart. There the understanding, like a condemned criminal, is shut up in a dark dungeon, to brood for ever on its own calamity. There the passions burn with unquenchable desire, and are perpetually racked with despair of enjoyment. There the memory serves as a cruel engine, to rake up the ashes of guilty deeds, to overwhelm

whelm the soul in an abyfs of sorrow—whilst remorse, like a gnawing vulture, feeds upon the soul. There are wounds without balm, pains without ease, distress without relief, afflictions without pity, sufferings without ~~merit~~, and anxiety without interval.

All this might yet be borne, did ever hope, that sweet cordial of calamity, break through the fullen gloom, and, with the fair prospects of deliverance, cheer the wretched sufferer. But, alas! alas! there even hope, the last refuge of unhappy minds, is for ever excluded, and nothing presents itself but the gloom of despair, and the blackness of darkness for ever and ever. Just God! how wretched is the situation of thy creatures, when they desert thee, the fountain of life; violate the laws of thy government, and wilfully pursue their own destruction!

16. CAUSES and CURE of DISCONTENTMENT.

IN the early periods of life, when we begin to emerge from obscurity, and step forth into the world, to act our respective parts on the public theatre of life—when our passions are boiling and impetuous, our understandings raw and untutored, and our experience scanty and imperfect—we form ideas of felicity, too lofty and exalted. Reason, a cool and sedate principle, has not yet gathered strength; imagination introduces her flowery prospects; every object of delight is painted beyond the truth; and every capacity of enjoyment, much bigger than the life: from which crude and sanguine notions eternal disappointments must ensue—because the simplicity of nature will never quadrate with the extravagance of the imagination, nor the enjoyment ever correspond to the warmth of a heated fancy—but every object which we admire, whether present or absent, will sow in our hearts the seeds of uneasiness.

If the object is absent, our misery will be great, because proportioned to its imaginary good. If the object is present, our entertainment will be but small, because proportioned only to its real good. Nay, not so much;

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the disappointment, which experience brings, will balk the expectation, fret the temper, and sour the spirit.

The error is obvious: but how is it to be rectified? The road is plain: check this impertinence of the imagination, that intruding and delusive faculty. Bravely destroy its usurped sovereignty; and let reason, now improved, exercise and uncontrollable sway. When this is done, you will be contented, because then every enjoyment will correspond to those ideas which nature and reason have formed. But while this is undone, disappointment will follow disappointment in everlasting succession; vexation will pave the way to vexation, and black despair at last complete the scene of wretchedness.

For this is the law of nature, unchangeable as nature itself, that every false and fantastic opinion will betray us into endless perplexity, but that every just and rational sentiment will establish the foundation of solid comfort; and experience itself, which sullies the lustre of each splendid trifle, and damps the gaiety of each fanciful enjoyment, will to eternity exalt and dignify the real worth of each substantial good.

Let us remember, that every situation in life is the destination of God; a being too wise to mistake our happiness, and too good not to promote it. This reflection will teach us a perfect resignation to his providence, a cheerful contentment with his discipline, and a lively gratitude for his benefactions.

Let us also remember, that this world is not the concluding scene of human existence, but only its opening and introductory scene; a scene essentially connected with and plainly preparatory to another—a brighter and better habitation, in which we are taught, by the authority of God, to expect a felicity, worthy of the noblest faculties of our nature, and adapted to its most exalted desires; a felicity, in extent commensurate to the capacities of man, and in duration commensurate to the eternity of God; a felicity, in short, so great, so unspeakable, so full of glory, that the most magnificent splendours of this earth, compared to it, are low and despicable—only
faint

faint and fading images—yea, have no glory at all, by reason of the glory that excelleth.

This consideration will inspire us with submission to the will of God, and animate us to prepare for eternity. Fully convinced that this world is not the place of our rest, but that our supreme interest lies in another country, like prudent pilgrims, to sweeten our journey, we will suppress the emotions of peevishness and passion, and train up our souls, by contentment and every other virtue, for the immortal delights of that superior world, where gold and silver are of no value; where covetousness never enters; where selfishness is not known; where anxiety has no place; and every sordid affection is for ever extinguished—that superior world, where peace never ceases, hope never deceives, contentment never dies, friendship never flags, charity never fails, and happiness never fades—but shines forth in one unclouded day, bright as the sun, and immortal as its source.

17. PURSUIT of SENSUAL ENJOYMENT, *defeats its*
INTENTION.

THE unbridled pursuit of sensual enjoyments defeats its own intention. Such is the wise and righteous appointment of providence, to deter men from dishonouring their Maker, and themselves, that excess of every kind, and this especially, destroys the very end it seeks, hurts the body as well as the mind, and disappoints the benevolent purposes of nature, by going beyond them. I appeal, my friend, to your own experience: Do not you feel your constitution impaired and dulled by a course of intemperance? Are you not forced, if you will continue the chace you are engaged in, to spur your jaded desires, by all the methods which fancy, variety, and a super-refined luxury can furnish? These indeed may serve to inflame your passions; but, alas! the more they are inflamed, the farther are they from being satisfied. New objects may excite new propensions; but the diversity of the one doth not keep pace with the violence of the other. The rage of pleasure grows, but

the sense of it diminisheth; till at last you do not so properly pursue it, as you are dragged along by it. The attachment and liking to it are in a great measure soon over: Mere use and habit hurry you headlong. It is possible indeed you set out with resolutions of restraining yourself within certain fancied bounds of sobriety and prudence, of preserving a sort of economy and coolness, in the indulgence of your inclinations. Have you adhered to these reflections? Have you practised this self-command for any space of time? Is your bent to sinful gratifications no stronger now than when you first gave way to them? Can you still stop, when and where you please? Can you say to the incroaching current of passion, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther?" Ah the vanity and illusion that are inseparable from sin, the self-deceit and folly of sinners! to think that they can transgress with safety the boundaries of innocence, or answer for themselves, that having once entered on the declivity of vice, they shall not slide into a quicker and quicker progress, till at length they sink into all "the superfluity of naughtiness."

Nothing more common than for the sons of intemperance to boast of their reason, their refinement, their sentiments, and the like. But have they cause to do so? Your brethren of the stall and of the forest eat and drink, and play, and gratify the appetites of nature, in due season, measure, and proportion. Therefore they are well and happy, according to their rank. Thou who art called a man, canst not pretend to so much order and felicity.

The persons, whose character I draw, are proud to style themselves *men of pleasure*. The world adopts the phrase, and bestows it on them freely: But I aver they do not deserve this title. You are mere *sensation-men*; you are strangers to sincere, to real pleasure. That consists in regularity, and dwells with innocence alone. Figure a young man, master of his passions, diligent in business, or assiduous in study, smitten with the charms of truth, of friendship, of virtue, of devotion, following their divine attraction through the slippery paths of youth, and in due time entering, with
judgement

judgement and choice, into that honourable state which Heaven has ordained for the support and comfort of mankind. Will those ungodly men, who forego the chaste and heart-felt delights of this amiable connection, for the bought smiles and mercenary caresses of a harlot, "loveless, joyless, unendeared," pretend to equal these latter to the former, or once to compare their lawless, restless, selfish pursuits, to the tranquil, the virtuous, the generous joys of an union, which, when wisely formed, is founded on esteem, supported with fidelity, sanctified by faith, and sweetened by mutual sympathy, trust, and complacence?

18. GRATIFICATIONS FORFEITED *by an* IRREGULAR LIFE.

I WILL not attempt to enumerate all the superior gratifications which are forfeited by an irregular life; but surely this is a farther consideration worthy your regard. Surely a sound mind in a healthful body, moderate desires, and quiet passions, a spirit calm and clear, unobscured by the fumes of intemperance, and undisturbed by the tumults of lust, peaceful and pleasant reflections on a discreet and honourable conduct, manly, rational, and useful conversation, the society, the applause, and the patronage of the best men, the humble, yet triumphant hope of the friendship of God through every future period, with all the solid and sublime consolations of devotion; surely these are not things to be rashly renounced, or lightly esteemed. If you are so unfortunate as to be a stranger to these things, will it follow that you may boldly condemn or neglect them? Because you are blind, will you take upon you to say, that light is not sweet, or that it is not "a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun?" If these are not blessings, and blessings too of inestimable value, why have they been so highly prized, so pathetically recommended, so ardently sought, so diligently, zealously, and perseveringly cultivated, by the wisest, the greatest, and the most learned men of the age, who have been ready to undertake any thing, to suffer any thing, to sacrifice any thing, rather

rather than forego these sweetest and noblest enjoyments? But I will submit the question to yourself; let your own understanding judge whether the enjoyments of the mind and of the heart do not bid fair to be the sweetest, because the noblest. You are a man, and will you say, that the distinguishing characteristic pleasures of a man, I mean, those of reason, of conscience, and of affection, are not better, or more estimable, than the pleasures of an animal, I mean, those of sense and appetite? What! will you give up at once, even in speculation, all the dignity and superior excellence of your nature, in order to justify to yourself the deplorable perversion of your taste? But in vain do you labour to justify it even to yourself. There is, I know there is, something within you that takes part with uncorrupted nature, and reclaims against the vile abuse.

I am sufficiently aware, that amidst your hours of giddy riot, in the circle of your mad companions, you will be false enough to disguise any such feelings, bold enough to deny even the deepest convictions of your soul, to boast what a charming life you lead, and in the height of your pride to talk with pity of the sons of virtue, as a set of poor, gloomy-minded creatures. And pray let us hear wherein you have such mighty advantage over them? Why, you have the pleasure of often getting drunk in the tavern, of frequently revelling in the brothel, perhaps of violating and defiling the marriage-bed, possibly of seducing and ruining credulous innocence, probably of gaming away your own fortune, credit, and peace, or those of others whom you call your friends; the pleasure too, no doubt, of laughing at the laws of your country, at the religion of your fathers, at those rules of decency and virtue which sober heathens themselves revere; at all serious men, nay, at every body that will not run with you into the same excess of riot; and, for aught I know, the pleasure of directly blaspheming him that made you. Great God! what outrages against nature, society, and thee, are daily committed by those, who, bursting the bounds thou hast so wisely and mercifully set them, reverse the use of thy creatures,

creatures, disturb the order of thy world, and, having done all they can to deface and destroy the beauty of thy creation, both within and without them, turn at last their impious fury on thy tremendous Majesty! These, these are the men, who talk so loud and so big of pleasure, which they would wholly appropriate to themselves, as if they alone enjoyed and understood it.

19. *The* RESURRECTION of CHRIST.

THE Roman soldiers were not the only guards of our Saviour's sepulchre: The heavenly hosts were moved, the legions of God were arrayed, to protect the sacred deposit. The preparations were now fully formed in both worlds, and all things stood in readiness for the moment in which the arm of the Lord should be revealed.

Twice had the sun gone down upon the earth, and all, as yet, was quiet at the sepulchre; Death held his sceptre over the Son of God: Still, and silent, the hours passed on; the guards stood by their post, the rays of the midnight moon gleamed on their helmets, and on their spears: The enemies of Christ exulted in their success; the hearts of his friends were sunk in despondency and in sorrow; the spirits of glory waited in anxious suspense to behold the event, and wondered at the depth of the ways of God. At length the morning-star arising in the east, announced the approach of light; the third day began to dawn upon the world, when, on a sudden, the earth trembled to its centre, and the powers of heaven were shaken; an angel of God descended; the guards shrunk back from the terror of his presence, and fell on the ground: "His countenance was like lightening, and his raiment white as snow." He rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, and sat upon it. But who is this that cometh forth from the tomb, with dyed garments from the bed of death? He that is glorious in his appearance, walking in the greatness of his strength. It is thy Prince, O Zion! Christians, it is your Lord: he hath trodden the wine press alone; he hath stained his raiment with blood; but now, as the first-born from the womb of nature, he
meets

meets the morning of his resurrection. He arises a conqueror from the grave; he returns with blessings from the world of spirits; he brings salvation to the sons of men. Never did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious: it was the jubilee of the universe. The morning-stars sung together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. The Father of mercies looked down from his throne in the heavens; with complacency he beheld his world restored: he saw his work that it was good. Then did the desert rejoice; the face of nature was gladdened before him, when the blessings of the Eternal descended as the dew of heaven, for the refreshing of the nations.

20. *The GRAVE A PLACE of REST.*

THE grave is a place where the weary are at rest. How soothing is this sentiment, The weary are at rest. There is something in the expression which affects the heart with uncommon sensations, and produces a species of delight, where tranquillity is the principal ingredient. The sentiment itself is extensive, and implies many particulars: it implies, not only that we are delivered from the troubling of the wicked, as in the former clause, but from every trouble and every pain to which life is subjected. Those only who have themselves been tried in affliction, can feel the full force of this expression. Others may be pleased with the sentiment, and affected by sympathy. The distressed are at once pleased and comforted. To be delivered from trouble!—to be relieved from power!—to see oppression humbled!—to be freed from care and pain, from sickness and distress!—to lie down as in a bed of security, in a long oblivion of our woes!—To sleep in peace, without the fear of interruption!—How pleasing is the prospect! how full of consolation! The ocean may roll its waves,—the warring winds may join their forces—the thunders may shake the skies, and the lightnings pass swiftly from cloud to cloud: but not the forces of the elements combined, not the sounds of thunders, nor of many seas, though they were united into one peal, and directed to

one point, can shake the security of the tomb. The dead hear nothing of the tumult; they sleep soundly; they rest from their calamities upon beds of peace. Conducted to silent mansions, they cannot be troubled by the rudest assaults, nor awakened by the loudest clamour. The unfortunate, the oppressed, the broken-hearted, with those that have languished on beds of sickness, rest here together: they have forgot their distresses; every sorrow is hushed, and every pang extinguished.

Hence, in all nations, a set of names have arisen to convey the idea of death, congenial with these sentiments, and all of them expressive of supreme felicity and consolation. How does the human mind, pressed by real or imagined calamities, delight to dwell upon that awful event which leads to deliverance, and to describe and solicit it with the fairest flowers of fancy! It is called the harbour of rest, in whose deep boiom the disastred mariner, who had long sustained the assaults of adverse storms, moors his wearied vessel, never more to return to the tossings of the wasteful ocean. It is called the land of peace, whither the friendless exile retires, beyond the reach of malice and injustice, and the cruellest arrows of fortune. It is called the hospitable house, where the weather-beaten traveller, faint with traversing pathless deserts, finds a welcome and secure repose. There no cares molest, no passions distract, no enemies defame; there agonizing pain, and wounding infamy, and ruthless revenge, are no more; but profound peace, and calm passions, and security which is immovable." "There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary at rest! There the prisoners rest together! they hear not the voice of the oppressor! The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master!" It is in this manner that the human mind, whose operations are all conducted by the most curious mechanism, rejoices at the prospect of death, when it imagines to itself the reversion of its calamities.

21. ADVANTAGES *of* GENTLENESS.

YEARS may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence, or extensive utility. Whereas not a day passes, but, in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. Nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are seemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart, than the most liberal supplies of bounty; while, on the other side, when the hand of liberality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is sufficient to frustrate the intention of the benefit. We sour those whom we meant to oblige; and, by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition then be held to possess a low place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world?

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man, a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits: and what sort of society would remain? The solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl; would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.—“O that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away, and be at rest. Lo! then, I would wander far off, and remain in the wilderness: I would hasten

hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest: For I have seen violence and strife in the city. Mischief and sorrow are in the midst of it: Deceit and guile depart not from the street."

22. DEVOTION a Source of HAPPINESS.

WHATEVER promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion, as I have just now shown, produces those effects in a remarkable degree. It inspires composure of spirit, mildness, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cherishes the pleasing emotions, and, by these means, carries on the life of a pious man in a smooth and placid tenor.

Besides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire strangers; enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement when the world leaves us, and to adversity when it becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort. For let him be placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God, and to devotion, how dreary will the gloom of solitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will sickness, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits! But, for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared. From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrosion of its cares and sorrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and surrounds him there with such objects as are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart. If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things, about to rise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that supreme Being,

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who, though every other friend fail, will never forsake him.—Consult your experience, and you will find that the two greatest sources of inward joy are, the exercise of love directed towards a deserving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and assured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion; and therefore we have no reason to be surprised, if, on some occasions, it fill the hearts of good men with a satisfaction not to be expressed.

The refined pleasures of a pious mind are, in many respects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense. They are pleasures which belong to the highest powers, and best affections of the soul; whereas, the gratifications of sense reside in the lowest region of our nature. To the one the soul stoops below its native dignity. The other raise it above itself. The one leave always a comfortless, often a mortifying remembrance behind them. The other are reviewed with applause and delight. The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent, which, after a disorderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel. But the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it passes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks. —To thee, O Devotion! we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue, and the rest of our souls in this turbulent world. Thou composest the thoughts: Thou calmest the passions: Thou exaltest the heart. Thy communications, and thine only, are imparted to the low, no less than to the high; to the poor, as well as to the rich. In thy presence, worldly distinctions cease; and under thy influence, worldly sorrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable; inaccessible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginnest on earth the temper of heaven. In thee the hosts of angels and blessed spirits eternally rejoice.

23. EQUAL

23. EQUAL DISTRIBUTION of ENJOYMENT.

ALL sensual pleasure is a relative thing. That which is luxury to him to whom it is new, is none to them to whom it is familiar. The continual recurrence of them reduces the highest ranks of sensual gratification to a level with the lowest. He who is in possession of an easy sufficiency, and capable of commanding a series of plain and humble pleasures, indulges a groundless envy, when he suffers it to be excited by the higher, but the habitual indulgencies of persons in superior station. The enjoyments to which he looks up, are not superior to his own. There are those whose appetites are courted by more costly provision than his; whose senses are excited by more stimulating entertainments, and soothed by smoother accommodations; whose days are spent in more expensive amusements, and whose nights are passed upon softer pillows. But he, who "fares sumptuously every day," sits down to no sweeter feast than he; he whose delight is daily stirred by more pungent excitements, is no more animated by them, than he is by his cheaper and soberer pastime; and he whose love of ease is lulled in a downier lap, whose situation is covered in every part of it with cushion, and lined all over with pillow, enjoys not a more delicious recumbence, even upon the supposition of his mixing along with it the labour, of some kind or other, which is necessary to render rest delightful, than belongs to his hour of repose in his less siken seat. Continual repetition wears away the exquisiteness of all sensual pleasure, and gradually dulls the most lively delights into flat and insipid sensation. That landscape which fills the traveller with rapture, is regarded with indifference by him who sees it every day from his window. The sweetest sounds that art can combine, lose much of their effect upon an ear that is perpetually listening to melody. The most costly luxuries that can load the board of opulence, are but bread to him who makes them his daily meal. The cordial that exhilarates the sober is but "a cup of cold water" to one who is accustomed to the draught of intemperance. The bril-

hiant lustres that illuminate the house of public amusement are no more than sober day-light to him who passes all his evenings there. And the softest couch into which languor ever sunk is only a seat to them who never recline upon one less soft. When custom has made them necessary, the highest order of sensual pleasures communicates no higher satisfaction, than the supply of her necessary wants affords to simple nature. And let me be allowed to stop one moment to remark, how much *they* are exposed to pain in this world of change, to whom the deprivation of luxury were the horror of famine; exclusion from gay assemblies, the dreariness of solitude; the soberness of domestic society, the gloom of imprisonment; the loss of soft-clothing, the misery of nakedness; and the reduction of elegant life's redundant conveniences, the bare condition of savage and unaccommodated man!

24. *The ART of attaining HAPPINESS.*

MAN is surrounded by pleasureable objects, of which his understanding is the sense; of perceiving which his reason is the organ. These objects are innumerable. Let him who complains he has not pleasure enough while his necessary animal wants are supplied, open this door of their admission which he has hitherto permitted to continue closed. Of these objects the most glorious that stands before us is the great Author of all things; the contemplation of whom is that employment of our intellectual powers, which is capable of yielding us the liveliest and most sublime delight. Our natures are fitted, and were principally formed, to perceive this amiable and wonderful object. We were chiefly created to contemplate his beautiful and venerable attributes, as they are to be "clearly seen" in his visible works; to entertain our eyes with the proofs of his wisdom and goodness, which are presented to them in the productions of his hand, and in the operations of his providence; and to rejoice in the consciousness of his presence, approbation, and protection. We were farther formed, instead of surveying superior stations around us, only to feel with pain the inferiority of our own; to make the happiness of others ours; to "rejoice with all that

that rejoice;" to appropriate the pleasures we are able to perceive around us; to enter into the sensation of those whom we see to be happy; to infuse ourselves by the force of sympathy in their breasts; to beat in their bosoms, to throb with their joys; and, in short, to take into our hearts all the happiness we can take into our view. Thus we supply the supposed deficiencies of our own condition; wander from our own wants; roam into happy regions; put ourselves in pleasant situations; and enjoy all that is enjoyed. This is the wealth that never "makes itself wings," and that renders us most completely independent. Surrounded by revolution, these riches remain with us for ever. They are safe from vicissitude; their name is not written upon Fortune's wheel; and they feel none of its whirls. No thief can steal these treasures from us; no violence can break through into the breast where they are locked. As long as God continues to be good, and to be Almighty, a good man in the possession of food and raiment, continues able to declare, "I have all things; I abound and am full." It is true, in surveying the scene around him, his sympathy is sometimes excited by painful, as well as pleasing circumstances. But his congratulation is more frequently called for than his condolence; and of his pity, as the pain is sheathed by nature, in soothing sensations that muffle its edge, and prevent it from corroding, like the sorrows and solitudes of selfishness, so the tear is speedily wiped by confidence, in the wisdom which appoints the cause that calls it into his eye, and which will one day wipe it for ever from his face.

25. *On the CERTAINTY of DEATH.*

IF mankind were so vain and foolish as to flatter themselves that the duration of their present state would be eternal, Nature and Providence have taken such care to undeceive them as the importance of the point required. Scarce one day can pass without exhibiting sad spectacles of mortality to the public eye. As mists and vapours, when exhaled, descend in rains; as fountains and rivers pour their full urns into the ocean,

where they are undistinguishably lost, as every morning-sun rises but to decline ; by the same necessity, the same inviolable order of nature, man is born to die. When the sacred writings treat of human life, they consider our existence here, as an unsubstantial vapour, which, floating through the boundless fields of air, is at least absorbed in its maternal element ; nor leaves the least discernible vestige behind. They consider it as a flower in the field, which opening on the ravished eye, displays the fairest colours of Nature's inimitable pencil ; but soon the nipping frosts, or chilling winds, blast all the grace and beauty of its blooming verdure, and only leave its melancholy ruins behind ; that from these the contemplative gazer may, with deep-felt regret, lament the beauteous wreck, whilst he presages his own. But Nature has not left us to learn our fate from remote and ambiguous calls. How loud, how universal, how emphatic, how intelligible, how incessant, how alarming is her voice ! It assumes every form that may engage our attention, it darts upon the soul in every thought, it speaks in every period, it addresses every sense. It is felt in the ties of consanguinity when broken, it is seen in the widow's tears, and heard in the shrieks of orphans. The tomb, the insatiable tomb ! is ever open to devour its prey, while multitudes of every sex and age, from every clime, are constantly replenishing the dark and silent domains of death.

26. DISINTERESTED GOODNESS.

THERE are some offices of charity to which only higher motives are capable of prompting us ; which, if they be not done from such motives, cannot be done at all. Though the good they communicate is peculiarly substantial, they have little tendency to excite gratitude. They are called thankless offices ; that is their proverbial appellation. You may expect the hungry to thank you for your bread ; you may expect the defamed to be thankful for your vindication ; you may expect the oppressed to bless you for your protection ; you may expect the uncertain, and perplexed in their
secular

secular affairs to feel obliged to you for your advice, which guides them out of the labyrinth in which they were lost : but you have little reason to hope that the indiscreet will return you thanks for your counsel and faithful admonition ; that the subject of your authority will thank you for the salutary restraint which may be necessary for their moral security ; or that the vain and the proud will look upon you as their benefactors, for that faithful and honest representation of their capacities, which, while it aims at their reputation and credit, discovers to them their imperfections. He that renders services like these, which point to real welfare, but which give temporary pain, must not look for the glittering eye of gratitude, for the gush of speechless tears, for the burst of passionate acknowledgement. He must perform those of them which are rendered to his equals in years and in station with the utmost mildness of manner, and meet with a singularly happy and patient temper in his object, in order to escape the frown of displeasure. He must often content himself with being thought an enemy, while he is acting the part of a friend, and deemed impertinent or cruel, where he is in the highest degree generous and wise. There are other offices of kindness, in which at least a nice and delicate humanity suggests a concealment of the hand that performs them, by which all expressions of gratitude are necessarily precluded. When indigence, from the recent remembrance of better days, is ashamed to beg, and blushes to receive benefits, generosity, fearful of offending this infirmity so natural to the fallen from independence, is ready to impart relief without letting the receiver know from whom it comes. To exercise this amiable charity, this elegant and graceful goodness, which blesses its object without appearing before it, like the flower that sends the fragrance to the sense, without being seen by your eye ; like the shower which falls in the night, not a drop of which your eyes behold, but whose gladdening influence your grateful fields confess in the morning ;—to practise this fair and finished charity, which resembles the image of that Providence who dispenses his blessings with a silent and
unseen

unseen hand, is not in the power of them, whose single or whose chief reward in doing good is the gratitude of them to whom they do it.

ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR AND POPULAR ASSEMBLIES.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE ancients comprehended all their eloquence under three divisions: The *demonstrative*, whose principal design was to praise or blame; to form panegyrics and invectives, gratulatory and funeral orations: The *deliberative*, which was employed in discussing matters of public concern, either in the senate, or before assemblies of the people: it proposed to advise or dissuade, to propel or restrain: the *judicial*, which, like the eloquence of the bar in modern times, was used in accusing and defending; and in addressing judges, who had power to absolve or condemn. The *pulpit*, the *bar*, and *popular assemblies*, are the three great scenes of modern eloquence. Education, character, and professional abilities, are necessary to success in all these departments; but each of them requires an appropriate manner, and is governed by peculiar laws, the knowledge of which should be carefully studied.

Whatever abilities the Barrister may possess as a speaker, if his knowledge of the law is supposed superficial, few will think themselves safe in committing their cause to his management. His reputation and success, therefore, will depend very much on his industry, not only in acquiring an extensive knowledge of all that belongs to his profession, but of every fact and circumstance relating to the particular causes with which he is entrusted. Having collected and arranged his materials, he will proceed to express his sentiments, in that calm, temperate, argumentative manner, which is, on most occasions,

occasions, best suited to the bar. He will studiously avoid that bewildering *verbosity*, which a habit of speaking and writing without much premeditation is apt to produce, and endeavour to acquire a purity, neatness, and elegance of expression; a strong, clear, and correct style; a habit of condensing his ideas; and, where the obscurity of the point does not render a little diffuseness necessary, of comprehending much sense in a few well-chosen words. He will be solicitous to state the question clearly, to exhibit the chief point in dispute, and to draw a distinct line of division between him and his opponent,—between what he admits and what he denies. He will give such a fair and candid representation of the arguments he means to refute, as will create a strong partiality in his favour, and show that he fully understands his cause, is convinced of its goodness, and has no occasion for the feeble assistance of artifice. Though *wit*, and a little play of imagination, may sometimes tend to enliven a reply, ridicule the weak arguments of an opponent, and relieve the fatigue of attention to a dry subject; he will deem it more honourable to convince the judge by cogent reasoning, than awaken suspicion that his arguments are exhausted, by entertaining spectators with luminous flashes of false eloquence. As he personates his client, he will make his cause his own. He has undertaken an important charge, and will show himself interested in the management of it. He knows that coldness and indifference are highly unbecoming, when warmth and earnestness ought to prevail; but he will always proportion the degree of his warmth to the importance of his subject, and not injudiciously lavish an equal share of it on all causes indiscriminately.

The chief object of popular eloquence ought to be persuasion. Some point of public utility is commonly proposed, in favour of which we wish to determine our hearers; and the understanding must be convinced before volition is produced. Good sense, close reasoning, and a clear exhibition of the business, often succeed much better than the finest flowers of rhetoric, and the longest laboured harangues. The language of the heart operates
most

most powerfully. When we speak from conviction, when we utter our genuine sentiments, we speak with a feeling, a force, an effect, which cannot be counterfeited, and which no foreign aids are able to produce. A command of language, a freedom and fluency in extempore speaking, are indispensibly requisite in popular debates. Objections may be started, which could not be anticipated; circumstances may occur, which could not be foreseen; passions may arise, which require humouring or repression; and the speaker who can but ill adapt himself to such exigences, can never hope to be persuasive. Premeditation, however, must not be neglected: prepared speeches may sometimes be stiff and inapplicable; but those who trust entirely to extemporary efforts, are apt to be confused, and to contract a habit of speaking incoherently. The enunciation of a formal method, may present the gloomy prospect of a long discourse; but every speaker must, at least mentally, form a plan, digest his ideas, and arrange his thoughts under proper heads; that his memory may be assisted, confusion prevented, and the symmetry of his discourse increase its effect.—The glowing sentiments, the lofty figures, and the impassioned language, which flow from a mind inspired by some great public object, form the peculiar characteristics of popular eloquence; but a temperate tone of speech is that for which there is most frequent occasion: and he who is highly impassioned on every subject, will be considered as a blusterer, and meet with neglect where he hoped for attention. A speaker should always study the manner most suitable to himself, his subject, his hearers, the place, and the occasion. He must never counterfeit warmth without feeling it. To assume the semblance of passion in its absence, is extremely difficult; and detection in the attempt, exposes to ridicule. Even when passion is felt, and justified by the subject and circumstances, it must always be governed by the rein of reason. He must never lose the command of himself, exceed the bounds of decency, or hurt the public ear by excessive vociferation. He must keep closely to his subject, preserve purity of expression, distinctness of articulation,

lation, and a deliberate, majestic solemnity; he must unite the emphasis of eloquence, with the cogency of argument; the earnestness of feeling, with the language of conviction: then will he work his way to the heart, and produce permanent and indescribable effects.

To accomplish a speaker for any of these departments, his pronounciation must be just, his emphasis properly laid, and his inflections gracefully varied: his voice must be harmoniously modulated, his pauses duly proportioned, and his tones adapted to all the varieties of passion: his action must be natural, animated, and expressive; must be frequently varied, but pleasingly deliberate; must indicate a feeling heart, rather than an artful head. Reiterated private exercises in composition and delivery, would have a wonderful effect on his public exhibitions. Without attention to the *one*, he is apt to be desultory, incorrect, and immethodical; and without practising the *other*, to proceed, in his first public appearances, with trembling and hesitation. But let him commit the following, or similar specimens of eloquence, accurately to memory; let him try to make the sentiments his own, to place himself in the situation of the original speaker, and to suppose a numerous audience attentive to all he utters; let him declaim with all the clearness, variety, and vehemence necessary to produce conviction, volition, and action; and thus shall he amply prepare himself for executing with admirable promptitude, when opportunities offer, the pleasing schemes which now occupy his active imagination.

I. SIR W. WYNDHAM, *on repealing the SEPTENNIAL ACT.*

SIR,

IT is reasonable and just to argue against the continuance of a bill of this nature, not merely from what has happened, but from what may happen. Let us suppose, then, a man of mean fortune and obscure origin, abandoned to all notions of virtue and honour, and pursuing

suing no object, but his own aggrandisement, raised by the caprice of fortune to the station of first minister.

Let us suppose him palpably deficient in the knowledge of the interests of this country; and employing, in all transactions with foreign powers, men still more ignorant than himself: let us suppose the honour of the nation tarnished, her political consequence lost, her commerce insulted, her merchants plundered, her seamen perishing in the depths of dungeons—and all these circumstances palliated or overlooked, lest his administration should be endangered: Suppose him possessed of immense wealth, the spoils of an impoverished nation; and suppose this wealth employed to purchase seats in the national senate, for his confidential friends and favourites: In such a parliament, suppose all attempts to inquire into his conduct constantly over-ruled by a corrupt majority, who are rewarded for their treachery to the public, by a profuse distribution of pensions, posts, and places under the minister. Let us suppose this minister insolently domineering over all men of sense, figure, and fortune, in the nation: and having no virtuous principle of his own, ridiculing it in others, and endeavouring to destroy or contaminate it in all. With such a minister, and such a parliament, let us suppose a prince upon the throne, uninformed and unacquainted either with the interests or inclinations of his people, weak, capricious, and actuated at once by the passions of ambition and avarice: should such a case ever occur, could any greater curse happen to a nation, than such a prince, advised by such a minister, and that minister supported by such a parliament? The existence of such a prince and such a minister, no human laws may indeed be adequate to prevent; but the existence of such a parliament may, and ought to be prevented; and the repeal of the law in question, I conceive to be a most obvious, necessary, and indispensable means of the accomplishment of that purpose.

a. LORD

2. LORD CHESTERFIELD, *against granting SUPPLIES.*

I HOPE, my Lords, that by vigorous measures are not intended, such wild attempts and romantic expeditions as might hazard the national honour and safety, without the possibility of advantage; that we are not called upon to squander millions, and stain the fields of the continent with the blood of our countrymen, without being fully informed concerning the end and object of the war; that we are not to stand alone against the united power of the house of Bourbon, and sacrifice our lives and fortunes for those who will not endeavour to defend themselves. The true interest of England, my Lords, is to be at peace with its neighbours; for peace is the parent of prosperity; and, when I find the governors of a nation inclined to war, I am always ready to ask them, by what mode of calculation they can compute the costs, or ascertain the consequences; and I think it my duty to warn them against such counsels as may precipitate their country into an abyss of poverty and ruin. When I hear a proposal for declaring war, I figure to myself a suspension of commerce, a decay of wealth, an increase of taxes, a state of impatience, anxiety, and discontent. Should the war prove unsuccessful, the acrimony of revenge will strongly excite us to the continuance of it. If it be prosperous, we shall be easily deluded into the imagination, that the empty glitter of military glory is preferable to the plenty and tranquillity of peace! and that we flourish as a nation when we adorn our public halls with the standards and ensigns of Spain and France. To these general maxims, however, the conduct of the present ministers may perhaps be cited as an exception; for though the war with Spain is the only war desired by the people, and the only war which it is their interest to prosecute, they who have assumed the management of our affairs appear neither fired by revenge, nor irritated by disgrace, at the losses and disappointments we have sustained in the progress of it. This war, so important to our commercial interests, only has been neglected—this alone has been forgotten. We have

been told of the danger which may arise to the state from the boldness of political discussion, "*flagrante bello*;" but, my Lords, who does not see that the expression is inapplicable? and the Noble Secretary should have said *languente bello*. Spain, weak and defenceless as she is, laughs at our armaments, and perceives no other consequence from our declaration of war, than a greater license of plunder, and a more easy distribution of prizes.

3. *The* MINISTER'S REPLY.

I BEG leave to call the attention of this House to the state of affairs on the continent a few summers past, when the empire was over-run by the arms of France; when the Queen of Hungary was attacked by Prussia on the one side, and Bavaria on the other; when, to secure her person from captivity, she was compelled to abandon her capital, and her condition was considered as hopeless and irretrievable. To the powerful assistance of Great Britain alone is it owing, that the armies of France have been obliged, with disgraceful precipitation, to evacuate the empire; that her ally, the Emperor, is left, without succour, a helpless spectator of the conquest of his hereditary dominions; and that Prussia is converted from a dangerous enemy into a firm friend and ally. Such had been the success, and such the consequences, of the measures which he had recommended, and of which he now with confidence demanded the approbation and *vigorous support* of this illustrious assembly. Armies are only to be repelled by armies, and they who engage in war must resolve to sustain the calamities inseparable from it. In the present conjuncture, ~~no~~ measures can be called wise or prudent which are not *vigorous*. By *vigour* only can the House of Austria be restored, and by the restoration of the House of Austria only can the balance of power be preserved. That the war against Spain has been either negligently or unsuccessfully prosecuted, I positively deny. At this moment we blockade both her fleets and her armies. It is known to all Europe, that the Spanish generals in Italy are continually embarrassed and impeded in their enterprises,

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by the operations of the British fleet. And it is not, perhaps, easy to conceive a more destructive method of carrying on war, than that of shutting up an army in an enemy's country, where it cannot be succoured, and from which it cannot be recalled; no prospect remaining but that of perishing by hardships and famine. But Spain is not the adversary against which our force ought chiefly to be directed: there is an enemy nearer, and more formidable, an enemy which, equally in war and peace, endeavours our destruction; an enemy so insidious, that the utmost friendship which can subsist between us is only an intermission of hostility; an enemy whose perpetual object it is, in all her designs and transactions, whether she ratifies or violates treaties; whether she offer mediation, or foment discord; whether she courts or insults her neighbours; to weaken and depress all other powers, and to exalt herself to universal dominion. The ambition and pride of France, insatuated as that nation is with the glory of their monarch, and the desire of aggrandizing their empire, are permanent and hereditary. If one king dies, another succeeds to the same views; and if a minister be removed, it is because they hope the grand design of enslaving the world will be more actively carried on by another. Against such an enemy, if it be necessary to make war, it is surely necessary to prosecute it with the utmost force; because war is a calamity, to which a desirable and secure termination can be put only by success, and success is only to be obtained by vigour. It is, my Lords, happily in our power to check them in their career, and fix, it may be hoped, more lasting barriers of empire, which shall for ever destroy that thirst of boundless dominion, which has ever given so much disturbance to mankind.

4. EARL OF HALIFAX, *on fixing the BALANCE of*
EUROPE.

I CANNOT help expressing my indignation that England should be condemned to waste the treasure and the lives of its inhabitants, in quarrels which either do not at all regard its interests, or regards them only remotely, and consequentially. I declare myself unable to dis-

cover for what reason we, who are not principals in the war, and have no separate interest to promote, should hire mercenaries to carry it on, at an immense and intolerable expence. We are now contending, not for our rights and privileges—not for our persons, our liberty, or our property. We are attempting by force of arms to fix what the course of events is ever tending to unfix, the balance of Europe.—The balance of Europe has a powerful and fascinating sound, which has been frequently employed to subject this nation to the oppressive exactions of foreign powers. When the people complain of the load of taxes, and the perpetual increase of burdens, of which they were never able to perceive any effect, or derive any advantage, they are stilled with the necessity of supporting the balance of Europe. When they cry aloud for justice against their domestic oppressors—when they demand that the deceivers and flatterers of the prince should be brought to punishment, and the proper interests of the nation alone diligently and faithfully pursued, they are censured and stigmatized as wretches ignorant of the true principles of policy, and who have no regard to the balance of Europe. The folly and guilt of this conduct were not unknown, during the last administration, to the noble Lord who now assumes the direction of foreign affairs, and were reprobated by him with generous warmth, and all the appearance of honest detestation. But we have often seen that opinions are variable with other human things. The system of the Noble Lord is now entirely changed, and, to use the language of the medical *chartalan*, the heart is removed to the other side.

5. LORD CARTERET'S REPLY.

A PROPOSITION to withdraw all our forces from the continent, and, instead of courting danger in foreign countries, to sleep in security till we are awakened by an alarm upon our own coasts, would be far less unreasonable than the motion actually before the House; for doubtless it is better to enjoy peace, however precarious, than to carry on a war with certainty of defeat,
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and to rush into the field of battle only to be overborne by the number of our enemies. Is it seriously meant that we are to neglect all the rules of war, and all the maxims of policy, and to set our enemies at defiance, expecting assistance from causes invisible or præternatural? The Lords who support the motion must know, that a compliance with it would, be virtually to yield up all for which *William* and *Marlborough* fought—all which can secure our own independence, or the liberties of the continent. The topics enlarged upon by the Noble Lords, of numerous armies and burdensome expences, are such as will always raise a declaimer high in the esteem of the people, whose sufferings he appears to compassionate, and whose cause he professes to defend; and measures, however necessary and however just, *must* be unpopular for a time, of which the expence is immediate and the advantage distant. It is the opinion of some, that, from the nature of our situation, we may bid defiance to the rest of mankind, and, from our rocks and floating castles, look with unconcern and tranquillity upon all the commotions of the European kingdoms; but if any one monarchy has by any means arisen to such a height of grandeur, as to make it justly formidable to the rest of Europe, threatening the eventual subversion of all the kingdoms on the continent, surely great Britain has more cogent reasons than any other nation to endeavour the suppression of such a power, because of all nations she has most to lose; and being farthest exalted above slavery, must feel proportionate pain from political depression. But this purpose can be effected only by supporting on the continent, some power capable of opposing the ambitious projects of France; and it is universally admitted, that the house of Austria alone can be deemed of weight, to be placed in the balance against the house of Bourbon. If the house of Austria is to be supported, we must submit to the expence necessary for its support. Nothing, therefore, can be more improper than this motion, unless it were intended that the cause of general liberty should be instantly and totally abandoned, and that we should submissively consign to France

the fate of ourselves and our posterity. By the dissemination of falsehood and malignity, the nation has been irritated, and discontent has, indeed, too generally prevailed: but, by the same arts, the same odium might and would have attended any other scheme; and the present clamour will, in a short time, give way to the force of reason and truth. Upon a former occasion, in which the neutrality of Hanover was the subject of discussion, I observed, that if England were to be steered by that electorate, it were necessary that the rudder should be separated from the ship. This was then my opinion; for then, my Lords, England was subservient to Hanover: but Hanover is now subservient to England, and regulated by our measures; for who can doubt but a neutrality might have been easily obtained for that electorate? But his Majesty scorned to exempt himself from hazard, by countenancing the claims of ambition, and would not forbear to assist his ally, only because her distress was urgent, and her danger imminent. It is evident, upon the whole, then, my Lords, that the war has been conducted with wisdom and success—that the troops of Hanover were not retained but by the counsel and authority of the legislature—that they have been eminently useful in contributing to the expulsion of the armies of France—that, though objections more worthy of notice could be produced, those troops cannot, at this juncture, be dismissed, because other troops cannot be obtained so soon as the exigencies of the war require.

6. MR PITT, *against taxing AMERICA.*

THE present ministers, I acknowledge, are men of fair characters, and such as I am happy to see engaged in his Majesty's service; but I cannot trust them with entire confidence. Confidence, Sir, is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom: Youth is the season of credulity. By comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling influence. I have had the honour to serve the Crown; and could I have submitted to *influence*, I might still have continued to serve; but

but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments. It is indifferent to me, whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this side or that side of Tweed. I countenanced and protected merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast, that I was the first minister who fought for it in the mountains of the north—I called it forth, and drew into your service an hardy and intrepid race of men, who were once dreaded as the inveterate foes of the state. When I ceased to serve his Majesty as a minister, it was not the country of the man by which I was moved, but the man of the country who held principles incompatible with freedom. It is a long time, Mr Speaker, since I have attended in parliament: when the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor to have borne my testimony against it. It is my opinion, that this kingdom has *No Right* to lay a tax upon the Colonies. At the same time, I assert the authority of this kingdom to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power; the taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. The concurrence of the Peers and of the Crown is necessary only as a form of law. This House represents the Commons of Great Britain. When in this House we give and grant, therefore, we give and grant what is our own; but can we give and grant the property of the Commons of America? It is an absurdity in terms. There is an idea in some, that the Colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom? The idea of virtual representation is the most contemptible that ever entered into the head of a man: it does not deserve a serious refutation. The Commons of America, represented in their several assemblies, have invariably exercised this constitutional right of giving and granting their own money: they would have been slaves if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time, this kingdom

dom has ever possessed the power of legislative and commercial controul. The Colonies acknowledge your authority in all things, with the sole exception, that you shall not take the money out of their pockets without their own consent.

7. MR PITT, *on repealing the STAMP-ACT.*

SIR,—A CHARGE is brought against gentlemen sitting in this house, for giving birth to sedition in America. The freedom with which they have spoken their sentiments against this unhappy act, is imputed to them as a crime; but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty which I hope no gentleman will be afraid to exercise; it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have *desisted from his project*. We are told America is obstinate—America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I *rejoice* that America has resisted;—three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty, as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I came not here armed at all points with law-cases and acts of parliament, with the statute-book doubled down *in dog's ears* to defend the cause of liberty upon a general, constitutional principle—it is a ground on which we dare meet any man. I will not debate points of law: but what, after all, do the cases of Chester and Durham prove, but that under the most arbitrary reigns parliament was ashamed of taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives? A higher and better example might have been taken from Wales; that principality was never taxed by parliament till it was incorporated with England. We are told of many classes of persons in this kingdom not represented in parliament; but are they not all virtually represented as Englishmen resident within the realm? Have they not the option, many of them at least, of becoming themselves electors? Every inhabitant of this kingdom is necessarily included in the general system of representation. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented.

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The Honourable Gentleman boasts of his bounties to America—Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America—I maintain that parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. The Honourable Gentleman tells us, he understands not the difference between internal and external taxation; but surely there is a plain distinction between taxes levied for the purpose of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of commerce. ‘When,’ said the Honourable Gentleman, ‘were the colonies emancipated?’ At what time, say I in answer, were they made slaves? I speak from accurate knowledge when I say, that the profits of Great Britain from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions per annum. This is the fund which carried you triumphantly through the last war; this is the price America pays you for her protection; and shall a miserable financier come with a boast, that he can fetch a pepper-corn into the Exchequer, at the loss of millions to the nation? I know the valour of your troops—I know the skill of your officers—I know the force of this country; but in such a cause your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man; she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution with her. Is this your boasted peace? Not to sheathe the sword in its scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen? The Americans have been wronged, they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? No: let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper: I will pledge myself for the colonies, that, on their part, animosity and resentment will cease. Let affection be the only bond of coercion. The system of policy I would earnestly exhort Great Britain to adopt, in relation to America, is happily expressed in the words of a favourite poet:

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Be to her faults a little blind,
 Be to her virtues very kind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your padlock on her mind.

PRIOR.

Upon the whole, I beg leave to tell the House, in a few words, what is really my opinion. It is, "that the Stamp-Act be repealed *absolutely, totally, and immediately.*"

8. LORD CHATHAM *on* AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

IF, my Lords, we take a transient view of the motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in America, to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the western world, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will naturally subside. There was no corner of the globe to which they would not have fled, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical spirit which prevailed at that period in their native country; and viewing them in their originally forlorn, and now flourishing state, they may be cited as illustrious instances to instruct the world what great exertions mankind will make, when left to the free exercise of their own powers. Notwithstanding my intention to give my hearty negative to the question before you, I condemn, my Lords, in the severest manner, the turbulent and unwarrantable conduct of the Americans in some instances, and particularly in the late riots at Boston; but, my Lords, the mode which has been taken to bring them back to a sense of their duty, is so diametrically opposite to every principle of sound policy, as to excite my utmost astonishment. You have involved the innocent and the guilty in one common punishment, and avenged the crimes of a few lawless depredators upon the whole body of the inhabitants. My Lords, the different provinces of America, in the excess of their gratitude for the repeal of the Stamp Act, seemed to vie with each other in expressions of loyalty and duty; but the moment they perceived that your intention to tax them was renewed under a pretence of serving the East India Company,

pany, their resentment got the better of their moderation, and hurried them into actions which their cooler reason would abhor. But, my Lords, from the whole complexion of the business, I cannot but incline to think the administration has purposely irritated them into those violent acts, in order to gratify their own malice and revenge. What else could induce them to dress taxation, the father of American sedition, in the robes of an East India Director, but to break in upon that mutual harmony and peace which then so happily prevailed between the colonies and the mother country? My Lords, it has ever been my fixed and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it with me to the grave, that this country had no right under heaven to tax America. It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy; it is contrary to that essential, unalterable right in nature, ingrafted into the British constitution as an unalterable law, that what a man has honestly acquired is absolutely his own; which he can freely give, but which cannot be taken from him without his consent. Pass then, my Lords, instead of these harsh and severe measures, an amnesty over their errors: by measures of lenity and affection, allure them to their duty; act the part of a generous and forgiving parent.

A period may arrive when this parent may stand in need of every assistance she can receive from a grateful and affectionate offspring. The welfare of this country, My Lords, has ever been my greatest joy, and, under all the vicissitudes of my life, has afforded me the most pleasing consolation. Should the all-disposing hand of Providence prevent me from contributing my poor and feeble aid in the day of her distress, my prayers shall be ever for her prosperity:—"Length of days be in her right-hand, and in her left-hand riches and honour! May her ways be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths be peace!"

9. LORD CHATHAM, *on removing the Army from AMERICA.*

TOO well apprised as I am of the contents of the papers now at last laid before the House, I will not take

take up your Lordships time in tedious and fruitless investigations, but will seize the first moment to open the door of reconciliation; for every moment of delay is a moment of danger. As I have not the honour of access to his Majesty, I will endeavour to transmit to him, through the constitutional channel of this House, my ideas of America, to *rescue* him from the mis-advice of his present ministers. America, my Lords, cannot be reconciled; she ought not to be reconciled to this country, till the troops of Britain are withdrawn from the continent; they are a bar to all confidence, they are a source of perpetual irritation, they threaten a fatal catastrophe. How can America trust you with the bayonet at her breast? How can she suppose that you mean less than bondage or death? I therefore, my Lords, move, That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, most humbly to advise and beseech his Majesty, "that in order to open the way towards an happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, to transmit orders to General Gage, for removing his Majesty's forces from the town of Boston." I know not, my Lords, who advised the present measures: I know not who advises to a perseverance and enforcement of them; but this I will say, that the authors of such advice ought to answer for it at their utmost peril. I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis;—an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America, may produce years of calamity. Never will I desert, in any stage of its progress, the conduct of this momentous business. Unless fettered to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. I will knock at the gates of this sleeping and confounded ministry, and will, if it be possible, rouse them to a sense of their danger. The recall of your army I urge, as necessarily preparatory to the restoration of your peace. By this it will appear that you are disposed to treat amicably, and equitably, and to consider, revise, and repeal, if it be should be found necessary, as I affirm it will, those violent acts and declarations, which have disseminated confusion throughout the Empire. Resistance to these acts

was necessary, and therefore just; and your vain declaration of the omnipotence of Parliament, and your imperious doctrines of the necessity of submission, will be found equally impotent to convince or enslave America, who feels that tyranny is equally intolerable, whether it is exercised by an individual part of the Legislature, or by the collective bodies which compose it. The means of enforcing this thralldom are found to be as ridiculous and weak in practice, as they are unjust in principle; conceiving of General Gage as a man of humanity and understanding; entertaining, as I ever must, the highest respect and affection for the British troops, I feel the most anxious sensibility for their situation, pining in inglorious inactivity. You may call them an army of safety and defence, but they are, in truth, an army of impotence and contempt; and to make the folly equal to the disgrace, they are an army of irritation and vexation. Alay, then, the ferment prevailing in America, by removing the obnoxious, hostile cause. If you delay concession, till your vain hope shall be accomplished, of triumphantly dictating reconciliation, you delay for ever; the force of this country would be disproportionately exerted against a brave, generous, and united people, with arms in their hands, and courage in their hearts—three millions of people, the genuine descendants of a valiant and pious ancestry, driven to those desarts by the narrow maxims of a superstitious tyranny. But is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit their sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the affliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity, beyond what history has related, or poetry has feigned? But the Americans must not be heard: They must be condemned unheard. The indiscriminate hand of vengeance has devoted thirty thousand British subjects, of all ranks, ages, and descriptions, to one common ruin. You may, no doubt, destroy their cities; you may cut them off from the superfluities, perhaps the conveniences of life; but, my Lords, they will still despise your power; for they have yet remain-

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ing their woods and their liberty. What though you march from town to town, from province to province; though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission, how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you, in your progress of eighteen hundred miles of continent, animated with the same spirit of liberty and resistance? This universal opposition to your arbitrary system of taxation might have been foreseen; it was obvious from the nature of things, and from the nature of man; and above all, from the confirmed habits of thinking, from the spirit of Whiggism flourishing in America. The spirit which now pervades America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences, and ship-money in this country; the same spirit which roused all England to action at the Revolution, and which established, at a remote æra, your liberties, on the basis of that grand constitutional maxim, That no subject of England shall be taxed, but by his own consent. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame, glowing in the breast of every generous Briton? To maintain this principle, is the common cause of the Whigs on the other side of the Atlantic, and of this; it is liberty to liberty engaged. In this grand cause they are immoveably allied; it is the alliance of God and nature, immutable, eternal, fixed as the firmament of heaven. As an Englishman, I recognise to the Americans their supreme, unalterable right of property. As an American, I would equally recognise to England her supreme right of regulating commerce and navigation. This distinction is involved in the abstract nature of things; property is private, individual, absolute; the touch of another annihilates it. Trade is an extended, and extensive consideration; it reaches as far as ships can sail, or winds can blow; it is a vast and various machine. To regulate the numberless movements of its several parts, and combine them into one harmonious effect for the good of the whole, requires the superintending energy and wisdom of the whole power of the empire. On this grand practical distinction let us rest; taxation is theirs, commercial regulation

lation is ours. As to the metaphysical refinements, attempting to shew that the Americans are equally free from legislative controul and restraint, as from taxation for the purpose of revenue, I pronounce them futile, frivolous, and groundless. When your Lordships have perused the papers transmitted us from the Americans; when you consider the dignity, the firmness, and the wisdom, with which the Americans have acted, you cannot but respect their cause. History, my Lords, has been my favourite study, and in the celebrated writings of antiquity, have I often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome; but, my Lords, I must declare and avow, that in the master-states of the world, I know not the people, nor the senate, who, in such a complication of difficult circumstances, can stand in preference to the Delegates of America, assembled in general Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your Lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be futile. Can such a national principled union be resisted by the tricks of office, or ministerial manœuvres? Heaping paper on the tables, or counting your majorities on a division, will not avert or postpone the hour of danger. It must arrive, my Lords, unless these fatal acts are done away; it must arrive in all its horrors; and then these boastful ministers, in spite of all their confidence, and all their manœuvres, shall be compelled to hide their heads. But it is not repealing a piece of parchment, that can restore America to your bosom; you must repeal her fears and resentments, and then you may hope for her love and gratitude. But now, insulted with an armed force, irritated with an hostile array before her eyes, her concessions, if you *could* force them, would be suspicious and insecure. But it is more than evident that you *cannot* force them to your unworthy terms of submission; it is impossible: we ourselves shall be forced ultimately to retract; let us retract when we can, not when we must. I repeat it, my Lords, we shall one day be forced to undo these violent, oppressive acts; they must

be repealed, you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will, in the end, repeal them; I stake my reputation on it; I will consent to be taken for an *Idiot* if they are not repealed. Avoid, then, this humiliating necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make the first advance to concord, to peace, and to happiness. Concession comes with better grace and more salutary effect from superior power; it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of man, and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend to deter you from perseverance in the present ruinous measures; foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread; France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors, with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may. To conclude, my Lords, if the Ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the King, I will not say that they *can* alienate the affections of his subjects from the Crown; but I affirm, they will make the Crown not worth his wearing. I will not say that the king is *betrayed*, but I will pronounce, that the *kingdom is undone*!

10. LORD CHATHAM, *on employing INDIANS against AMERICA.*

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? measures, my Lords, which have
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reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt ! But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world ; now, none so poor to do her reverence ! The people, whom we at first despised as *rebels*, but whom we now acknowledge as *enemies*, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the English troops than I do ; I know their virtues and their valour ; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there ? *We do not know the worst* ; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expence, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the *shambles* of every German despot ; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent-- doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*Never, Never, Never !*—But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorise and associate to our arms, the *tomobawk* and *scalping knife* of the savage ?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods ?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren ? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality ; “ for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “ to use all the means which

which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself *impelled* to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—That God and nature have put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature, that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal-savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims. Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that Right Reverend, and this Most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops to interpose the unfulfilled sanctity of their lawn,—upon the judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *Genius of the constitution*. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible *bell-bounds of war*! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence

nence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these *dogs* of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state; to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy Prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

II. BISHOP SHIPLEY, *for repealing the TEST-ACT.*

I RISE, my Lords, to express my most cordial acquiescence in the repeal of those penal laws which have been so long the disgrace of the national church;—I object only to the condition annexed to the repeal—the *imposition* of a Confession of Faith, however short, and general, and true—such as I hope I should have the virtue, if called upon, to seal with my blood. But I absolutely disclaim, for myself, any authority, civil or sacred, to impose this creed upon other men. By such an imposition the present Bill, which professes to repeal all former penal laws, is converted into a penal law itself; for those who do not subscribe the declaration, still remain liable to all the old penalties. The truth contained in the declaration, viz. That the scriptures are the revealed will of God, and the rule of faith and practice, is, indeed, acknowledged by every Protestant. But suppose the existence of any set of Christians, who should reject our canon of scripture; who should build their faith on this basis of tradition, or on the supposed illuminations of the Spirit, would you, my Lords, persecute them for believing Christianity, upon arguments that suit their own understandings? Such men would, undoubtedly, be in error; but error in religion is the
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very ground and subject of toleration. The evils resulting from this declaration are not, however, confined to possibilities. Many of the most eminent of the Dissenting ministers, men highly deserving esteem for their science, their literature, their critical study of the scriptures, for their excellent writings in defence of Christianity, as well as of the civil and religious rights of mankind—men, whom it would be no disparagement to this Bench to acknowledge as friends, engaged in the same honourable and arduous task of instructing the world in the ways of happiness—such men as these, my Lords, if the clause in question be enacted and carried into execution, will not even be tolerated. Declaring, as they have invariably done, against all human authority, in matters of religion; and holding it as a first principle of Protestantism, that no church has a right to impose its own articles of faith on others; they conceive, that an acquiescence in the declaration would imply a recognition of that claim which they are bound, as Christians and Protestants, to resist. It is the duty of magistrates, it is the very end of the magistracy, to protect *all men* in the enjoyment of their natural rights, of which the free exercise of their religion is one of the first and the best. All history, my Lords, is full of the mischiefs occasioned by the want of toleration; but no one has ever yet pretended to shew that any public evils have been occasioned by toleration. At a meeting of the Right Rev. Bench, where I had the honour to be present, it was asked, whether the clause in question was ever intended to be put in execution? It was answered, ‘No, there was no such intention.’ I asked then, and I ask now, ‘What was the use of making laws that were never to be executed?’ To make useless and insignificant laws, is not to exercise authority, but to degrade it; it is a vain, idle, and insolent parade of legislation: and yet, my Lords, would to God the four last shameful and miserable years had been employed in making such laws as these! this wretched country might still have been safe, and, perhaps, once more might have been happy. But, my Lords, let us for a moment consider to whom this power of prescribing articles of faith is to be considered:

sided: undoubtedly this holy deposit cannot fail to be placed where we have lodged every thing else that is great and good; the honour, the interest, the strength, and revenues of the nation—all are placed in the keeping of the ministry. Perhaps, my Lords, there might be ministers to whose management none who have the least value for their religion would chuse to confide it. One might naturally ask a minister for a good pension, or a good contract, or a place at Court; but hardly any one thinks of making interest with them for a place in heaven. What I now say applies only to future bad ministers; for of the present administration I most firmly believe, that they are fully as capable of defining articles of faith, as of directing the counsels of the state. The ruling party is always very liberal in bestowing the title of Schismatic or Heretic, on those who differ from them in religion; and in representing them as dangerous to the state. My Lords, the contrary is the case. Those who are uppermost, and have the power, are the men who do the mischief, while the Schismatics only suffer and complain. Ask who has brought the affairs of this country into the present calamitous state! Who are they who have turned a whole continent, inhabited by friends and kindred, into our bitterest enemies? Yes! They who have shorn the strength, and cut off the right-arm of Britain, were all members of the *Established Church*, all orthodox men. I am not afraid of those tender and scrupulous consciences, who are over-cautious of professing or of believing too much: if they are sincerely in the wrong, I forgive their errors, and respect their integrity. The men I am afraid of, are the men who believe every thing, subscribe every thing, and vote for every thing.

12. L. BELHAVEN, *against the Treaty of UNION*, 1707.

I SEE a free and independent kingdom, tamely resigning that which has ever been considered amongst nations as the prize most worthy of attention—a power to manage and conduct their own affairs, without any foreign interference or controul. We are the successors of those who founded our monarchy, framed our laws,
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and who, during the space of two thousand years, have handed them down to us with the hazard of their lives and fortunes. Shall we not, then, zealously plead for those rights which our renowned progenitors so dearly purchased? Shall we hold our peace, when our country is in danger? God forbid! *England* is a great and glorious nation. Her armies are numerous, powerful, and victorious; her trophies splendid and memorable. She disposes of the fate of kingdoms. Her navy is the terror of Europe. Her trade and commerce encircle the globe; and her capital is the emporium of the universe: but we are a poor and obscure people, in a remote corner of the world, without name, without alliances, and without treasures. What hinders us, then, from laying aside our divisions, from uniting cordially and heartily, when that liberty which is alone our boast, when our all, our very existence as a nation, is at stake? The enemy is at our gates. Soon will he subvert this ancient and royal throne, and seize these regalia, the sacred symbols of our liberty and independence. Where are our peers and our chieftains? Where are the Hamiltons, the Douglasses, the Murrays, and the Campbells? Will posterity believe that such names yet existed, when the nation was reduced to this last extremity of degradation, and that they were not eager in such a cause to devote themselves for their country, and die in the bed of honour? My heart is full of grief and indignation, when I consider the triumph obtained by England, who has, at length, brought this fierce and warlike people under subjection, who, for so many ages, shed the best blood of the nation, to establish their independency. It is superfluous to enter into a formal examination of the articles of this treaty; for though we should even receive a *charte blanche* from England, what is this in exchange for our sovereignty! But does not, in fact, this pretended union amount to a political annihilation? I see the English constitution remaining firm. The same two Houses of Parliament, the same municipal laws, the same commercial companies, the same courts of judicature—while *we* make an ignominious and entire surrender of our national polity, our rights, our liberties, our honour, and our safety.

13. MR SHIPPEN, *against* SEPTENNIAL PARLIAMENTS.

ONE reason for passing this bill is, that it may encourage our ancient allies to enter into new treaties, which, under the actual constitution of things, they may hesitate or refuse to do. In order, therefore, to obtain the favour and friendship of those nations, in whose support we have on so many occasions lavished our treasure and our blood, we must, it seems, alter the present frame of our constitution! What emotions of indignation must not the insolence of this demand excite? especially if it happen to be urged by a state which owes its very being to England, and which continues to subsist as a sovereign power by our aid and protection! Sir, his Majesty, as King of Great Britain, is the arbiter of Europe, and may dictate to other nations, who will, for their own sakes, court his friendship, and who have always found their account in the alliance of the Crown which he now wears. The expence attending frequent elections has been also mentioned. But this is an argument which merits no attention. Every gentleman is a judge of his own circumstances, and knows how far they are competent to the necessary expences of an election; for I will not suppose that the advocates of this bill can mean to extend this argument to *corrupt expences*, when the uncorrupted, unbiassed, and constitutional mode, in which the election of the present parliament was conducted, is so notorious. The manner in which this bill has been introduced into the House is, itself, a sufficient reason for its rejection. It is sent from the Lords; and as it relates merely to ourselves, I apprehend it to be inconsistent with our honour to receive it. Our predecessors have shewn a determination to resist all attempts to innovate on their privileges; and shall this glorious House of Commons be content humbly to model themselves at the pleasure of the Lords? Shall we tamely and meanly acquiesce in an attack that strikes at the very foundation of our authority? But however unlimited our complaisance, I humbly conceive we have it not in our power to consent to this bill; for I cannot discover

cover by what rule of reason or law, we, who are only representatives, can enlarge to our own advantage the authority delegated to us; or that, by virtue of such delegated authority, we can destroy the fundamental rights of our constitution. This House has no legislative authority, but what it derives from the people. The members of this assembly were chosen under the Triennial Act. Our trust is therefore a Triennial trust; and if we extend it beyond the strict legal duration, we cease, from that instant, to be the trustees of the people, and are our own electors. From that instant, we act by an unwarrantable assumption of power, and take upon us to create a new constitution: For though it is a received maxim in civil science, That the supreme legislature cannot be bound, yet an exception is necessarily implied, that it is restrained from subverting the foundation on which it stands. The Triennial Act, which restored the freedom and frequency of parliaments, was a concession made to the people by King William, in the midst of his difficulties; and the policy of those ministers, who may advise his Majesty to give his royal assent to the repealing of it, is of a nature too refined for my understanding. And as his Majesty has been pleased to propose that prince as a model to himself, and is emulous to imbibe his spirit, and to equal his glory, it is a matter of astonishment to those who are not in the secret of affairs, to see the salutary measures adopted on the most mature deliberation, with a view to the public good, in the reign of the former Monarch, so eagerly and rashly rescinded in the very commencement of that of the latter. There must certainly be some latent cause for the precipitation with which this bill has been urged; there must be some secret measure in contemplation, which the ministers of the Crown suspect will not stand the test of a new parliament. It must be something, I repeat, hereafter to be done by them; for I will do them the justice to believe, that for all the manifold mischiefs that have been done, they feel entirely at their ease—perfectly callous to the emotions of sensibility and remorse. A standing parliament, which it is the object of this bill

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to establish, has been said to resemble a standing pool, the waters of which grow, for want of a fresh and free current, offensive, and fetid. But the present parliament may justly be compared to a torrent, which in its furious and foaming course desolates the land, bearing down all the land-marks, and ancient mounds, which have been raised to confine it within its regular and accustomed banks."

14. MR SYDENHAM, *for restoring ANNUAL PARLIAMENTS, 1745.*

I TAKE it for granted, that every member of this House must be conscious of the necessity of adopting measures for preventing, or at least diminishing, the extent and effect of ministerial corruption. And of all the measures that could be devised, none would be found so effectual as the restoration of annual parliaments. To the fatal introduction of long parliaments, and their concomitant evils, I ascribe, in a great measure, that remarkable change in the manners and morals of the people at large, which has of late years taken place in this country. Formerly, the higher classes among us were distinguished for generosity and hospitality; and those of inferior rank, for honesty, frugality, and industry. But these virtues are in danger of being utterly extinguished, by the prevalence of political corruption. No sooner do ministers begin to solicit the votes, instead of convincing the understandings of the members of parliament, no sooner are rewards lavished on those who comply with their solicitations, than the public order is disturbed by violent competitions at elections; voters begin to claim a merit with those to whom they give their vote: The regular channel through which honours and preferments flowed is perverted, and the interest of the country is sacrificed, for the sake of promoting those who had the chief interest in elections. Even in our army, for some time past, this has appeared to be the best qualification for entitling a man to preferment. —We must, therefore, demolish from the foundation this fabric of corruption; we must render it impossible for a minister to expect to gain a majority in parliament,

liament, or at elections, by bribery, or by a partial distribution of places and preferments: I say, we must do this, if we intend to rest on that spirit by which our ancestors preserved their liberties, and gained so much glory to their country. Then may we hope to see that simplicity, generosity, and hospitality of manners, revived, which is now no more. For I hope it will not be called generosity, to give a voter, by express bargain, a sum of money for his vote; or hospitality, to make a county or a borough drunk once in seven years, by way of preparation for any ensuing election. When a gentleman perceives that the favour of his countrymen must be purchased, not won, he contracts his domestic, to provide for his election expences; and if he succeeds, he retires with his family to London, certain of his seat for seven years, and resolving so to regulate his conduct in parliament, as may secure his future indemnification.— This change of a country-life is attended with unspeakable inconveniences. A man of fortune who resides in London, may in operas, routes, assemblies, French wines, and Italian musicians; expend as much yearly as would suffice to maintain his rank, in the most hospitable style of ancient liberality, at his seat in the country. But will it be pretended, that the money so expended is of equal advantage to the community; that the same charity is extended to the indigent, the same employment to the industrious? Annual parliaments would undoubtedly produce a mighty alteration of national manners in this respect. They would make constant residence, and a constant intercommunication of kind offices, necessary; they would preserve the honesty of the people, by removing the means of corruption; for no candidate would then be at the expence of corrupting, especially as he could not expect to be repaid, by being himself corrupted by the minister after he is chosen. Annual parliaments will thus demolish the market of corruption; ministers will not corrupt, when corruption can be of no avail; and tho' contests may occasionally take place, the magnitude of the object will not be such as to occasion either venality or violence. If, therefore, we cherish

a laudable ambition to restore the practice of those virtues for which our ancestors were conspicuous, and by which they handed down to us riches, renown, and liberty, we must restore annual parliaments, as the only means of restoring the purity of our constitution.

15. MR SHIPPEN, *against* VOTES of CREDIT, 1734.

WHEN the address was moved in reply to his Majesty's speech, at the commencement of this session, I expressed my fears and suspicions from certain expressions in both, that a vote of credit was in contemplation; but I was then assured, that there was not the least ground even to imagine so improbable a thing, although we are now told, that, from his Majesty's manner of expressing himself upon that occasion, every gentleman in the House must have expected a demand of this nature; a demand, for no less than a total surrender of the rights of parliament; for we are now called upon to give the King a power of raising what money he pleases, and also what military force he pleases, which are the rights on which all other rights depend; and all this without any necessity, or even any plausible reason alledged to us. Is invasion by a foreign enemy to be apprehended? Is any dangerous conspiracy discovered at home? No: the Right Honourable Gentleman says, he believes the nation to be in safety, but does not desire that its safety should depend on his belief. God forbid that it should; and happy would it be for us, that it did not depend upon his administration. But this unlimited delegation of power is, it seems, designed to guard against new counsels, against any *sudden alteration* of measures. Surely, Sir, this is not meant to be seriously urged; for can this plea be ever wanting? Are we not in as great danger of sudden and alarming changes, in a time of profound peace, as when the powers of Europe are engaged in a bloody war, and courting with eagerness our assistance, or at least our neutrality? If we now, therefore, agree to grant such powers, we may expect in future the demand regularly repeated, and never refused. Never can such requisitions on the part of the Crown

be made with less colour of necessity, never can compliance on our part be yielded more unconstitutionally. When not only an expiring session, but an expiring parliament grants such powers, how easily may they be extended before the next parliament is suffered to meet, beyond all possibility of controul. But we are told, that an account is to be given to the next parliament of whatever may be done in pursuance of these powers. Sir, I have been so often deceived by ministerial promises, that I am ashamed ever to have placed any degree of faith in them. How often, when I and others have called for such accounts, have we been told, that the matters were not ripe for laying them before parliament, or that it would be dangerous to reveal the secrets of Government? and the highest satisfaction we could ever obtain was, to be told, that the expences were necessarily incurred for foreign and secret services. Whence that necessity arose, was ever kept from the knowledge of parliament: We had the word of the minister to rest our faith upon; and the same implicit resignation will be required, doubtless, from every succeeding parliament. When, at the termination of the session, we return to our several counties, and are requested to assign our reason for this very extraordinary vote,—a vote by which such vast additional burdens may be imposed on the nation—how satisfactory must it be to our constituents, to be informed, that though we are at present in amity, or actual alliance, with all the powers of Europe, military preparations by sea and land must be made to guard against a *variation* of foreign counsels! Sir, in my opinion, the resolution now moved is neither necessary nor safe, nor founded on precedent. Precedents, indeed, there may be which resemble it, in a certain degree; but were they ever so numerous, and in all respects analogous, it would be no argument with me for agreeing to what is proposed. Whatever may have been the duration or the extent of the practice, it is now high time to put a stop to it, and to establish a *precedent of refusal*; otherwise parliaments will become wholly useless, or serve, by a sanction so pernicious, to make ministers the more dangerous, and the oppressions of the people the more grievous.

16. MR FOX, *on the KING'S SPEECH, in Dec. 1792.*

I STATE it as my opinion, that we are assembled at the most critical and momentous crisis, not only that I ever knew in the fate of this country, but that I ever read of in the history of this country—a crisis not merely interesting to ourselves, and to our own condition, but to all nations and to all men—and that upon the conduct of parliament in this crisis depends, not merely the fate of the British constitution, but of doctrines which go to the happiness and well-being of all human kind. His Majesty's speech is full of a variety of assertions, or perhaps I should not make use of the word assertions, without adding that it has also a variety of insinuations, conveyed in the shape of assertions, which must impress every man with the most imminent apprehensions for the safety of every thing that is justly dear to Englishmen.

The great prominent feature of the speech is, that it is an intolerable calumny on the people of Great Britain; an insinuation of so gross and so black a nature, that it demands the most rigorous inquiry, and the most severe punishment. The next assertion is, that there exists at this moment an insurrection in this kingdom. An insurrection! Where is it? Where has it reared its head? Good God! an insurrection in Great Britain! No wonder that the militia were called out, and parliament assembled in the extraordinary way in which they have been; but where is it? Two gentlemen have spoken in commendation and illustration of the speech; and yet, though this insurrection has existed for fourteen days, they have given us no light whatever—no clue—no information where to find it.—I do not wish to enter at length into the affairs of France, which makes the next prominent passage in his Majesty's speech; but though I do not desire to enter at much length into this part, I cannot conceal my sentiments on certain doctrines which I have heard to-night. The Hon. Gentleman who seconded the motion thought proper to say, as a proof that there existed a dangerous spirit in this country, that it was manifested “by the drooping and dejected aspect of
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many persons, when the tidings of Dumourier's surrender arrived in England." What, Sir, is this to be considered as a state of discontent, and of a preference to Republican doctrines? That men should droop, and be dejected in their spirits, when they heard that the armies of despotism had triumphed over an army fighting for liberty; if such dejection be a proof that men are discontented with the constitution of England, and leagued with foreigners in an attempt to destroy it, I give myself up to my country as a guilty man; for I freely confess, that when I heard of the surrender or retreat of Dumourier, and that there was a probability of the triumph of the armies of Austria and Prussia over the liberties of France, my spirits drooped, and I was dejected. What, Sir! could any man who loves the constitution of England, who feels its principles in his heart, wish success to the Duke of Brunswick, after reading a manifesto which violated every doctrine which Englishmen held sacred; which trampled under foot every principle of justice, and humanity, and freedom, and true government; and upon which the combined armies entered France, with which they had nothing to do; and when he heard, or thought he saw a probability of their success, could any man of true British feelings be other than dejected? I honestly confess, that I never felt more sincere gloom and dejection in my life; for I saw in the triumph of that conspiracy, not merely the ruin of liberty in France, but the ruin of liberty in England—the ruin of the liberty of man.

But what, Sir, are the doctrines that they desire to set up, by this insinuation of gloom and dejection? That Englishmen are not to dare to have any genuine feelings of their own; that they must not rejoice but by rule; that they must not think but by order; that no man shall dare to exercise his faculties in contemplating the objects that surround him, nor give way to the indulgence of his joy or grief in the emotions which they excite, but according to the instructions that he shall receive. That, in observing the events which happen to surrounding and neutral nations, he shall not dare to think
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whether they are favourable to the principles that contribute to the happiness of man, or the contrary: and that he must take, not merely his opinions, but his sensations, from his Majesty's ministers, and their satellites for the time being!

Sir, whenever the time shall come that the character and spirits of Englishmen are to be subdued; when they shall consent to believe that every thing which happens around is indifferent both to their understandings and their hearts; and when they shall be brought to rejoice and grieve, just as it shall suit the taste, the caprice, or the ends of ministers; then I pronounce the constitution of this country to be extinct. We have read of religious persecutions; of the implacable oppressions of the Roman see; of the horrors of the Inquisition of Spain; but so obdurate, so hard, so intolerable a scheme of cruelty, was never engendered in the mind, much less practised by any tyrant, spiritual or temporal. For see to what lengths they carry this system of intellectual oppression. Under *various pretexts*, there have been tumults and disorders, but the true design was to overturn the constitution—So says the Speech; and mark the illustration of the Right Hon. Magistrate: "There have been various societies established in the city of London, instituted for the plausible purpose of merely discussing constitutional questions, but which were really designed to propagate these seditious doctrines." So then, by this new scheme of tyranny, we are not to judge of the conduct of men by their overt acts, but are to arrogate to ourselves at once the province and the power of the Deity; we are to arraign a man for his secret thoughts, and to punish him, because we chuse to believe him guilty! "You tell me indeed," says one of these municipal inquisitors, "that you meet for an honest purpose, but I know better; your plausible pretext shall not impose upon me; I know your seditious design. I will brand you for a traitor by my own proper authority." What innocence can be safe against such a power? What inquisitor of Spain, of ancient or modern tyranny, can hold so lofty a tone? Well and nobly, seasonably and truly, has the
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Noble Earl (Wycombe) said; and I would not weaken the sentiment, by repeating the expression in terms less forcible than his own, but that the eternal truth cannot suffer by the feebleness of the terms in which it is conveyed: "There are speculative people in this country, who disapprove of the system of our government, and there must be such men so long as the land is free; for it is of the very essence of freemen for men to differ upon speculative points." Is it possible to conceive, that it should enter into the imaginations of freemen to doubt of this truth? The instant that the general sense of the people shall question this truth, and that opinion shall be held dependent on the will of ministers and magistrates, from that moment, I say, I date the extinction of our liberties as a people. Our constitution was not made, thank God, in a day. It is the result of gradual and progressive wisdom. It has grown up in a series, and never, never has the guardian protecting genius of England been either asleep or satisfied.

—————"O, but man, proud man!
Dress'd up in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Now it seems the constitution is complete; now we are to stand still. We are to deride the practice and the wisdom of our forefathers; we are to elevate ourselves with the constitution in our hands, and to hold it forth to a wondering world as a model of human perfection: away with all further improvement, for it is impossible; away with all further melioration of the state of man in society, for it is needless. Let no man touch this work of man, it is like the work of Heaven, perfect in all its parts; and, unlike every other work of man, it is neither capable of perversion, nor subject to decay.

Now this, Sir, is the crisis which I think so truly alarming. We are come to the moment, when the question is, Whether we shall give to the King, that is, to the Executive Government, complete power over our thoughts? Whether we are to resign the exercise of our natural faculties to the ministers for the time being, or whether

whether we shall maintain, that in England no man is criminal, but by the commission of overt acts forbidden by the law? This I call a crisis more imminent and tremendous than any that the history of this country ever exhibited.

17. CICERO'S EULOGIUM *on* POMPEY.

METHINKS I have said enough to prove, that this war is in its nature necessary, and by its importance dangerous. Let me now speak of the choice of a general, fit to command in such a war, and have the charge of so great an undertaking. It were to be wished, Romans, that this state so abounded with men of courage and probity, as to make it a matter of difficulty to determine to whom chiefly you should entrust the conduct of so important and dangerous a war. But as Pompey is universally allowed, not only to surpass the generals of the present age, but even those of antiquity, in military fame, what reason can any man assign, why he should hesitate a moment in the present choice? To me four qualifications seem requisite to form a complete general; a thorough knowledge of war, valour, authority, and good fortune. But where is the man that possesses, or indeed can be required to possess, greater abilities in war, than Pompey? one that from a boy, and the exercises of the school, passed into his father's camp, and began the study of the military art, during the progress of a raging war, maintained by a furious enemy! who, before the period of childhood was elapsed, commenced a soldier under a great general! who, in the very dawn of youth, was himself at the head of a mighty army! who has fought more pitched battles, than others have maintained personal disputes! carried on more wars, than others have acquired knowledge of by reading! reduced more provinces, than others have aspired to even in thought! whose youth was trained to the profession of arms, not by precepts derived from others, but the highest offices of command; not by personal mistakes in war, but a train of important victories; not by a series of campaigns, but a succession of triumphs? In fine, what species

species of war can be named, in which the fortune of the republic has not given him an opportunity of exercising himself? The civil, the African, the Transalpine, the servile, the naval; together with that of Spain, in which such a multitude of our own citizens and warlike foreigners were concerned; so many and different wars against such a variety of foes, not only carried on, but happily terminated by this one man; sufficiently proclaim, that there is no part of military knowledge in which he is not an accomplished master.

But where can I find expressions equal to the valour of Cneius Pompey? What can any one deliver on this subject either worthy of him, new to you, or unknown to the most distant nations? For these, as a common opinion would have it, are not the only virtues of a general; industry in business, intrepidity in dangers, vigour in action, promptness in execution, prudence in concerting: All which qualities appear with greater lustre in him, than in all the other generals we ever saw or heard of. Italy is a witness, which the victorious Sylla himself owned was delivered by his valour and timely succour. Sicily is a witness, which he extricated from the many dangers that surrounded her on every side, not by the terror of his arms, but by the promptitude of his counsels. Africa is a witness, which overflowed with the blood of those very enemies, that in numerous swarms laid waste her fields. Gaul is a witness, through which a way was laid open for our legions into Spain, by the slaughter of her armies. Spain is a witness, which has often beheld multitudes of our enemies overthrown and cut to pieces by this hero. Italy is again and repeatedly a witness, which, when oppressed with the cruel and formidable war of the gladiators, implored his assistance in his absence. The very rumour of his approach damped and broke the force of that war, and his arrival extinguished and cut it up by the roots. At present all maritime states, all foreign kingdoms and nations, the whole extent of the ocean, with the most distant bays and harbours on every coast, are so many witnesses of his merit. For what sea was of late years so well guarded

guarded as to be secure? so retired as to escape the researches of our enemies? Where was the sailor, that in venturing himself upon the ocean, did not hazard the loss either of life or liberty; being obliged to traverse seas covered with pirates, or expose himself to the inclemency of the winter? Who would ever have believed, that a war so considerable, so shameful, so lasting, so various and widely diffused, could have either been finished in one year by all the generals of the commonwealth, or by one general in the compass of a whole life? What province did you possess at that time uninfested by pirates? What branch of your revenue was safe? Which of your allies did your arms screen from insult? What state was protected by your fleets? How many isles were forsaken by their inhabitants? How many confederate cities were either abandoned through fear, or became the prey of merciless pirates?

Such is the divine and incredible valour of this general. But what are we to think of those other numberless and astonishing virtues I mentioned before? For ability is not the only qualification we are to look for in a great and consummate general. Many other illustrious talents ought to accompany and march in the train of this virtue. And first, what spotless innocence is required in the character of a general? What temperance in all circumstances of life? What untainted honour? What affability? What penetration? What a fund of humanity? Let us briefly examine how conspicuous all these qualities are in Pompey: For here, Romans, we shall find them in the most exalted degree. To what think you are we to attribute the incredible celerity and dispatch of his voyages? For sure neither the extraordinary strength of the rowers, nor the matchless art of the pilots, nor the indulgent breath of new winds, wafted him so swiftly to the ends of the earth. But those indirect aims that are wont to create so many obstacles to others, retarded not him in the prosecution of his design. No avaricious views diverted him into the pursuit of plunder, no criminal passion seduced him into pleasure, the charms of a country provoked not his delight, the
reputation

reputation of a city excited not his curiosity ; nor could even labour itself soothe him into a desire of repose.

Besides, he is so easy of access to those in a private station, and so ready to listen to the complaints of the injured, that though in dignity he surpasses the greatest princes, in gentleness he appears on a level with the lowest of the people. His prudence in counsel, his majestic and copious elocution, with that dignity of person which speaks him born to command, have often been experienced by yourselves, Romans, in this very place. Shall it then admit of a doubt, whether the management of this important war ought to be committed to a man, who seems by divine appointment sent into the world, to put an end to all the wars that harass the present age?

18. CICERO'S DEFENCE of ARCHIAS the POET.

IF, my Lords, I have any abilities, and I am sensible they are but small ; if, by speaking often, I have acquired any merit as a speaker ; if I have derived any knowledge from the study of the liberal arts, which have ever been my delight ; A. Licinius may justly claim the fruit of all. For looking back upon past scenes, and calling to remembrance the earliest part of my life, I find it was he who prompted me first to engage in a course of study, and directed me in it. If my tongue, then formed and animated by him, has ever been the means of saving any, I am certainly bound by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in the defence of him who has taught it to assist and defend others.

But lest it should appear strange, that, in a legal proceeding, and a public cause, before an excellent prætor, the most impartial judges, and so crowded an assembly, I lay aside the usual style of trials, and introduce one very different from that of the bar ; I must beg to be indulged in this liberty, which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, and which seems indeed to be due to the defendant : that whilst I am pleading for an excellent poet, and a man of great erudition, before so learned an audience, such distinguished patrons of the liberal arts, and so eminent a prætor, you would allow me to enlarge with some freedom

freedom on learning and liberal studies ; and to employ an almost unprecedented language for one, who, by reason of a studious and inactive life, has been little conversant in dangers and public trials. If this, my Lords, is granted me, I shall not only prove, that A. Licinius ought not, as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his privileges, but that, if he were not, he ought to be admitted.

Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions: " If they were enrolled by free cities ; if they had a dwelling in Italy, when the law passed ; and if they declared their enrolment before the prætor within the space of sixty days." Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the prætor, Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done ; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say, that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it ; and that, not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows ; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw ; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same ; men of the greatest quality, come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you will desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidences which we have, and to desire those which we cannot have ; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers ; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidences which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which you allow to be frequently vitiated? But he did not reside at Rome: What, he! who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune.

tune. But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which, by that very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prætors, is the only authentic one.

But you will, no doubt, ask the reason, Gracchus, of my being so highly delighted with this man? Why, it is because he furnishes me with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noise of the forum. Do you imagine, that I could possibly plead every day, on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated with science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning. I am fond of these studies, I own: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning, so as to be of no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my Lords, have never been prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating public solemnities, in refreshing the body and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing these studies? And this application is the more excuseable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession, in which, whatever abilities I possess, they have always been employed when the dangers of my friends called for their assistance. If they should appear to any to be but small, there are still other advantages of a much higher nature, and I am very sensible whence I derive them. For had I not been convinced from my youth, by much instruction and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life, but glory and virtue; and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised, never should I have exposed myself to so many and so great conflicts, for your preservation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the most worthless

worthless of men. But on this head books are full, the voice of the wise is full, antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obscurity. How many pictures of the bravest men have the Greek and Latin writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate! These illustrious models I always set before me in the government of the state, and formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues.

But were these great men, it will be asked, who are celebrated in history, distinguished for that kind of learning which you extol so highly? It were difficult, indeed, to prove this of them all; but what I shall answer is, however, very certain. I own, then, that there have been many men of excellent dispositions, and distinguished virtue, who, without learning, and by the almost divine force of nature herself, have been wise and moderate; nay, farther, that nature without learning is of greater efficacy towards the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without nature: but then I affirm, that when to an excellent natural disposition, the embellishments of learning are added, there results from this union something great and extraordinary. Such was that divine man Africanus, whom our fathers saw; such were C. Lælius, and L. Furius, persons of the greatest temperance and moderation; such was old Cato, a man of great bravery, and, for the times, of great learning; who, surely, would never have applied to the study of learning, had they thought it of no service towards the acquisition and improvement of virtue. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning, without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength in youth, and joy in old age; adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and in our rural retirements, they do not forsake us.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly : we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory ; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they affect to despise them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander, and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family, and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Attius ; and Fulvius, who made war with the *Ætolians* attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city, therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their hands, have revered the shrines of the muses and the name of poets, surely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honouring the one, or protecting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my Lords, I will lay open the very sentiments of my heart before you, and freely confess my passion for glory, which, though too keen perhaps, is, however, virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my consulship, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-citizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem : Upon reading what he has written, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it. For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory : take but this away, my Lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to engage in so many and so great labours ? Surely, if the mind has no thought of futurity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present existence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor harass herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself : But there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which, both day and night, quickens him

him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind, that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affairs of the state, and in so many toils and dangers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trouble, nothing shall remain of us after death? If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures, these representations, not of their minds, but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprises and virtues, drawn and finished by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilst I was engaged in doing whatever I have done, that I was spreading my actions over the whole earth, and that they would be held in eternal remembrance. But whether I shall lose my consciousness of this at death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, I shall retain it after, at present the thought delights me, and my mind is filled with pleasing hopes. Do not then deprive us, my Lords, of a man, whom modesty, a graceful manner, engaging behaviour, and the affections of his friends, so strongly recommend; the greatness of whose genius may be estimated from this, that he is courted by the most eminent men of Rome; and whose plea is such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the testimony of Lucullus, and the register of Metellus. This being the case, we beg of you, my Lords, since in matters of such importance, not only the intercession of men, but of gods, is necessary, that the man, who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine, for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity, than to complain of your rigour.

19. MR PITT, *on Negotiation with FRANCE.*

SIR,— **I**T is a melancholy spectacle indeed, to see in any country, and on the ruin of any pretence of liberty, however nominal, shallow, or delusive, a system of tyranny erected, the most galling, the most horrible, the most undisguised, in all its parts and attributes, that has stained the page of history, or disgraced the annals of the world; but it would be much more unfortunate, if, when we see that the same cause carries desolation through France, which extends disquiet and fermentation through Europe; it would be worse, indeed, if we attributed to the nation of France that which is to be attributed only to the unwarranted and usurped authority which involves them in misery, and would, if unresisted, involve Europe with them in one common ruin and destruction. Do we state this to be animosity on the part of the people of France? Do we state this in order to raise up an implacable spirit of animosity against that country? Where is one word to that effect in the declaration to which the Honourable Gentleman has alluded? He complains much of this declaration, because it tends to perpetuate animosity between two nations, which one day or other must be at peace—God grant that day may be soon! but what does that declaration express upon the subject? Does it express that because the present existing government of France has acted as it has acted, we forego the wish or renounce the hope that some new situation may lead to happier consequences? On the contrary, his Majesty's language is distinctly this: "While this determination continues to prevail on the part of his enemies, his Majesty's earnest wishes and endeavours to restore peace to his subjects must be fruitless, but his sentiments remain unaltered; he looks with anxious expectation to the moment when the government of France may shew a temper and spirit in any degree corresponding with his own." I wish to know whether words can be found in the English language, which more expressly state the contrary sentiment to that which the Hon. Baronet imputes; they not only disclaim animosity against the people of France

France, in consequence of the conduct of its rulers; but do not go the length of declaring, that after all this provocation, even with the present rulers, all treaty is impracticable. Whether it is probable, that acting on the principles upon which they have acquired their power, and while that power continues, they will listen to any system of moderation or justice at home or abroad, it is now necessary to discuss; but for one, I desire to express my cordial concurrence in the sentiment, so pointedly expressed in that passage of the declaration in which his Majesty, notwithstanding all the provocation he has received, and even after the recent successes, which, by the blessing of Providence, have attended his arms, declares his readiness to adhere to the same moderate terms and principles which he proposed at the time of our greatest difficulties, and to conclude peace on that ground, if it can now be obtained, even with this very government.

I am sensible, that while I am endeavouring to vindicate his Majesty's servants against the charges of the Honourable Baronet, which are sufficiently, however, refuted by the early part of his own speech, I am incurring, in some degree, the censure of the Noble Lord to whom I before alluded. According to his principles and opinions, and of some few others in this country, it is matter of charge against us, that we even harbour in our minds at this moment, a wish to conclude peace upon the terms which we think admissible with the present rulers of France. I am not one of those who can or will join in that sentiment. I have no difficulty in repeating what I stated before, that in their present spirit, after what they have said, and still more after what they have done, I can entertain little hope of so desirable an event. I have no hesitation in avowing, for it would be idleness and hypocrisy to conceal it, that for the sake of mankind in general, and to gratify those sentiments which can never be eradicated from the human heart, I should see with pleasure and satisfaction the termination of a government, whose conduct, and whose origin is such as we have seen that of the government of France;

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but that is not the object—that ought not to be the principle of war,—whatever wish I may entertain in my own heart, and whatever opinion I may think it fair or manly to avow, I have no difficulty in stating, that violent and odious as is the character of that government, I verily believe, in the present state of Europe, that if we are not wanting to ourselves; if, by the blessing of Providence, our perseverance and our resources should enable us to make peace with France, upon terms in which we taint not our character, in which we do not abandon the sources of our wealth, the means of our strength, the defence of what we already possess; if we maintain our equal pretensions, and assert that rank which we are entitled to hold among nations; the moment peace can be obtained on such terms, be the form of government in France what it may, peace is desirable, peace is then anxiously to be sought; but unless it is attained on such terms, there is no extremity of war, there is no extremity of honourable contest, that is not preferable to the name and pretence of peace; which must in reality be a disgraceful capitulation, a base, an abject surrender of every thing that constitutes the pride, the safety, and happiness of England.

20. MR PITT, *on the TERMS OF PEACE.*

SIR,—**W**HAT was it we offered to renounce to France? In one word, all that we had taken from them. What did this consist of? The valuable, and almost, under all circumstances, the impregnable island of Martinique, various other West-India possessions, Saint Lucia, Tobago, the French part of Saint Domingo, the settlements of Pondicherry and Chandernagore; all the French factories and means of trade in the East-Indies; and the islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon; and for what were these renunciations to be made? For peace, and for peace only. And to whom? To a nation which had obtained from his Majesty's dominions in Europe nothing in the course of the war: which had never met our fleets, but to add to the cata-

logue

logue of our victories, and to swell the melancholy lists of their own captures and defeats; to a power which had never separately met the arms of this country by land, but to carry the glory and prowess of the British name to a higher pitch; and to a country whose commerce is unheard of, whose navy is annihilated, whose distress, confessed by themselves, (however it may be attempted to be dissembled by their panegyrists in this or any other country), is acknowledged by the sighs and groans of the people of France, and proved by the expositions and remonstrances occasioned by the violent measures of its Executive Government. Such was the situation in which we stood—such the situation of the enemy when we offered to make these important concessions, as the price of peace. What was the situation of the allies of France? From Spain, who, from the moment she had deserted our cause, and enlisted on the part of the enemy, only added to the number of our conquests, and to her own indelible disgrace, we made claim of one island, the island of Trinidad; a claim not resting on the mere naked title of possession, to counterbalance the general European aggrandizement of France, but as the price of something that we had to give, by making good the title to the Spanish part of Saint Domingo, which Spain had ceded without right, and which cession could not be made without our guarantee. To Holland, having in our hands the whole means of their commerce, the whole source of their wealth, we offered to return almost all that was valuable and lucrative to them, in the mere consideration of commerce; we desired in return to keep what to them, in a pecuniary view, would be only a burden, in a political view, worse than useless, because they had not the means to keep it; what, had we granted it, would have been a sacrifice, not to them, but to France; what would in future have enabled her to carry on her plan of subjugation against the Eastern possessions of Holland itself, as well as against those of Great Britain. All that we asked was, not indemnification for what we had suffered, but the means of preserving our own possessions, and the strength of our naval empire;

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we did this at a time when our enemy was feeling the pressure of war : and who looks at the question of peace without some regard to the relative situation of the country with which you are contending? Look, then, at their trade ; look at their means ; look at the posture of their affairs ; look at what we hold, and at the means we have of defending ourselves, and our enemy of resisting us, and tell me, whether this offer was or was not a proof of sincerity, and a pledge of moderation. Sir, I should be ashamed of arguing it ; I confess, I am apprehensive we may have gone too far in the first proposals we made, rather than shewn any backwardness in the negotiation. But it is unnecessary to argue this point.

The next point which occurred, is of a nature which is difficult to dwell upon without indignation. We were waiting the fulfilment of a promise which had been made repeatedly, of delivering to our ambassador a counter-project ; when they who had desired us to come for the purpose of concluding a definitive treaty, propose that we should subscribe as a *sine qua non preliminary*, that we were ready, in the first instance, to consent to give up all that we have taken, and then to hear what they had further to ask. Is it possible to suppose, that such a thing could be listened to by any country that was not prepared to prostrate itself at the feet of France, and in that abject posture to adore its conqueror, to solicit new insults, to submit to demands still more degrading and ignominious, and to cancel at once the honour of the British name? His Majesty's refusal of this demand was received by the French plenipotentiaries with assurances of a pacific disposition, was transmitted to their government, and was seconded by a continued and repeated repetition of promises, that a counter-project should be presented, pretending that they were under the necessity of sending to their allies an account of what passed ; and that they were endeavouring to prevail on them to accede to proposals for putting an end to the calamities of war—to terminate the calamities of that war into which those allies were forced, in which they were retained by France alone,

alone, and in which they purchased nothing but sacrifices to France and misery to themselves.

If any person can really suppose that this country could have agreed to such a proposition, or that such a negotiation was likely to lead to a good end; all I can say is, that with such a man I will not argue. I leave others to imagine what was likely to be the end of a negotiation, in which it was to have been settled as a preliminary, that you were to give up all that you have gained; and when on the side of your enemy, not a word was said of what he had to propose afterwards. They demand of your ambassador to shew to them, not only his powers, but also his instructions, before they explain a word of theirs; and they tell you too, that you are never to expect to hear what their powers are, until you shall be ready to accede to every thing which the Directory may think fit to require.

HAMLET to the PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of our players do, I would as willingly have heard the town-crier repeat my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful

ful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of whom must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of a Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

REMARKS ON POETRY.

IN all ages and nations, in the rudest and most refined states of society, poetry has proved a fertile source of entertainment. Nor will this assertion seem strange when we consider, that it originates in nature, is the production of genius, and embraces every object, which is either sublime, beautiful, or surprising; which inspires awe, admiration, or melancholy; love, courage, contempt, or hatred. The beauties of nature, and the effects of art; the passions of the heart, and the actions of the life; domestic economy, and public character, the blessings of peace, and the horrors of war; the exertions of the senator, and the achievements of the hero,—have all been celebrated in song, read with solitary rapture, and produced the most pleasing sensations in societies of assembled friends. But the utility of poetry is no less considerable than its entertainment: By cloathing instruction in the garb of pleasure, it allures youth into the paths of learning, improves their taste, and stimulates their industry; it smooths the asperities of abstract study, inspires them with courage to climb the hill of science, and accelerates their progress to the summit of excellence: for having tasted the sweets of the Castalian stream, they will seldom be satisfied without quenching their thirst at the fountain of erudition. The bower of the muses, even in the vigour of manhood, affords a delightful retreat from the bustle of the world, the fatigues of business,

ness, and the abstraction of study: and though it cannot preserve from the gripe of age, or the talons of decrepitude, it tends to tranquillize the mind in the midst of infirmities, and give a pleasing serenity to the evening of life. The precepts of morality, conveyed in this charming vehicle, make a permanent impression on the heart, and powerfully influence the practice. It inflames the fervour of devotion, gives a glorious solemnity to religious institutions, and prepares mankind for the rapturous employments of the celestial state.

As eloquence is indebted to poetry for some of its highest ornaments; students of all descriptions may enrich their writings, and improve their elocution, by committing to memory, and reciting with judgement, select passages of celebrated poems; especially as these are easily recollected, and admit all the variety of utterance and action, which could be used with propriety in prose compositions; and such exercises are the more necessary, that bad habits are more often contracted in the reading of poetry than of prose.

RULES for Reading VERSE.

1. AN equable and harmonious flow of sound is requisite, to distinguish the regularity of poetic numbers, from the unmeasured periods of prose. But great caution must be used, lest, in humouring the smoothness and melody of verse, monotony, sing-song, or cant, should usurp the room of graceful and harmonious reading. Rather read poetry exactly like prose, though this should, in some instances, seem to lessen its beauty, than be guilty of an error much more offensive.

2. As accent and emphasis are subject to the same laws in poetry as in prose, you must never attempt to humour the rhyme, without a judicious attention to the sense: nor must you ever confine yourself to any definite number of notes; for by allowing the greatest force of voice to fall uniformly on certain parts of the line, stanza, or verse, you will often be led unavoidably to accent improper syllables, and cloathe with emphasis the most unmeaning words; which will have a much worse effect

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than any apprehended harshness that could possibly arise from correct reading.

“ With studied improprieties of speech,
Some soar beyond the hackney critic's reach ;
To epithets allot emphatic state,
While principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait ;
In ways excel, first trodden by themselves,
And stand alone in indeclinables ;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line :
In monosyllables their thunders roll,
He, she, we, ye, it, and they, fright the soul.”

3. Familiar, strong, argumentative subjects, naturally enforce the language in which they are clothed, with the falling inflection, which is expressive of activity, force, and precision ; but grand, beautiful, and plaintive subjects, slide naturally into the rising inflection ; which is expressive of awe, admiration, and melancholy. In all other cases the inflections must be governed by the sense.

4. Besides the common pauses which the sense renders requisite, and the cæsural pause, which should be placed near the middle of every line, there are certain subordinate pauses, or demi-cæsuras, which are a copious source of variety and harmony in the reading of verse. One of these precedes, and another follows the cæsural pause. Even when the sense admits of no point, a pause should be made, or the voice suspended, at the end of almost every line in poetry, for a length of time, proportioned to its remote or intimate connection with the line that succeeds.

5. When a word admits of different pronunciations, adopt the one which renders the poetry most smooth and harmonious ; and when a cadence is necessary at a period of rhyming verse, use the falling inflection, with considerable force, at the cæsura of the penultimate line. Thus,

“ One science only,—will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.”

1. *The*

I. *The TRIALS of VIRTUE.*

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd :
 I view'd its ills of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
 An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood,
 The gath'ring storms around me roar,
 And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise ;
 E'en now my steps they lave ;
 And death to my affrighted eyes
 Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

I feel my heart within me die ;
 When sudden to mine ear
 A voice descending from on high,
 Reprov'd my erring fear :
 ' What though the swelling surge thou see
 Impatient to devour ;
 Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
 And thankful own his pow'r.

Know, when he bade the deep appear,
 " Thus far," th' Almighty said,
 " Thus far, nor farther, rage ; and here
 Let thy proud waves be stay'd."
 I heard ; and lo ! at once controul'd,
 The waves, in wild retreat,
 Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
 And murmuring, left my feet.

Then why thus heavy, O my soul !
 Say why, distrustful still,
 Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 O'er scenes of future ill ?

Though griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 Still in thy God confide,
 Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 And curbs the headlong tide.'

Merrick.

2. A THUNDER STORM at MIDNIGHT.

LET coward guilt, with pallid Fear,
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate
 That thunders through the sky.
 Protected by that hand, whose law
 The threat'ning storms obey,
 Intrepid Virtue smiles secure
 As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
 The lightnings lurid glare,
 It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
 That breathes the vernal air.
 Through nature's ever-varying scene,
 By diff'rent ways pursu'd,
 The one eternal end of Heav'n
 Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
 O'er flaming æther glows,
 As when it tunes the linnét's voice,
 Or blushes in the rose.
 By reason taught to scorn those fears
 That vulgar minds molest,
 Let no fantastic terrors break
 My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
 Of Providence defend;
 And delegated angels, round
 Their guardian wings extend!
 When through creation's vast expanse
 The last dread thunders roll,
 Untune the concord of the spheres,
 And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
 Of jarring worlds survey,
 That ushers in the glad serene
 Of everlasting day!

Carten.

3. ODE to SPRING.

STERN winter now, by spring repress'd,
 Forbears the long continued strife;
 And Nature, on her naked breast,
 Delights to catch the gales of life.
 Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
 Soft pleasure, with her laughing train,
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,
 And vegetation plants the plain.
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight;
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
 Here let me through the vales pursue,
 A guide—a father—and a friend,
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
 From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
 Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The generous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

Johnson.

4. On

4. *On the Death of* SIR ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
 As on we toil from day to day,
 By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
 Our social comforts drop away.
 Well try'd through many a varying year,
 See Levett to the grave descend,
 Officious, innocent, sincere,
 Of every friendless name the friend.
 Yet still he fill'd affection's eye,
 Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
 Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
 Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.
 When fainting nature call'd for aid,
 And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
 His vigorous remedy display'd
 The power of art without the show.
 In misery's darkest cavern known,
 His useful care was ever nigh,
 Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
 And lonely want retir'd to die.
 No summons mock'd by chill delay,
 No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
 The modest wants of every day
 The toil of every day supply'd.
 His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
 And sure th' Eternal master found
 The single talent well employ'd.
 The busy day—the peaceful night,
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
 Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.
 Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
 No cold gradations of decay,
 Death broke at once the vital chain,
 And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

Johnson.
 5. *The*

5. *The NATURAL BEAUTY.*

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found,
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
 If her face with pleasure glow,
 If she sigh at others woe,
 If her easy air express
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,
 e lla's eyes, and air, and face,
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.

If on her we see display'd
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
 If her chintz with less expence
 Flows in easy negligence ;
 Still she lights the conscious flame,
 Still her charms appear the same ;
 If she strikes the vocal strings,
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,
 If she sit, or if she move,
 Still we love, and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,
 Which alone can please by chance,
 Beauty, which depends on art,
 Changing with the changing art,
 Which demands the toilet's aid,
 Pendant gems and rich brocade,
 I those charms alone can prize,
 Which from constant nature rise,
 Which nor circumstance, nor dress
 E'er can make, or more or less.

Johnson.

6. *The VANITY of WEALTH.*

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
 With Avarice painful vigils keep ;
 Still unenjoy'd the present store,
 Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
 O ! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
 Which not all India's treasure buys !

To

To purchase heaven has gold the power ?
 Can gold remove the mortal hour ?
 In life can love be bought with gold ?
 Are friendship's pleasures to be sold ?
 No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,
 Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
 Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,
 Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,
 Or learn the Muses' moral lay ;
 In social hours indulge thy soul,
 Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl ;
 To virtuous love resign thy breast,
 And be by blessing beauty—blest.
 Thus taste the feast by nature spread,
 Ere youth and all its joys are fled ;
 Come taste with me the balm of life,
 Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.
 I boast whate'er for man was meant,
 In health, and Stella, and content ;
 And scorn ! Oh ! let that scorn be thine !
 Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.

Johnson.

7. ADVICE to a FRIEND in AFFLICTION.

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,
 Where every morning some new trouble brings,
 But bold inquietudes will break his rest,
 And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.
 Angelic forms, and happy spirits are
 Above the malice of perplexing care :
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high,
 For those who bend beneath mortality.
 If in the body there was but one part
 Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,
 And but one passion could torment the mind,
 That part, that passion, busy Fate would find ;
 But since infirmities in both abound,
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound,
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,
With all the glories of estate and birth,
Had yet some anxious care to make him know,
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.
To be from all things that disquiet free,
Is not consistent with humanity.

Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,
We think the person who enjoys so much,
Nor care can move; and no affliction touch.
Yet would we but some secret method find,
To view the dark recesses of the mind,
We there might see the hidden seeds of strife,
And woes in embryo, rip'ning into life;
How some fierce lust, or boist'rous passion fills
The lab'ring spirit with prolific ills;
Pride, envy, or revenge distract his soul,
And all right reason's god-like pow'rs controul.
But if she must not be allow'd to sway,
Though all without appears serene and gay,
A cank'rous venom on the vital preys,
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp, and visible success,
Sometimes contribute to our happiness;
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,
Is a good conscience, and a soul resign'd:
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,
To try our virtues, or for punishment,
We hear it calmly, though a pond'rous woe,
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.
For in misfortunes this advantage lies,
They make us humble, and they make us wise;
And he that can acquire such virtue, gains
An ample recompence for all his pains.

PART II.

The soft caresses of a prosp'rous fate,
The pious fervours of the soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,
And gloomy vapours round the spirits raise.

Thus

Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing lie,
And find our ruin in security;
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,
And breaks th' enchantment by a timely grief.
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light,
So in the most dejected hours we may
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;
And those requests, the speediest passage find
To heav'n, which flow from an afflicted mind:
And while to him we open our distress,
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.
The finest music of the grove we owe
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;
And while her grief's in charming notes express,
A thorny bramble pricks her tender breast:
In warbling melodies he spends the night,
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event;
But he that made it did that choice repent.
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,
We cannot level our own wishes right:
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,
T' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance;
So that when Providence, for secret ends,
Corroding cares, or sharp affliction sends,
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow;
For he that will his confidence remove
From boundless wisdom, and eternal love,
To place it on himself, or human aid,
Will meet those woes he labours to evade:
But in the keenest agonies of grief,
Content's a cordial that still gives relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes;
And if with humble spirits they complain,
Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

PART III.

PART III.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell
An easy conquest to the pow'rs of hell,
There's none in any stage of life can be
From the insults of bold affliction free.
If a short respite gives us some relief,
And interrupts the series of our grief,
So quick the pangs of misery return,
We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought
By wise philosophy, and serious thought,
Supports the soul beneath the pond'rous weight
Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate:
Then is the time she would exert her power,
And make us practise what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous authors read,
The learned labours of the famous dead,
But to prepare the mind for its defence,
By sage results, and well-digested sense?
That when the storm of misery appears
With all its real or fantastic fears,
We either may the rolling danger fly,
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known
With ease, what should, and what should not be done;
Yet all the labour in the practice lies,
To be in more than words and notion wise.
The sacred truths of sound philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,
Right reason would its haughty rage controul;
But if it mayn't be suffer'd to endure,
The pain is just when we reject the cure.
For many men, close observation finds,
Of copious learning, and exalted minds;
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;
As if they understood not how to be,
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;

And

And by some action, servile, or unjust,
 Lay all their former glories in the dust.
 For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,
 And leaves him naked to his enemies :
 So that when most his prudence should be shown,
 The most imprudent, giddy things are done :
 For when the mind's surrounded with distress,
 Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,
 And render it incapable to make
 Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.
 Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,
 By reason bred, and by religion taught,
 Which, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,
 Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

PART IV.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep,
 What heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep :
 But those events 'tis better not to know,
 Which known serve only to increase our woe.
 Knowledge forbid, ('tis dang'rous to pursue,)
 With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.
 For had our earlier parents been content
 Not to know more than to be innocent,
 Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd
 Their joys entire ; for then they had not swerv'd.
 But they imagin'd, (their desires were such),
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.
 E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise,
 And few are but by sad experience wise.

Consider, friend ! who all your blessings gave,
 What are recall'd again, and what you have ;
 And do not murmur, when you are bereft
 Of little, if you have abundance left.
 Consider too, how many thousands are
 Under the worst of miseries, despair :
 And don't repine at what you now endure,
 Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.
 Once more consider, that the present ill,
 Though it be great, may yet be greater still.

And

And be not anxious ; for to undergo
 One grief is nothing to a num'rous woe.
 But since it is impossible to be
 Human, and not expos'd to misery,
 Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can ;
 You are not more, and be not less, than man !

Afflictions past can no existence find,
 But in the wild ideas of the mind :
 And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,
 Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ?
 Those that have weather'd a tempestuous night,
 And find a calm approaching with the light,
 Will not, unless their reason they disown ;
 Still make those dangers present that are gone.
 What is behind the curtain none can see ;
 It may be joy, suppose it misery.
 'Tis future still, and that, which is not here
 May never come, or we may never bear ;
 Therefore the present ill alone we ought
 To view in reason with a troubled thought ;
 But if we may the sacred pages trust,
 He's always happy that is always just.

8. *To a FRIEND inclined to MARRY.—Pomfret.*

I WOULD not have you, Strephon, chuse a mate
 From too exalted or too mean a state :
 For in both these we may expect to find
 A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
 Who moves within the middle region shares
 The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
 Let her extraction with true lustre shine,
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine.
 Her education liberal, not great,
 Neither inferior, nor above her state.
 Let her have wit, but let that wit be free
 From affectation, pride, and pedantry :
 For the effect of woman's wit is such,
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much.
 But chiefly let her humour close with thine,
 Unless where your's does to a fault incline :

Z

The

The least disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulph'rous blasts, the very buds of joys.
 Her person amiable, strait, and free
 From natural, or chance deformity.
 Let not her years exceed, if equal thine,
 For women past their vigour soon decline ;
 Her fortune competent ; and if thy sight
 Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less ;
 Do not aspire to riches in excess.
 For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
 Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

9. *The CHOICE.—Pomfret.*

IF Heav'n the grateful liberty would give,
 That I might chuse my method how to live,
 I'd all those hours propitious fate should lend,
 In blissful ease and satisfaction spend.

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
 Built uniform ; not little, nor too great :
 Better if on a rising ground it stood,
 On this side fields, on that a neighb'ring wood.
 It should, within, no other things contain,
 But what were usual, necessary, plain :
 Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
 A little garden, grateful to the eye,
 And a cool rivulet should murmur by :
 On whose delicious banks a stately row
 Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow :
 At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
 Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd ;
 Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
 Immortal wit and sol^d learning shines.
 Sharp Juvenal, and am'rous Ovid too,
 Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :
 With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
 Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
 In some of these, as fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my morning exercise :

For

For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more, sometimes t'oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of Poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare:
For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heav'n.
A frugal plenty should my table spread,
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes fed.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pamp'ring food
Creates diseases and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take, and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends:
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischievous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow.

That life might be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great:
I'd chuse two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity,
Well-born, of humours suited to my own;
Discreet, and men, as well as books, have known.
Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour or formality.
Airy, and prudent, merry, but not light:
Quick in discerning, and in judging right.
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just.

Obliging, open, without huffing, brave,
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave.
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide.
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state.
 Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite:
 Not quarrellsome, but stout enough to fight.
 Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar, true,
 As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

Would bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd
 (For who would so much satisfaction lose, [choofe,
 As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
 Near some obliging, modest fair to live;
 For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
 Which in a man's we cannot hope to find.

I'd have her reason all her passions sway;
 Easy in company, in private, gay:
 Coy to a sop, to the deserving free,
 Still constant to herself, and just to me.
 A soul she should have, for great actions fit;
 Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear, but only to be proud or base:
 Quick to advise, by an emergence press'd,
 To give good counsel, or to take the best.
 I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
 She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
 That shews a want of judgement and of sense;
 More than enough is but impertinence.
 Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
 Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind;
 Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride,
 In all the methods of deceit untry'd.
 So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
 No censure might upon her actions fall:
 Then would e'en envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of woman-kind astray.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar,
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er assistance I had pow'r to bring
 T' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
 My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
 Law-suits I'd shun with as much studious care
 As I would dens where hungry lions are;
 And rather put up injuries, than be
 A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
 I value quiet at a price too great,
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
 For what do we by all our bustle gain
 But counterfeit delight for real pain.

If Heav'n a date of many years would give,
 Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live,
 And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
 Some kind relation, (for I'd have no wife),
 Should take upon him all my worldly care,
 While I did for a better state prepare.
 Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
 Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd,
 But by a silent and a peaceful death,
 Without a sigh, resign my aged breath:
 And when committed to the dust, I'd have
 Few tears, but friendly, dropt into my grave.
 Then would my exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and die like me.

10. THE TRAVELLER.—*Goldsmith.*

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanded to the skies:
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend :
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
 Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care !
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.
 Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where a hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man ;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combin'd ;
 Creation's tenant, all the world is mine.

11. PATRIOTISM.—*Goldsmith.*

AS some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the sum of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

Yet, where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims the happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long night of revelry and ease.
 The naked savage, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Nor less the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
 His first, best country, ever is, at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
 And estimate the blessings which they share;
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
 As different good, by Art or Nature given
 To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call;
 With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, splendor, honour, liberty, content:

Yet

Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone ;
 Each to the favourite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

12. *A VIEW of ITALY.—Goldsmith.*

FAR to the right, where Appenine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
 Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
 With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die ;
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
 While sea-borne gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Men seem the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all their manners reign ;
 Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
 Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, nor far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;

At

At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fallen column fought the skies ;
 The canvass glow'd, beyond even nature warm ;
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Soon commerce turn'd on other shores her sail ;
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;
 The sports of children satisfy the child :
 At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
 In passive ease they leave the world to chance.

13. *A VIEW of the SWISS.—Goldsmith.*

MY soul, turn from them ; turn we to survey
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword ;
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
 No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
 Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shade the meaner of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from soft repose,
 Breaks the keen air, and carols as he goes ;

With

With patient angle trouts the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays the cleanly platter on the board:
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

14. *A VIEW of FRANCE.—Goldsmith.*

TO kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 We turn; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please.
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
 And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bright a life these thoughtless realms display ;
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current : paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise :
 They please, are pleas'd ; they give, to get esteem ;
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought :
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trips her robes of frieze with copper lace :
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a-year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

15. *A VIEW of HOLLAND.— Goldsmith.*

TO men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies ;
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride :
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :

• The

The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ;
 But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here :
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves ;
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

16. *A VIEW of BRITAIN.—Goldsmith.*

FIR'D at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring :
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd ;
 Extremes are only in the master's mind :
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
 With daring arms irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on huge designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand ;

Fierce

Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul;
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest'd, indeed, were such without alloy;
But, foster'd ev'n by freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All kindred claims that soften life unknown:
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds; repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore;
Whilst, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As social bonds decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe,
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
That land of scholars and that nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

17. *The ILLS of FREEDOM.—Goldsmith.*

YET think not thus, when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;

For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil;
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each;
 Much on the low; the rest, as rank supplies,
 Should in columnar diminution rise:
 While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.
 O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms:
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
 When I behold a faction band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 'Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopl'd shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And, over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren, solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall;
 Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forc'd

Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

18. YOUTHFUL PLEASURES DEPARTED.—*Goldsmith.*

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid, [swain,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cote, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring-hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made:
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And flights of art, and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village; sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

A a 2

Sweet

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn:
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

19. ALTERED TIMES, *and* DISAPPOINTED HOPES. -- *Goldf.*

ILL fires the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes or lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: Trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwisely wealth, and cumbrous pomp, repose;
 And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;

These

These far departing seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, and hawthorn grew;
Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps I range,
Trace ev'ry scene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from waiting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest'd retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine.
How blest'd is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way.

And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

20. *The VILLAGE PREACHER.—Goldsmith.*

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place:
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain:
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo:
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-sledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,

The

The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul;
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last-fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

21. *The LAND betrayed by LUXURY.—Goldsmith.*

AS some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And, while he sinks without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?

284 DRINKING RESEMBLES PROMETHEUS' VULTURE.

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here richly deck'd admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare:
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure, these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies;
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

22. DRINKING *resembles* PROMETHEUS' VULTURE.—*Darw.*

“**D**RINK deep, sweet youths,” seductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop glittering in her eyes;
Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head,
And the tall thyrsus stays her tottering tread.
Five hapless swains, with soft assuasive smiles,
The harlot meshes in her deathful toils;

“Drink

"Drink deep," she carols, as she waves in air
 The mantling goblet, "and forget your care."
 O'er the dread feast malignant Chemia scowls,
 And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls;
 Fell gout peeps grinning through the flimsy scene,
 And bloated dropsy pants behind unseen;
 Wrap'd in his robe white Lepra hides his stains,
 And silent frenzy writhing bites his chains.
 So when Prometheus, fearless of his ire,
 Stole from the throne of Jove forbidden fire;
 And, lantern'd in his breast, from realms of day,
 Bore the bright treasure to his man of clay;—
 High on cold Caucasus by Vulcan bound,
 The lean, impatient Vulture flutt'ring round,
 His writhing limbs in vain he twists and strains
 To break or loose the adamantine chains:
 The gluttonous bird, regardless of his pangs,
 Tears his swollen liver with remorseless fangs.

23. MONGOLFIER'S AIR-BALLOON.—*Darwin.*

'**B**REATHE soft, ye zephyrs," fair *Carlina* cries,
 "Bear on broad wings your votress to the skies!"
 Plume over plume, in long divergent lines,
 On whale-bone ribs the fair mechanic joins;
 Inlays with eider down the silken strings,
 And weaves in wide expanse Dædalean wings;
 Round her bold sons the waving pennons binds,
 And walks with angel-step upon the winds.—
 So, on the shoreless air th' intrepid Gaul
 Launch'd the vast concave of his buoyant ball.
 Journeying on high, the silken castle glides,
 Bright as a meteor, through the azure tides;
 O'er towns and towers and temples wins its way,
 Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vaults of day.
 Silent, with upturn'd eyes, unbreathing crowds
 Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds;
 And flush'd with transport or benumb'd with fear,
 Watch, as it rises, the diminish'd sphere.
 Now less and less!—and now a speck is seen!
 And now the fleeting rack obtrudes between!—

With

286 MOSES BREAKING THE BANDS OF SLAVERY.

With bended knees, rais'd arms, and suppliant brow,
To every shrine with mingled cries they vow.—

“Save him, ye saints, who o'er the good preside;

“Bear him, ye winds! ye stars benignant guide.”

—The calm philosopher in ether fails,

Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales!

Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,

Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine;

Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,

And hears innocuous thunders roar below.

24. MOSES *breaking the bands of* SLAVERY.—*Darwin.*

WHEN the sad mother, at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
She wrap'd her babe beneath the folded vest,
And clasp'd the treasure to her throbbing breast,
With soothing whispers hush'd its feeble cry,
Press'd the soft kiss, and breath'd the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappall'd the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in Lotus-leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the red-crown'd brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
—Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of Heav'n, the prophet trod;
Wrench'd the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, curs'd slavery! thy iron bands.

Hark, heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves, and rent the sky!—
Een now, e'en now, on yonder Western shores,
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars:
E'en now, in Afric's groves with hideous yell
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!—
—*Ye bands of senators!* whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;

Who

Who right the injur'd and reward the brave,
 Stretch your strong arm, for ye have pow'r to save!
 The close recesses of the heart within,
 Stern *conscience* sits, the arbiter of sin;
 With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
 Lights his dark mind, his lifted hand disarms;
 But wrap'd in night with terrors all his own,
 He speaks in thunder, when the deed is done.
 Hear him, ye Senates! hear this truth sublime,
 "He who allows oppression, shares the crime."

25. *The NIGHT-MARE.—Darwin.*

ON his dark night-mare through the evening fog,
 Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog;
 Seeks some love-wilder'd maid with sleep oppress'd,
 Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.
 —Such as of late amid the murky sky
 Was mark'd by Fuseli's poetic eye;
 Whose daring tints, with Shakespear's happiest grace,
 Gave to the airy phantom form and place.—
 Back o'er her pillow sinks her blushing head,
 Her snow-white limbs hang helpless from the bed;
 While with quick sighs, and suffocative breath,
 Her interrupted heart-pulse swims in death.
 --Then shrieks, and captur'd towns, and widow's tears,
 Pale lovers stretch'd upon their blood-stain'd biers,
 The headlong precipice that thwarts her flight,
 The trackless desert, the cold starless night,
 And stern-ey'd murd'rer with his knife behind,
 In dread succession agonize her mind.
 O'er her fair limbs convulsive tremors fleet,
 Start in her hands, and struggle in her feet;
 In vain to scream with quivering lips she tries,
 And strains in palsied lids her tremulous eyes;
 In vain she wills to walk, swim, run, fly, leap;
 The will presides not in the hour of sleep.
 —On her fair bosom sits the Demon-Ape
 Erect, and balances his bloated shape;
 Rolls in their marble orbs his gorgon eyes,
 And drinks with leathern ears her tender cries.

26. LIBERTY.—*Darwin.*

LED by the phosphor light, with daring tread,
 Immortal Franklin sought the fiery bed,
 Where, nurs'd in night, incumbent tempest shrouds
 The seeds of thunder in circumfluent clouds ;
 Besieg'd with iron points his airy cell,
 And pierc'd the monster, slumbering in the shell.

So, borne on sounding pinions to the west,
 When tyrant power had built his eagle nest,
 While from his eyry shriek'd the famish'd brood,
 Clench'd their sharp claws, and champ'd their beaks
 Immortal Franklin watch'd the callow crew, [for blood,
 And stabb'd the struggling vampires ere they flew.
 The patriot flame with quick contagion ran,
 Hill lighted hill, and man electriz'd man :
 Her heroes slain a while Columbia mourn'd,
 And, crown'd with laurels, Liberty return'd.

The warrior Liberty, with bending sails,
 Helm'd his bold course to fair Hibernia's vales.
 Firm as he steps along, with shouting lands,
 Lo ! Truth and Virtue range their radiant bands ;
 Sad superstition wails her empire torn,
 Art plies his oar, and commerce pours her horn.

Long had the giant form on Gallia's plains,
 Inglorious slept, unconscious of his chains ;
 Round his large limbs were wound a thousand strings
 By the weak hands of confessors and kings ;
 O'er his clos'd eyes a triple veil was bound,
 And steelly rivets lock'd him to the ground ;
 While stern Bastille with iron cage inthralls
 His folded limbs, and hems in marble walls.

Touch'd by the patriot flame, he rent, amaz'd,
 The flimsy bonds, and round, and round him gaz'd ;
 Starts up from earth above th' admiring throng,
 Lifts his colossal form, and towers along :
 High o'er his foes his hundred arms he rears,
 Plough-shares his swords, and pruning hooks his spears ;
 Calls to the good and brave, with voice that rolls
 Like Heav'n's own thunder, round the echoing poles ;

Gives

Gives to the winds his banner broad unfurl'd,
And gathers in its shade the living world.

27. PHILANTHROPY of HOWARD.—*Darwin.*

—AND now, Philanthropy, thy rays divine
Dart round the globe, from Zembla to the line;
O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like Northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
—From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found,
O'er burning sands, deep waves, and wilds of snow,
Thy HOWARD, journeying, seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step, to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank,
To cells, bestrew'd with many a mould'ring bone,
To caves, whose echoes only learn to groan,
Where no kind bars a whisp'ring friend disclose,
No sun-beam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, inemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health:
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads stern-ey'd justice to the dark domain,
If not to sever, to relax the chain,
Or guides awakened mercy through the gloom,
And shews the prison, sister to the tomb:
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her lost husband, liberty and life.—
—The spirits of the just who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first, array'd in virtue's purest robe,
They saw her HOWARD traversing the globe,
Saw round his head her sun-like glory blaze,
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays,
Mistook a mortal for an angel-guest,
And ask'd what seraph-foot the earth imprest.
—Onward he moves, disease and death retire,
And murmur'ing demons hate him, and admire!

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28. IN-

28. INDISCRETION LAMENTED.—*Epist. from Lady G.*

RAve, ye fierce winds, ye angry surges roar,
 Climb the rude cliffs that circle Kilda's shore.
 The tempest rolls along the troubled heaths,
 The light'ning glares, and yet Matilda breathes.
 Blasting the groves, the flame-wing'd torrents speed,
 Yet glide innocuous o'er this guilty head.
 Strike, strike this tortur'd heart, this den of care,
 And bear me from the world, and from despair.
 O that the hour which heard my fire's behest,
 Had bath'd his bloody poniard in my breast :
 Then had the trav'ller mark'd the grassy wave,
 As the soft breeze sung o'er my humble grave :
 The sacred spot had heard the lovers vows,
 Whisper'd with guiltless heart at ev'ning's close.

The simple maid, whose mind devoid of guile,
 Ne'er pass'd the limits of her sea-girt isle,
 In ev'ry trouble finds a sure relief,
 For mild religion soothes her rising grief.
 Does cold disease slow waste her fading bloom ?
 Hope cheers her soul, and points beyond the tomb.
 When light'nings flash, on vengeful pinions driven,
 She chaunts her ev'ning pray'r, and trusts in Heav'n.
 —But me, nor Heav'n, nor smiling hope can cheer,
 Wrapt in dark mists my future paths appear.
 Bright to my view the scenes of childhood rise,
 But gnawing conscience blasts their brilliant dyes :
 Though rob'd in bliss these halcyon pleasures spring,
 Each pleasure bears a curse, each joy a sting ;
 One boon from Heav'n Matilda still may crave,
 One melancholy boon—an early grave.

29. FORTUNE and FOLLY.—*Anon.*

THERE are, what shall I call them, two great pow'rs,
 Who turn and overturn this world of ours,
Fortune and Folly,—though not quite the same
 In property, they play each other's game ;

Oh !

Fortune makes poor men rich, then turns them o'er
 To folly, who soon strips them of their store.
 Oh! 'twas a mighty, neat, and lucky hit,
 When Pat O'Leary snapt a wealthy Cit.
 For why? his wants were big, his means were small,
 His wisdom less, and so he spent his all:
 When fortune turn'd about and tilted Pat,
 Was fool, or fortune in the fault of that?
 Sir Martin Madcap held the lucky dice,
 He threw, and won five thousand in a trice:
 Keep it! cry'd caution;—no, he threw again,
 Kick'd down the five, and cut with—*minus* ten!
 —Giles Jumble and his dame, a loving pair!
 No brains had either, and of course no care,
 Till (wo the day!) when fortune, in her spite,
 Made Giles high Sheriff, and then dubb'd him Knight:
 Up they both go; my Lady leads the dance,
 Sir Giles cuts capers on the wheel of chance;
 Heads down, heels over, whistl'd and whisk'd about,
 No wonder if their shallow wits ran out;
 Gigg'd by their neighbours, gull'd of all their cash,
 Down comes Sir Giles, and, lo! with thund'ring crash.
 Who says that Fortune's blind? She has more sight
 Than most of those on whom her favours light;
 For why does she enrich the weak and vain,
 But that her ventures may come home again?
 Pass'd through like quicksilver, they lose nor weight,
 Nor value, in their loco-motive state;
 No stop, no stay, so fast her clients follow,
 Ere one mouth shuts, another gapes to swallow.

Sir Eustace had a fair and lovely wife,
 Form'd to adorn and bless the nuptial life,
 Fortune's best gift, in her best giving mood,
 Sir Eustace made that bad, which Heav'n made good;
 Basely allur'd her into folly's course,
 Then curs'd his fate, and sued out a divorce.
 Unjustly we at injur'd fortune rail,
 We make the *miseria* which we bewail.

30. *The CONVICT.—Anon.*

THE sun was dilating his orb in the west,
 And the full season's mellowing charm,
 Diffus'd through all nature, was felt in the breast,
 And the breast became kindly and warm.
 And must I then part from these objects so fair?
 In the pain of my spirit I said;
 But subduing the thought, I made haste to repair
 To the cell where the convict is laid.

The thick ribbed walls that o'ershadowed the gate
 Resound, and the dungeons unfold;
 I pause; and at last through the glimmering grate,
 The outcast of pity behold;
 His black-matted head on his bosom is bent,
 And deep is the sigh of his breath,
 And with steadfast dejection his eye is intent
 On the fetters that link him to death.

'Tis sorrow enough on that *visage* to gaze,
 That body dismiss'd from his care;
 But my fancy has pierc'd to his *heart*, and pourtrays
 More terrible images there.
 His bones are consum'd, and his life's blood is dried,
 In wishes the past to undo; [descried,
 And his crime, through the pains that o'erwhelm him
 Still blackens and grows in his view.

When from the dark council or blood-reeking field,
 To his chamber the monarch is led,
 All soothers of sense their soft virtue shall yield,
 And attention shall pillow his head.
 If the less guilty convict a moment would dose,
 And oblivion his tortures appease,
 On the iron that galls him his limbs must repose,
 In the damp-dripping vault of disease.

When full fain he would sleep, and has patiently try'd
 No longer his body to turn,
 And the iron that enters so deep in his side,
 Has enter'd too deep to be borne;

While

While the jail-mastiff howls at the dull-clanking chain,
 From the roots of his hair there shall start
 A thousand sharp punctures of cold-sweating pain,
 And terror shall leap at his heart.

But now he half-raises his deep-sunken eye,
 And the motion unsettles a tear—

It seems the low voice of despair to supply,
 And asks of me—Why I am here?

Poor victim! no idle intruder has stood

With o'erweening complacence our states to compare;
 But one whose first wish, is the wish to do good,
 Is come as a brother thy sorrows to share.

At thy name, though compassion her nature resign,
 Though in virtue's proud mouth thy report be a stain,
 My care—if the arm of the mighty were mine, [again.

Would plant thee where yet thou might'st blossom
 Vain wish! yet misdeem not that vainly of grieve,

When vengeance has quitted her grasp on thy frame,
 My pity thy children and wife shall relieve [thame.

From the dangers that wait round the dwellings of:

31. ELEGY to an OLD BEAUTY.—*Parnell*.

IN vain, poor nymph, to please our youthful sight,

You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night,

Your face with patches soil, with paint repair,

Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair:

If truth, in spite of manners, must be told,

Why really fifty-five is something old.

Once you were young; or one, whose life's so long:

She might have been my mother, tells me wrong,

And once, since envy's dead before you die,

The women own, you play'd a sparkling eye,

Taught the light foot a modish little trip,

And pouted with the prettiest purple lip——

To some new charmer are the roses fled,

Which blew, to damask all thy cheek with red;

Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,

And airs by thousands fill their easy train.

So parting summer bids her flow'ry prime

Attend the sun to dress some foreign clime,

While with'ring seasons in succession, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.

But thou, since nature bids, the world resign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to shine.
With more address, or such as pleases more,
She runs her female exercises o'er,
Unfurls or closes, raps or turns the fan,
And smiles, or blushes at the creature Man.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Hau't less the plays, and more the public pray'rs,

32. *A NIGHT-PIECE on DEATH.—Parnell.*

HOW deep yon azure dies the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangle snow
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possess,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;

Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha ! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades !
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crouds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin ;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din),
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones :

“ When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I !
They view me like the last of things ;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools ! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God :
A port of calms, a state of ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.”

33. A PORTRAIT to YOUNG WOMEN.—*Fordyce.*

SEE Seraphina shine with mental rays,
Beyond the bloom of beauty's richest blaze.
See her to gaudy ornament a foe,
To modish flutter, and unmeaning show.
See her engage alike the old and young,
Alike inspire the male and female tongue,
With undivided and unenvied praise :
Such willing tribute modest worth can raise !
For modest worth is hers ; and native grace
Sits smiling like an infant in her face.

Glad would I tell the various powers that join
To gain our love, and make it half-divine.
Glad would I count those better beauties o'er,
She drew from nature's, and from virtue's store ;

Those

Those soul-illumin'd eyes, that speak the breast
 With purest thoughts, and sweetest joys possess'd ;
 That air of elegance, that easy gait ;
 That dance of fancy, yet that mien sedate ;
 Those kind emotions, and that gen'rous flow
 Of tears soft melting for another's woe ;
 How much unlike the selfish, senseless throng,
 To think too giddy, and to feel too strong !
 In her behold the Genius of design,
 To form the group, and guide the waving line.
 Her's is a pen that charms each favour'd friend ;
 A pencil skill'd each finer tint to blend ;
 A voice that vibrates to the warbling wire,
 With tones which might transport th' Angelic choir ;
 But chief, what steals resistless ev'ry heart,
 A child-like innocence devoid of art !
 These rare attractions, lovely maid, are thine :
 To know, admire, and honour them, is mine.

34. LIBERALITY of MIND AND MANNERS.—*Fordyce.*

THESK useful lessons few aspire to learn !
 More lib'ral minds alone their worth discern ;
 More lib'ral minds, that in the world's wide school
 Have sought the wise, and studied e'en the fool ;
 More lib'ral minds, that men of ev'ry sect,
 If good, if knowing, cherish and respect ;
 With ignorance avoid each grave debate ;
 Bear with the weak, the worthless only hate ;
 Of human life survey the various shades ;
 Observe that imperfection all pervades ;
 Deem those the wisest, who correct their thoughts,
 And those the best, who have the fewest faults.

So travellers enlighten'd learn from all,
 Preserve their temper, whatsoe'er befall ;
 With open face, and flowing manners, greet
 In ev'ry nation whomsoe'er they meet.
 Things new or curious, in ev'ry land,
 Men high in fame, works beautiful or grand,
 They view with pleasure, and with warmth applaud :
 They only fly from injury and fraud.

Rude-

Rudeness they ne'er provoke; they practise none:
 Insult and rage pertain to pride alone.
 Of all things most provoking, pride the worst;
 By him that flatters it, in secret curst!
 They scorn no country, while their own they love:
 At home, abroad, their candour still they prove;
 Themselves delighted, aim to give delight;
 And hold, that kindness every where is right.

35. DIREFUL EFFECTS of VICE.—*Fordyce.*

SEE you that wretched man, grown old in vice?
 Hark, how he curses his own vaunted joys!
 Sickness and pain consume his wither'd age:
 His sullen bosom swells with grief and rage,
 To feel that health and all its hopes are o'er.
 Near, and more near he sees the fatal shore;
 With ghastly look observes th' abyss below,
 And, shudd'ring, back recoils from instant woe.
 Ah! say, is this a seasonable hour,
 To make thy peace with that offended Power,
 Too long offended! whose paternal grace,
 And nameless mercies, left on thee no trace,
 In happier days thy homage to secure,
 To wake thy gratitude, thy heart allure?
 'Tis now too late!—The all-commanding voice
 Calls him away: he groans, he gasps, he dies!
 In night eternal, where the hopeless moan,
 The loss of time will cause the heaviest groan.

From first declensions to the path of vice,
 Be warn'd: for there your greatest danger lies.
 That downward path would draw you deeper still,
 To crimes that now your hearts with horror chill.
 The modesty of nature once o'erpass,
 Where shall encroaching passions stop at last?
 "Am I a dog, this" brutish "thing to do?"
 Cried he of old. Full well the Prophet knew,
 The lurking mischief mark'd in Hazael's face,
 And there his future cruelties could trace.
 Where is the bosom tends to nothing wrong?
 Your bias to correct, be wise, be strong.

If sinful pleasure tempt you with her smile,
Beware ! she only tempts you to beguile,
To pierce your bosom with unceasing pains,
When nought but stings of conscious guilt remains.

36. AVARICE, RESENTMENT, and COMPANY.—*Fordyce.*

IF sordid avarice your mind possess,
You gain the more, but you enjoy the less :
You sink in value, as you swell in heaps.
The gen'rous heart far other harvest reaps.
The gen'rous heart, a character how rare !
A character that nature must confer !
From sense of duty, charity bestows :
From instinct warm, the gen'rous heart still glows.
Ungovern'd wrath, and fell resentment fly :
They rend the soul, as tempests rend the sky.
Shun peevish humours : they corrode the breast,
And cloud the brow ; are childish at the best.
Learn to controul your tongue, that restless thing !
Of mischief oft, and shame the fatal spring.

See you that pesthouse ? Stop not ; fly away :
Fly evil company : O, do not stay !
How mutable, alas ! is human kind,
That purest thoughts imprinted on the mind,
And wisest counsels of parental love,
With plans sublime, inspir'd as from above,
And highest hopes built up through anxious years,
Cemented too with friendship's fondest tears,
An artful villain may at once destroy,
A common strumpet, or a worthless boy !
Boast not that you are firm, that you are brave :
In virtue's warfare, flight must often save.

Nor be too intimate with meaner men :
Your name, your mind, your manners they would
Unless where bounteous Nature has bestow'd [stain ;
Peculiar gifts, to raise them from the crowd.
With men of worth and breeding oft confer ;
Of worth and breeding you will gain a share,
Improve in wisdom and secure respect,
While fools and clowns inherit just neglect.

37. *HONOUR and AMBITION.—Cowper.*

LET laurels, drench'd in pure Parnassian dews,
 Reward his mem'ry, dear to ev'ry muse,
 Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
 In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
 Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
 And will prevail or perish in her cause.
 'Tis to the virtues of such men, man owes
 His portion in the good that Heav'n bestows.
 And, when recording history displays
 Feats of renown, though wrought in ancient days;
 Tells of a few stout hearts that fought and died
 Where duty plac'd them, at their country's side;
 The man that is not mov'd with what he reads,
 That takes not fire at their heroic deeds,
 Unworthy of the blessings of the brave,
 Is base in kind, and born to be a slave.

But let eternal infamy pursue
 The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
 Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
 The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
 Think yourself station'd on a tow'ring rock,
 To see a people scatter'd like a flock,
 Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
 With all the savage thirst a tyger feels;
 Then view him, self-proclaim'd in a gazette
 Chief monster that has plagu'd the nations yet:
 The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
 Those ensigns of dominion, how disgrac'd!
 The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
 And death's own scythe, would better speak his pow'r;
 Then grace the bony phantom in their stead
 With the king's shoulder-knot and gay cockade;
 Clothe the twin brethren in each other's dress,
 The same their occupation and success.

38. *BLESSINGS of FREEDOM.—Cowper.*

FAIR Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
 That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.

The

The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
 The growth that nature meant she should attain;
 The varied fields of science, ever new,
 Op'ning and wider op'ning on her view,
 She ventures onward with a prosp'rous force,
 While no base fear impedes her in her course:
 Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most reveal'd before the freeman's eyes;
 No shades of superstition blot the day,
 Liberty chases all that gloom away;
 The soul emancipated, unoppress'd,
 Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
 Learns much; and, to a thousand list'ning minds,
 Communicates with joy the good she finds:
 Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And freedom claims him for her first-born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
 The chain that binds them, and the tyrant's sway;
 But they that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:—
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing—freedom is a pledge of all.
 Oh liberty! the pris'ner's pleasing dream,
 The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
 Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
 Lost, without thee, th' ennobling pow'rs of verse;
 Heroic song from thy free touch acquires
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires;
 Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
 And I will sing, if liberty be there;
 And I will sing, at liberty's dear feet,
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

39. *VICE involves in MISERY.—Cowper.*

WHEN once a country (one that I could name)
 In prostitution sinks the sense of shame;

When

When infamous venality, grown bold,
 Writes on her bosom, *To be let or sold*;
 When perjury, that Heav'n-defying vice,
 Sells oaths by tale, and at the lowest price,
 Stamps God's own name upon a lie just made,
 To turn a penny in the way of trade;
 When av'rice starves (and never hides his face)
 Two or three millions of the human race,
 And not a tongue inquires how, where, or when,
 Though conscience will have twinges now and then;
 When profanation of the sacred cause
 In all its parts, times, ministry, and laws,
 Bespeaks a land, once Christian, fall'n and lost,
 In all that wars against that title most;
 What follows next, let cities of great name,
 And regions long since desolate, proclaim.
 Nineveh, Babylon, and ancient Rome,
 Speak to the present times, and times to come;
 They cry aloud in ev'ry careless ear,
 Stop, while ye may; suspend your mad career;
 O learn from our example and our fate,
 Learn wisdom and repentance ere too late.
 For Providence himself will intervene
 To throw his dark displeasure o'er the scene.
 All are his instruments; each form of war,
 What burns at home, or threatens from afar,
 Nature in arms, her elements at strife,
 The storms that overset the joys of life,
 Are but his rods to scourge a guilty land,
 And waste it at the bidding of his hand.
 He gives the word, and mutiny soon roars
 In all her gates, and shakes her distant shores;
 The standards of all nations are unfurl'd;
 She has one foe, and that one foe the world.
 And, if he doom that people with a frown,
 And mark them with a seal of wrath press'd down,
 Obduracy takes place; callous and tough,
 The reprobated race grows judgement-proof:
 Earth shakes beneath them and heav'n roars above;
 But nothing scares them from the course they love:

To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
 That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
 With mad rapidity and unconcern,
 Down to the gulf from which is no return.
 They trust in navies, and their navies fail—
 God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail;
 They trust in armies, and their courage flies;
 In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;
 But all they trust in withers, as 't must,
 When He commands, in whom they place no trust:
 Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast
 A long despis'd, but now victorious, host.

40. *The BARD.—Cowper.*

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
 Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
 If human woes her soft attention claim,
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame,
 She pours a sensibility divine
 Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
 But, if a deed not tamely to be borne
 Fire indignation, and a sense of scorn,
 The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
 The storm of music shakes th'astonish'd crowd.
 So, when remote faturity is brought
 Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
 A terrible sagacity informs
 The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms;
 He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs;
 And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
 Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
 Of prophet and of poet was the same;
 Hence British poets, too, the priesthood shar'd,
 And ev'ry hallow'd druid was a bard.

41. HEROISM.—*Cowper.*

THERE was a time when *Ætna's* silent fire
 Slept, unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire ;
 When, conscious of no danger from below,
 She tow'r'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow ;
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
 The blooming groves that girdled her around ;
 Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
 In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
 She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,
 While through the Stygian veil that blots the day,
 In dazzling streaks, the vivid lightnings play.
 But, oh ! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along !
 Havock and devastation in the van,
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man—
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.
 Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence—
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;
 Behold in *Ætna's* emblematic fires
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !
 Fast by the stream that bounds your just domain,
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
 Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their own.
 Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue
 Their only crime, vicinity to you !
 The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road ;

At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.
 Famine, and pestilence, her first-born son,
 Attend to finish what the sword begun ;
 And, echoing praises such as fiends might earn,
 And folly pays, resound at your return ;
 A calm succeeds—but plenty, with her train
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again ;
 And years of pining indigence must show
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Oh ! place me in some heav'n-protected isle,
 Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile ;
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;
 Where pow'r secures what industry has won ;
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
 A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign !

42. ODE to PEACE.—*Cowper.*

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest,
 Return and make thy downy nest
 Once more in this sad heart !
 Nor riches I, nor pow'r, pursue,
 Nor hold forbidden joys in view ;
 We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me,
 From av'rice and ambition free,
 And pleasure's fatal wiles ?
 For whom, alas ! dost thou prepare
 The sweets that I was wont to share,
 The banquet of thy smiles ?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
 The heav'n that thou alone canst make ?
 And wilt thou quit the stream

That

That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly sacrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before ;
And shall I see thee start away,
And, helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell ! we meet no more?

43. HUMAN FRAILTY.—*Cowper.*

WEAK and irresolute is man,
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view ;
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of Heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

44. THE ROSE.—*Cowper.*

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,

The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.
 The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.
 I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
 I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.
 And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part
 Some act by the delicate mind,
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
 - Already to sorrow resign'd.
 This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
 Might have bloom'd with its owner a while,
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
 May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile.

45. INVOCATION of HARMONY.—*Bedingfeld.*

C ELESTIAL harmony descend,
 The wrinkl'd brow of care unbend,
 Thy chearful voice let sorrow hear,
 And cease to drop the pensive tear;
 Bid joy, ecstatic joy impart
 Its pleasing influence to the heart,
 Descend, celestial harmony,
 Joy owes its sweetest charm to thee.

When love the bosom fills, 'tis thine
 His pow'r to heighten and refine,
 Thy thrilling warblings soft and slow,
 Attun'd to melting passions now,
 And bid the soul enraptur'd prove,
 That music is the voice of love;
 Descend, celestial harmony,
 Love owes its sweetest charm to thee.

Enchanting power, 'tis thine to still
 The storms that life's sad circle fill;

The

The burden of our woes to ease,
And make our pleasures doubly please;
Each tender feeling to refine
Through life, enchanting pow'r, 'tis thine;
• Descend, celestial harmony,
Life owes its sweetest charm to thee.

46. DIRGE in CYMBELINE.—*Collins.*

TO fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village-hinds shall bring
Each op'ning sweet of earliest bloom,
And rise all the breathing spring.
No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew:
The red-breast oft at ev'ning hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flow'rs,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling-winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on ev'ry plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.

47. APOSTROPHE to MUSIC.—*Collins.*

O MUSIC, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess, why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?

As in that lov'd Athenian bow'r,
 You learn'd an all-commanding pow'r,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
 Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state!
 Confirm the tales her sons relate!

48. ODE to PEACE—*Collins.*

○ THOU, who bad'st thy turtles bear
 Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
 And sought'st thy native skies:
 When war, by vultures drawn from far,
 To Britain bent his iron car,
 And bade his storms arise!
 Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
 Our youth shall fix some festive day,
 His sullen shrines to burn:
 But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
 What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
 And gain thy bless'd return!
 O peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
 O rise, and leave not one behind
 Of all thy beamy train:
 The British lion, Goddess sweet,
 Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
 And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
 But come to grace thy western isle,
 By warlike honour led!
 And, while around her ports rejoice,
 While all her sons adore thy choice,
 With him for ever wed!

49. ODE to MERCY.—*Collins.*

Strophe.—**O** THOU, who sit'st a smiling bride,
 By valour's arm'd and awful side,
 Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
 Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
 Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
 And hid'st in wreaths of flow'rs his bloodless sword:
 Thou who amidst the deathful field,
 By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
 Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
 Pleading for him—the youth, who sinks to ground:
 See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
 Before thy shrine, my country's genius stands,
 And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a
 [wound!

Antist.—**WHEN** he whom even our joys provoke,
 The fiend of nature join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
 Thy form from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his sable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds,
 Thy tender melting eyes they own;
 O maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower, [narch's throne.
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our mo-

50. ODE to ADVERSITY.—*Gray.*

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,

Whose

Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan,
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy fire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant-mind.
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy ;
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse ; and with them go
 The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe ;
 By vain prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in fable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend ;
 Warm charity, the general friend,
 With justice to herself severe,
 And pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen),
 With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart ;
 The generous spark extinct revive,
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

51. *The AFRICAN.—Anonymous.*

WIDE over the tremulous sea,
 The moon spread her mantle of light,
 And the gale, gently dying away,
 Breath'd soft on the bosom of night.
 On the fore-castle Maratan stood,
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale ;
 His tears fell unseen in the flood,
 And his sighs pass'd unheard on the gale :—
 " Ah wretch ! " in wild anguish he cry'd,
 " From country and liberty torn !
 Ah ! Maratan, would thou had'st died,
 Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.
 Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
 Love and hope made my bosom their home ;
 There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
 Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
 My cries echoed loud through the air ;
 There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
 He was deaf to the voice of despair.
 Accurs'd be the merciless band,
 That his love could from Maratan tear ;
 And blasted this impotent hand,
 That was sever'd from all I held dear.

Flow, ye tears—down my cheeks ever flow ;
 Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart,
 And still may the arrows of woe
 Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

But

But hark ! o'er the silence of night
 My Adila's accents I hear ;
 And mournful, beneath the wan light,
 I see her lov'd image appear.
 How o'er the smooth ocean she glides,
 As the mist that hangs light on the wave,
 And fondly her lover she chides,
 Who lingers so long from his grave.
 " Oh, Maratan ! haste thee," she cries,
 " Here the reign of oppression is o'er ;
 " The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
 " And Adila sorrows no more."
 Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
 Her form seems to fade on my view :
 O ! stay thee—my Adila, stay !—
 She beckons, and I must pursue.
 To-morrow, the white man, in vain,
 Shall proudly account me his slave :
 My shackles I plunge in the main,
 And rush to the realms of the brave !

51. *The Power of INNOCENCE.*

THE blooming damsel, whose defence
 Is adamantine innocence,
 Requires no guardian to attend
 Her steps, for modesty's her friend.
 Though her fair arms are weak to wield
 The glitt'ring spear and massy shield,
 Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd
 She is an Amazon in mind.
 With this artillery she goes
 Not only 'mongst the harmless beaux,
 But e'en unhurt, and undismay'd,
 Views the long sword, and fierce cockade.
 Though all a syren as she talks,
 Though all a goddess as she walks,
 Yet decency each motion guides,
 And wisdom o'er her tongue presides.
 Place her in Russia's snowy plains,
 Where a perpetual winter reigns,

The elements may rave and range,
 Yet her fix'd mind will never change.
 Place her, ambition, in thy towers,
 'Mongst the more dang'rous golden showers,
 E'en there she'd spurn the venal tribe,
 And fold her arms against the bribe.

Leave her defenceless and alone,
 A pris'ner in the torrid zone,
 The sunshine there might vainly vie
 With the bright lustre of her eye.
 But Phœbus self, with all his fire,
 Should ne'er one dubious thought inspire,
 But virtue's path would quick-prefer ;
 " Be wise, ye fair ! and copy her."

53. INSCRIPTION on a GROVE.—*Hamley.*

STRANGER, whoe'er thou art, whose lonely feet
 Approach this peaceful grove at ev'ning hour ;
 Ere yet thy footsteps mark the still retreat,
 Where *truth* and *freedom* fix their holy bow'r ;
 Say, didst thou never, by corruption led,
 To wealth, not worth, thy dastard homage pay ?
 Ne'er basely triumph while thy country bled,
 Or see unmov'd her liberties decay.
 Say, didst thou never titled vice admire,
 More than fall'n virtue strugg'ling with despair ;
 If such thy crimes, unhallow'd slave, retire ;
 Go, where low av'rice calls, and selfish care.
 But if indignant thou canst lift thy hand,
 When thy sad country bleeding calls for aid ;
 And rushing foremost, 'mid the patriot band,
 In virtue's cause canst point thy vengeful blade ;
 If thou canst deem each worthy man thy friend,
 Whate'er his creed, his country, or his state ;
 If mean self int'rest ne'er thy soul could bend,
 To flatter or to fear the vulgar great :
 Here rest a while, from grov'ling cares retir'd ;
 And let such visions swell thy mighty heart,
 As godlike *Hampden* once, and *Sydney* fir'd,
 And hence more virtuous, and more free depart.

54. THE FAIR MORALIST.—*Lady's Preceptor.*

WHILE beauty and pleasure are now in their prime,
 And folly and fashion expect our whole time,
 Ah ! let not these phantoms our wishes engage,
 Let us live so in youth, that we blush not in age.
 Tho' the vain and the gay may attend us a while,
 Yet let not their flatt'ry our prudence beguile,
 Let us covet those charms that will never decay,
 Nor listen to all that deceivers can say :

How the tints of the rose, and the jasmine's perfume
 The eglantine's fragrance, the lilac's fair bloom,
 Tho' fair, and tho' fragrant, unheeded may lie,
 For that neither is sweet when Florella is by.
 I sigh not for beauty, nor languish for wealth,
 But grant me, kind Providence, virtue and health;
 Then richer than kings, and as happy as they,
 My days shall pass sweetly and swiftly away.

When age shall steal on me, and youth is no more,
 And the moralist, Time, shakes his glass at my door;
 What charm in lost beauty or wealth shall I find ?
 My treasure, my wealth, is a sweet peace of mind.
 That peace I'll preserve, then, as free as 'twas given,
 And taste in my bosom, an earnest of heav'n;
 For virtue and wisdom can warm the cold scene,
 And sixty may flourish as gay as sixteen.
 When long I the burden of life shall have borne,
 And death, with his sickle, shall cut the ripe corn,
 Resign'd to my fate, without murmur or sigh,
 I'll bless the kind summons, and lie down, and die.

55. ODE to PITY.—*Lady's Preceptor.*

HAIL lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh !
 When fancy paints the scene of deep distress;
 Whose tears spontaneous chrysalize the eye,
 When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.
 Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
 From flow'ry meads can with that sigh compare;
 Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
 Seem half so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
 Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
 No blood-stain'd traces mark thy guileless way,
 Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.
 Come, lovely pow'r! and range the meads with me,
 To spring the partridge from the guileful foe;
 From strength'ning snares the struggling bird to free,
 And stop the hand prepar'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
 And nature droops beneath the conqu'ring gleam;
 Let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
 Save sinking flies that float along the stream.
 Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
 To me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
 Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share,
 And justly boast the gen'rous, feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
 With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
 To mis'ry's moving cry to yield relief,
 And be the sure resource of drooping age.
 So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
 And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
 Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
 And gild the close of life's eventful day.

56. THE VIOLET.—*Lady's Preceptor.*

SERENE as the morning, the lark leaves its nest,
 And sings a salutè to the dawn;
 The sun with his splendor illumines the east,
 And brightens the dew on the lawn.
 Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way,
 And slumber the prime of their hours;
 Let us, my dear Betsey, the garden survey,
 And make our remarks on the flow'rs.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
 How flaunting the gloss of its vest:
 How proud and how stately it stands on its stalk,
 In beauty's diversity dress'd!

From the rose, the carnation, the pink and the clove,
 What odours delightfully spring !
 The south wafts a richer perfume to the grove,
 As he brushes the leaves with his wing.
 Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
 The violet humbly retreats ;
 In modest concealment, she peeps on the day,
 Yet none can excel her in sweets ;
 So humble, that tho' with unparallel'd grace,
 She might e'en a palace adorn,
 She oft in the hedge hides her innocent face,
 And grows at the foot of the thorn.
 So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refin'd,
 When modesty heightens her charms ;
 When meekness, like thine, adds a gem to her mind,
 Of malice the force it disarms.
 Tho' Venus herself from her throne should descend,
 And the Graces await at her call ;
 To thee the gay world would with preference bend,
 And hail thee the Violet of all.

57. ON AUTUMN.—*Richardson.*

TIME flies, how unperceiv'd, away !
 Ere while the rosy-bosom'd May
 Adorn'd the woods and plains :
 Now May's enliv'ning smiles are fled,
 And see, in yellow robes array'd,
 The jolly Autumn reigns.
 And soon will Autumn disappear,
 Stern Winter desolate the year,
 And storms invade the skies :
 So man, the pageant of an hour,
 Shines for a time in pomp and power,
 And then unheard of dies.
 Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal state,
 Nor the vain glory of the great,
 Nor gold, nor glitt'ring gems,

Can purchase life ; nor even a mind
 Warm with the love of all mankind
 The parting breath redeems.
 Yet for the few in virtue's cause,
 Who spite of custom's tyrant-laws,
 Contemn low-minded care,
 A radiant wreath of power to save
 Beyond oblivion and the grave
 Celestial hands prepare.

58. THE PAINTER.—*Richardson.*

WHEN Cæa's son aspir'd to fame,
 Aspir'd to paint the Paphian dame,
 Despairing even in Greece to find
 In one the numerous charms combin'd
 Of mien, and shape, and hue, and air,
 That constitute the peerless fair,
 And being bound, in love and duty,
 To paint a paragon of beauty,
 He travelled far, and gathered graces,
 In various lands, from various faces.
 The maidens, emulous of fame,
 Crowded where'er the painter came :
 One gave the soft seducing eye,
 And one the morn's vermilion dye,
 Another gave her flowing hair,
 And some seem'd conscious of their air,
 Or bade the snowy bosom heave,
 Or symmetry, or sweetness gave.
 In Britain's isle, in modern times,
 Believe me, though I deal in rhymes,
 Instead of wandering far and near
 For bloom and features, shape and air,
 Charm'd in one heav'nly form to find
 Beauty's subduing pow'rs combin'd,
 The artist would have sav'd his toil,
 Had he beheld Lavinia smile.

D d 3.

59. HYMN

59. HYMN to HEALTH.—*Richardson.*

O By the gentle gales that blow
 Refreshing from the mountains brow,
 By the vermeil bloom of morn,
 By the dew-drop on the thorn,
 By the sky lark's matin lay,
 By the flowers that blooming May
 Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
 By the brooks and fuming rills,
 Come, smiling health, and deign to be
 Our queen of rural sports and glee.
 What sudden radiance gilds the skies !
 What warblings from the groves arise !
 A breeze more odoriferous blows !
 The stream more musically flows !
 A brighter smile the valley wears !
 And lo ! the lovely queen appears.
 O health, I know thy blue-bright eye,
 Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,
 Thy dimpled cheek, thy lively air
 That wins a smile from pining care.
 Soft-pinioned gales around thee breathe,
 Perfuming dews thy tresses bathe,
 The zone of Venus girds thy waist,
 The young loves flutter round thy breast,
 And on thy path the rose-wing'd hours
 Scatter their ever-varying flow'rs.

60. DESCRIPTION of LONDON.—*Elegant Extracts.*

H OUSES, churches, mixt together,
 Streets unpleasant in all weather ;
 Prisons, palaces continuous,
 Gates, a bridge, the Thames irriguous ;
 Gaudy things, enough to tempt ye,
 Showy outides, insides empty ;
 Bubbles, trades, mechanic arts,
 Coaches, wheel-barrows, and carts ;
 Warrants, bailiffs, bills unpaid,
 Lords of laundresses afraid ;

Rogues

Rogues, that nightly rob and shoot men,
 Hangmen, aldermen, and footmen ;
 Lawyers, poets, priests, physicians ;
 Noble, simple, all conditions ;
 Worth beneath a thread-bare cover,
 Villany bedaub'd all over ;
 Women—black, red, fair, and grey,
 Prudes, and such as never pray ;
 Handsome, ugly, noisy, still ;
 Some that will not, some that will ;
 Many a beau without a shilling,
 Many a widow, not unwilling ;
 Many a bargain, if you strike it.
 This is London—How d'ye like it ?

61. PROLOGUE to the AUTHOR.—*Foot.*

SEVERE their task, who, in this critic age,
 With fresh materials furnish out the stage !
 Not that our fathers drain'd the comic store ;
 Fresh characters spring up as heretofore—
 Nature with novelty does still abound ;
 On ev'ry side fresh follies may be found.
 But then the taste of ev'ry guest to hit,
 To please at once the gall'ry, box, and pit,
 Requires, at least, no common share of wit.
 Those who adorn the orb of higher life,
 Demand the lively rake, or modish wife ;
 Whilst they who in a lower circle move,
 Yawn at their wit, and slumber at their love.
 If light, low mirth employs the comic scene,
 Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the spleen ;
 The polish'd critic calls it wretched stuff,
 But cries—' 'Twill please the gall'ries well enough.'
 Such jarring judgements who can reconcile ?
 Since fops will frown, where humble traders smile.

To dash the poet's ineffectual claim,
 And quench his thirst for universal fame,
 The Grecian fabulist, in moral lay,
 Has thus address'd the writers of his day :

" Once

"Once on a time, a son and fire, we're told,
 The stripling tender, and the father old,
 Purchas'd a jack-*ass* at a country fair,
 To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
 But as the sluggish animal was weak,
 They fear'd, if both should mount, his back would
 Up gets the boy, the father leads the *ass*, [break:
 And through the gazing crowd attempts to pass:
 Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
 And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout,
 'This the respect to rev'rend age you show,
 And this the duty you to parents owe?
 He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
 Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride.'
 As Grecian lads are seldom void of grace,
 The decent, duteous youth, resign'd his place.
 Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran,
 Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
 'Sure never was brute-beast so void of nature!
 Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
 To your own baby can you be unkind?
 Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind.'
 Old Dapple next the clown's compassion claim'd:
 'Tis wonderment them boobies be'nt asham'd:
 Two at a time upon the poor dumb beast:
 They might as well have carried him at least.——
 The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
 Dismount, and bear the *ass*—then, what a noise!——
 Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
 From the yet silent fire, these words provoke:—
 'Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
 Vain his attempts, who strives to please them all.'

62. *The SCHOOLMASTER with a ROB.—Shuter.*

WHEN vice and folly are a nation's bane,
 When poets write, and parsons preach in vain,
 When satire's sting and moral precepts fail,
 Then threats and rougher methods must prevail.
 Behold a schoolmaster—Ticklebreech by name,
 Who comes a headstrong people to reclaim;

To lash those foibles now so common grown,
 And once more place fair virtue on her throne.
 This magic rod, though nought but simple wood,
 With wonders (strange to mention) is endow'd.
 If to that part of man we all deride,
 'Tis rightly handled, and with skill apply'd ;
 'Twill make a lawyer honest 'gainst his will,
 The doctor save the patient he would kill ;
 The statesman too, that atlas of the state,
 Who toils, and sweats, and bends beneath the weight
 Of places, pensions, sinecures, and fees,
 At the first stroke will find immediate ease :
 With joy he'll cast the pond'rous load aside,
 And at the helm take honour for his guide ;
 Relieve the indigent without a bribe,
 And spurn at sycophants, that fawning tribe ;
 The modern Bobadil, who in taverns boasts
 The feats he did when on proud Gallia's coasts,
 How twenty Frenchmen at a time he slew,
 'Twenty more---kill 'em ; twenty more--kill them too,
 When in the field his looks his fears betray,
 And his own shadow makes him run away ;
 But if the force of this same twig he feels,
 His courage straight will leave his friendly heels,
 Mount to his heart, his martial bosom warm,
 And, like brave Prussia, the whole world alarm.

Next to the male coquet I mean to speak,
 Whose head, and heart, and nerves alike are weak ;
 Who, like that curious mask which Æsop feigns,
 The fox admir'd, yet mourn'd the want of brains ;
 Who plies his glass, and grinning cries, ' Sir Peter,
 ' There's a fine girl ; O what a charming creature !
 What eyes, what lips ! and then her shape and gait !
 She must be mine, I swear, at any rate.'
 This wand, if once it touch the coxcomb's tail,
 I do assure him, ne'er was known to fail ;
 He'll own its charms surpass his fals and drops,
 For into men it changes fools and fops ;
 Makes 'em look wise, say little, and do more ;
 All which, I'm sure, they never did before.

63. THE ACTOR.—*Lloyd.*

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection draws
 From no observance of mechanic laws :
 No settled maxims of a fav'rite stage,
 No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
 Let players nicely mark them as they will,
 Can e'er entail hereditary skill.
 The play'rs profession (though I hate the phrase,
 'Tis so mechanic in these modern days),
 Lies not in trick, or attitude, or start,
 Nature's true knowledge is his only art.
 The strong-felt passion bolts into the face,
 The mind untouch'd, what is it but grimace ?
 To this one standard make your just appeal,
 Here lies the golden secret ; learn to FEEL.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,
 The proper action nature's self will tell :
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,
 And nicer judgment always loathes excess.
 Of all the evils which the stage molest,
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,
 And writes a foolish comment with his face.

The word and action should conjointly suit,
 But acting words is labour too minute.
 Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;
 While sober humour marks the impression strong.

'Tis not enough the voice be found and clear,
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
 The voice all modes of passion can express,
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.
 But none emphatic can that actor call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
 In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixt amaze
 More pow'rful terret to the mind conveys

Than

Than he, who swol'n with big impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks th' internal woe,
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd O.
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes!
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

O! ne'er may folly seize the throne of taste,
Nor dulness lay the realms of genius waste!
No bouncing crackers ape the thund'ers fire,
No tumbler float upon the bending wire!
More natural uses to the stage belong,
Than tumblers, monsters, pantomime, or song,
For other purpose was that spot design'd:
To purge the passions, and reform the mind,
To give to nature all the force of art,
And while it charms the ear to mend the heart.

64. CÆSAR'S DREAM.—*Langborns.*

'TWAS then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,
And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;
Divine ambition to her vot'ry came:
Her left hand waving bore the trump of fame,
Her right a regal scepter seem'd to hold,
With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.
And thus, "My son," the Queen of Glory said;
"Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.
Shall night's dull chains the man of counsels bind?
Or Morpheus rule the monarch of mankind?
See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword!
Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord!
See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the sky,
Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy!
What, tho' by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,
By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,
Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave?"

She

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast inflame
 With rage indignant, and with conscious shame;
 Already beat, the swelling floods give way,
 And the fell genii of the rocks obey;
 Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,
 And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,
 Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
 The hero rose, majestically slow,
 And look'd attention to the crowds below.

'Romans and Friends! is there who seeks for rest,
 By labours vanquish'd, and with wounds oppress'd,
 That respite Cæsar shall with pleasure yield,
 Due to the toils of many a well-fought field?
 Is there who shrinks at thought of dangers past,
 The rugged mountain, or the pathless waste—
 While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose;
 Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?
 Let him retire to Latium's peaceful shore;
 He once has toil'd, and Cæsar asks no more.
 Is there a Roman, whose unshaken breast
 No pains have conquer'd, and no fears deprest?
 Who, doom'd through death's dread ministers to go,
 Dares to chastise the insults of a foe;
 Let him, his country's glory and her stay,
 With rev'rence hear her, and with pride obey.
 A form divine, in heav'nly splendor bright,
 Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,
 With calm severity approach'd and said,
 Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head.
 What! shall a Roman sink in soft repose,
 And tamely see the Britons aid his foes?
 See them secure the rebel Gaul supply?
 Spurn his vain eagles, and his pow'r defy?
 Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave:
 Scale the wild rock, and beat the madd'ning wave.'

Here paus'd the chief, but waited no reply,
 The voice assenting spokē from ev'ry eye;
 Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
 Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

65. INSTRUCTIONS to a PORTER.—*Bedingsfeld.*

YOU! to whose care I've now consign'd

My house's entrance, caution use,
While you discharge your trust, and mind
Whom you admit, and whom refuse.

Let no fierce passions enter here,
Passions the raging breast that storm,
Nor scornful pride, nor servile fear,
Nor hate nor envy's pallid form.

Should av'rice call—you'll let her know
Of heap'd up riches I've no store,
And that she has no right to go
Where Plutus has not been before.

Lo! on a visit hither bent
High plum'd ambition stalks about;
But should he enter, sweet content
Will give me warning—shut him out.

Perhaps the Muse may pass this way,
And though full oft I've bent the knee,
And long invoc'd her magic sway,
Smit with the love of harmony;
Alone though she might please—yet still
I know she'll with ambition come;
With lust of fame my heart she'll fill,
She'll break my rest—I'm not at home.

There is a rascal old and hideous,
Who oft (and sometimes not in vain)
Close at my gate has watch'd assiduous,
In hopes he might admittance gain.
His name is Care—if he should call,
Quick out of doors with vigour throw him;
And tell the miscreant, once for all,
I know him not, I ne'er will know him.

Perhaps then Bacchus, foe to care,
May think he'll sure my favour win,
His promises of joy are fair,
But false: you must not let him in.

E e

But

But welcome that sweet power ! on whom
 The young desires attendant move ;
 Still flush'd with beauty's vernal bloom,
 Parent of bliss, the Queen of Love.
 O ! you will know her, she has stole
 The lustre of my Delia's eye,
 Admit her, hail her—for my soul
 Breathes double life when she is nigh.

66. THE OCEAN MORALIZED.—*Bedingsfeld.*

SEARCH nature's works, through all her mazy plan,
 All nature's works are counterparts of man,
 'Tis man, 'tis man, the moralizing muse
 Sees in the rock, and in the wave pursues.
 Mark yonder low'ring cloud, see billows rise,
 Shoot up aloft in air, and threat the skies ;
 Such and so great the storm within the soul,
 When reason sinks, and passion's billows roll.

See trembling sun-beams play along the tide,
 Soft breathes the gale, and smooth the waters glide ;
 'Tis so the placid man's life gently flows,
 Where all is motion, and yet all repose.
 The sluggard, ev'ry passion lull'd to sleep,
 Dares not to hope, to fear, to joy, to weep ;
 Behold, fit emblem of the sluggard's rest,
 The dead still calm, unblest, and unblest.

Waves destroy waves, successive as they flow,
 And beat down others, that themselves may grow ;
 So the false wretch, the basest of the base ;
 Supplants his fellow, to usurp his place.
 Wrapt in himself, and resolutely just,
 Unmov'd, nor changing with the changing gust ;
 The moral hero stands each adverse shock,
 The moral hero's pictur'd in the rock.

Behold the ocean, all intestine jar,
 All chaos, discord, and unceasing war ;
 Behold the world, all passion, and all strife ;
 The world's an ocean, and our voy'ge is life.
 See, see each bark exalt the little sail,
 Launch eager on the tide, and catch the gale,

A hapless bark, long e'er it reach the coast,
 It *must* be shatter'd, and it *may* be lost.
 Passions are winds to urge us o'er the wave,
 Reason the rudder, to direct and save;
 This without those, obtains a vain employ,
 Those without this, but urge us to destroy.
 Hope is our anchor; ev'ry comfort past,
 She gives an animating smile at last,
 With her, though wreck'd, we dare the stormy main,
 And wreck'd again, with her we dare again.
 The port is happiness: all hither aim,
 All seek by different means, their end the same;
 Oh happiness! to thee, to thee we're bound,
 Thee ever seek to find, though none e'er found:
 We seek thee here—in vain; we seek thee there,
 Still, still in vain, thou phantom fleet as air.
 Say goddess in what place thou lov'st to dwell,
 What unknown region, or what hidden cell;
 Oh deign to shed one glimm'ring ray of light,
 Exalt once beacon, and direct us right;
 Through unknown tracts, thro' hidden cells for thee,
 We'll climb each rock, and dauntless brave each sea.

67. ODE TO DEATH.—*Della Crusca.*

THOU, whose remorseless rage
 Nor vows nor tears assuage,
 Triumphant Death!—to thee I raise
 The bursting notes of dauntless praise!
 Methinks on yonder murky cloud
 Thou sit'st, in majesty severe;
 Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
 Thy right arm lifts th' insatiate spear!
 Such was thy glance, when erst as o'er the plain
 Where Indus rolls his burning sand,
 Young Ammon led the victor train,
 In glowing lust of fierce command;
 As, vain he cried with thund'ring voice,
 "The world is mine! Rejoice, rejoice!
 The world I've won!"—Thou gav'st the with'ring nod,
 Thy FIAT smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless clod!

"And art thou great?"—Mankind replies,
 With sad assent of mingling sighs!
 Sighs that swell the biting gales
 Which sweep o'er Lapland's frozen vales!
 And the red Tropic's whirlwind heat
 Is with the assent replete!
 How fierce yon tyrant's plumy crest!
 A blaze of gold illumines his breast;
 In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
 He madly dares to spurn at fate!
 But—when night with shadowy robe
 Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
 In his chamber, sad, alone,
 By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
 From flatt'ring crowds retir'd, he bows the knee,
 And mutters forth a pray'r, because he thinks of thee.
 Gaily smiles the nuptial bow'r,
 Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
 While the spousal pair advance,
 Mixing oft the melting gaze,
 In fondest extacy of praise.
 Ah! short delusive trance!
 What though the festival be there;—
 The rapt bard's warblings fill the air;
 And joy and harmony combine!
Touch but the talisman, and all is thine!
 Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
 And on his throbbing lyre the minstrel's hand is cold!
 'Tis thou canst quench the Eagle's sight,
 That stems the cataract of light!
 Forbid the vernal buds to blow---
 Bend th' obedient forest low;
 And tame the monsters of the main;
 Such is thy potent reign!
 O'er earth, and air, and sea!
 Yet, art thou still disdain'd by me.
 And I have reason for my scorn;---
 Do I not hate the rising morn;
 The garish noon; the eve serene;
 The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;

The painted pleasures' throng'd resort;
 And all the splendors of the court?
 And has not sorrow chose to dwell
 Within my hot heart's central cell?
 And are not hope's weak visions o'er,
 Can love or rapture reach me more?
 Then though I scorn thy stroke—I call thee *Friend*,
 For in thy calm embrace my weary woes shall end.

68. ROWENA.—*Richardson.*

WHY, lovely daughter of the vale descend
 Thy tears fast-trickling? 'To the desert gale
 Flow thy dishevelled tresses? On thy cheek
 Fades the young rose with pining grief. Dispel
 Thy rising fears, nor wildly gazing turn
 Incessant to the vacant shapeless air
 Thine eye disordered. "See that pallid form!"
 Answered the maid, "beckoning on me with frowns
 And fierce demeanour! see that bosom gor'd
 With swelling wounds!—On me, ill-fated youth,
 Bend not severe thy stern accusing eye;
 For I am guiltless of thy blood. This breast
 Was ever faithful to my plighted vow:
 Witness the fighting of my broken heart!
 Witness the wailing of my sleepless nights!
 Witness my days of anguish! and my tears
 Shed hourly on thy grave.—Fair as yon ash
 Waving its foliage to the mountain's breeze
 Was Edwin, gentle as the gale of spring;
 But if enraged, wild as the roaring deep
 Chas'd by the tempest. Me the luckless youth
 Preferred, and pleasing to mine artless ear
 Breath'd the soft language of his soul. My faith
 Was early plighted, and my constant heart
 Preserv'd th' impression of his peerless form
 Indelible. But in ill-omen'd hour
 Came Edred; skill'd in guileful arts, he smil'd
 On ev'ry maid, and whisper'd studied tales
 To the believing virgins. Me he strove
 Insidious to seduce, but strove in vain.

Yet not unpleasing to mine ear his speech
 Devis'd with cunning, and with courtly phrase
 Embellish'd. Oft my blushes mixt with smiles
 Betray'd my flatter'd vanity, and fed
 His lawless hope. Edwin perceiv'd! his soul
 Stung with repentment, and with jealous rage
 Impassion'd, flam'd a fierce devouring fire.
 He challeng'd Edred to the field: they fought
 Beside yon brawling rivulet, and their gore
 Defil'd the lucid stream. By mutual wounds
 Both fell, and dying gainst Rowena pour'd
 Dire imprecations. Sure the holy saints
 Their curses ratified; for since that day
 No ray of peace hath visit'd my soul.
 By horror haunted, restless and dismay'd,
 Hourly I tremble, hourly I decay.
 Sorrow consumes me! Soon this weary heart
 Shall cease from sighs and anguish in the dust."

69. THE FATE OF AVARICE.—Richardson.

BESIDE that glade behold a shapeless mound [shrubs,
 O'ergrown and shagg'd with noisome weeds and
 Of poisonous quality. A fir-tree scath'd
 By the blue light'ning spreads her wither'd arms
 Across. Our herds and bleating flocks afar
 View it askance. For know, no living thing
 Its tangling brakes approacheth, save the bat
 Flitting nocturnal, or the ill-omen'd owl,
 Or noxious reptiles; save at midnight hour
 That yells and howlings issuing forth appal
 The wand'ring shepherd, while athwart the shade
 Fierce fiery viſages with gesture strange
 Glean terrible. An impious corſe interred
 Beneath th' unhallow'd heap, vitiates the growth
 Of flow'rs and tender herbs, tainting the dews
 And fostering juices, or with noxious ſteamſ
 Infecting the ſweet air. The ſordid wretch
 In hoarded wealth abounding, ne'er unbarr'd
 His portal to the ſtranger, ne'er attir'd
 The naked, nor the hungry orphan fed:
 The needy never ſhar'd of his abundance;

Nor

Nor blest his ripening harvests. Holy Heav'n
 Regarded him with pity, and with-held
 Due punishment, till his relentless arm
 Oppress'd the weeping widow, and condemn'd
 Her age to misery and pinching want.
 Then the red arm of vengeance launch'd the bolt
 Unerring. His unrighteous wealth, amass'd
 By rapine, perish'd : his devoted barns
 Flam'd with avenging fire : infuriate fiends
 Possess'd his bosom : maddening he forsook
 Th' abodes of men, and to the midnight shades
 Howl'd dolorous. At length, where yonder heap
 Ariseth, his blaspheming spirit burst
 Her tenement, and left an odious carcase.

70. INDEPENDENCE.—*Thomson.*

HAIL ! Independence, hail ! Heav'n's next best
 To that of life and an immortal soul ! [gift,
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof
 Fast-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public freedom, hail, thou secret source ?
 Whose streams, from ev'ry quarter confluent form
 The better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay,—with nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,
 The only free-man, walks his pleasing round :
 Sweet-featur'd peace attending ; fearless truth ;
 Firm resolution ; goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice ; contentment, surest friend ;
 And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever new.
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Meantime true-judging moderate desires,
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those

Whom

Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within;
 That independence, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the foulest bliss of man below:
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,
 And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

71. INTEGRITY AND PATRIOTISM.—*Thomson.*

BRITONS! be firm!—nor let corruption fly,
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
 Your independence; for that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,
 That flits aerial from the spreading eye.
 Forbid it Heav'n! that ever I need urge
 Integrity in office on my sons!
 Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
 And whom!—the gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
 The guardian public; every face they see,
 And ev'ry friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate
 Admits no cure; so, when a desperate age
 At this arrives, the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.
 But, ah! too little known to modern times!
 Be not the noblest passion past unsung;
 That ray peculiar, from unbounded love
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul;
 Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
 Celestial ardor! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,

Old virtuous Rome, so many deathless names
 From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by thee,
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and ev'n death delight?
 O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
 With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

72. A PERSON PERISHING in SNOW.—*Thomson.*

AS thus the snows arise, and foul, and fierce,
 All winter drives along the darkened air;
 In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes,
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on,
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
 Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd
 His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
 Far from the track, and blest abode of man;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And ev'ry tempest, howling o'er his head,
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the pow'r of frost;
 Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
 Smooth'd up with snow, and what is land, unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,

Mix'd

Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man;
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
 In vain his little children peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home: On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense:
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse,
 - Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

73. MISERIES of HUMAN LIFE.—*Thomson.*

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste!
 Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain!—
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame!—How many bleed,
 By shameful variance betwixt man and man!—
 How many pine in want and dungeon-glooms;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs!—How many drink the cup
 Of baneful grief, or eat the bitter bread
 Of misery!—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty!—How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse!—
 Ev'n in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop

In deep-retir'd distress!...How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish! Thought fond man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life,
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate;
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the gen'rous band,
 Who touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where mis'ry moans;
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land
 Whose ev'ry street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
 Ev'n robb'd him of the last of comforts, sleep;
 The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
 O great design! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
 Drag forth the legal-monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

74. MOTIVES to PATIENCE.--*Thomson.*

'TIS done! dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
 How

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
 See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober autumn fading into age,
 And pale-concluding winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness ! those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
 Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
 Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
 All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of man,
 His guide to happiness on high. And feel
 'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
 Of heav'n and earth ! awak'ning nature hears
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death
 For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
 Involving all, and in a perfect whole
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
 And died, neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude, while luxury,
 In palaces lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heav'n-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,

And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring incircle all.

75. SPEECH of EDWARD, the BLACK PRINCE.—*Shirley.*

COUNTRYMEN,

WE'RE here assembled for the toughest fight
That ever strain'd the force of English arms:
See yon wide field with glitt'ring numbers gay,
Vain of their strength they challenge us for slaves,
And bid us yield their prisoners at discretion.
If there's an Englishman among ye all
Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
Let him depart. For me, I swear, by Heav'n,
By my great father's soul, and by my fame,
My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me:
Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:
This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
Ye all resolve the same.

I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France:
Their monarch trembles 'midst his gaudy train,
To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
Are such as never fainted yet with toil.
They're such as yet no pow'r on earth could awe,
No army baffle, and no town withstand.
Heav'n's! with what pleasure, with what love I gaze,
In ev'ry face to view his father's greatness!
Those fathers, those undaunted fathers, who
In Gallic blood have dy'd their swords.
Those fathers who in Cyprus wrought such feats,
Who taught the Syraculans to submit,
Tam'd the Calabrians, the fierce Saracens,
And have subdu'd in many a stubborn fight
The Palestinean warriors. Scotland's fields,
That have so oft been drench'd with native gore,
Bear noble record; and the fertile isle
Of fair Hibernia, by their swords subjected,

An ample tribute and obedience pays.

On her high mountains Wales receiv'd their laws,
And the whole world has witness'd to their glory.

View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as your spoils,
The sure reward of this day's victory.
Strain ev'ry faculty, and let your minds,
Your hopes, your ardors, reach their utmost bounds;
Follow your standards with a fearless spirit;
Follow the great examples of your fires;
Follow, in me, your brother, prince, and friend.
Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch th' inspiring flame;
We fight for England, liberty, and fame.

76. SPEECH of CATO to the MUTINEERS.—*Addison.*

WHERE are those bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon their foe,
And to their gen'ral send a brave defiance!
Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars!
Do you confess it was no zeal for Rome,
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,
Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fir'd with such motives you do well to join
With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd asp's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desert,
To see this day? why could not Cato fall
Without your guilt? Behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?
Painful pre-eminence!
Have you forgotten Lybia's burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,

When

When life was hazarded in ev'ry step?
 Or fainting in the long laborious march,
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
 Who was the last in all your hosts that thirsted?
 Hence, worthless men! hence! and complain to Cæsar,
 You could not undergo the toils of war,
 Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
 Mean while we'll sacrifice to liberty.
 Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
 The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
 O let it never perish in your hands!
 But piously transmit it to your children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,
 Or our death's glorious in thy just defence.

77. OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.—*Shakespeare.*

MOST potent, grave, and rev'rend Signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true: true, I have married her;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little blest'd with the fet phrase of peace;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battles;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceedings I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field :
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history :
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch'd
It was my hint to speak.—All these to hear [heav'n,
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore 'twas strange indeed ! 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it—yet she wish'd
That Heav'n had made her such a man :—she thank'd
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her, [me,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

78. Bp of CARLISLE's *Defence of RICHARD II.*—*Shakes.*

WORST in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best becoming me to speak the truth.
 Would Heav'n, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
 Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
 What subject can give sentence on a king?
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
 Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, and planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, Heav'n,
 That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by Heav'n thus boldly for his king.
 My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the wofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth;
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

79. CHORUS in HENRY V.—*Shakespeare.*

THUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,
 Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing,
 Here the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breast'ing the lofty surge. Oh do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow.
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandfires, babies, and old women,
 Or past, or not arriv'd, to pith and puissance:
 For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France;
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
 Behold the ord'nance on their carriages
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose th' ambassador from France comes back,
 Tells Harry, that the king doth offer him
 Katharine, his daughter, and with her to dowry
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
 The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the dev'lish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before him. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

80. RICHMOND *Encouraging his SOLDIERS.*—*Shakes.*

THUS far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment.

Richard

Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
 Whose rav'nous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
 Its ripen'd hopes of fair posterity,
 Is now even in the center of the isle.
 Thrice is he arm'd who hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
 The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him.
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As mild behaviour and humanity ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment :
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold face ;
 But if we thrive, the glory of the action
 The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully :
 The word's " St George, Richmond, and Victory ! "

. 81. MARCELLUS'S SPEECH *to the Mob.*—*Shakespeare.*

WHEREFORE rejoice ! that Cæsar comes in.
 What conquest brings he home ? [triumph !
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 Oh you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
 Knew you not Pompey ! many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome,
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tiber trembl'd underneath his banks,
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores ?

And

And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now call out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood !
 Be gone——

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

82. ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY over CÆSAR'S BODY.—*Shakes.*

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth !
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue),
 A curse shall light upon the line of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war :
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds ;
 And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
 With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war ;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men groaning for burial.

83. CASSIUS against CÆSAR.—*Shakespeare.*

I CANNOT tell what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you ;
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both

Endure

Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
 The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, help me, Cassius, or I sink.
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear; so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend does awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cry'd—Give me some drink, Titinius—
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.
 Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus! and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus

Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar?
 Now, in the names of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd:
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

84. HAMLET meditating REVENGE.—*Shakespeare.*

OH, what a wretch and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage warm'd:
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
 For Hecuba!
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal!

Hum!

Hum ! I have heard,
 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions :
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before my uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
 I'll tent him to the quick ; if he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen,
 May be a devil : and the devil hath power
 T' assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
 More relative than this ; the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

85. THE KING'S SOLILOQUY in HAMLET.—*Shakespeare.*

OH ! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't ;
 A brother's murder—Pray I cannot:
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's
 To wash it white as snow ? whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down !—Then I'll look up:
 My fault is past.—But oh, what form of pray'r
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, my own ambition, and my Queen.

May

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All, all may yet be well.

86. *The Progress of Life.*

THE fool may sometimes act the wise man's part,
 But full as oft the wise man plays the fool.
 For all the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts:
 His acts being seven ages. And first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well-fav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans ev'ry thing.

87. ODE for the NEW YEAR, 1798.

WHEN genial zephyr's balmy wing
 Fans with soft plume the flow'ry vale,
 Each tender scion of the spring
 Expanding owns the fostering gale,
 And smiles each sunny glade around
 With vegetable beauty crown'd;
 But when the whirlwinds of the north
 Burst in tempestuous vengeance forth,
 Before the thunder of the storm,
 Each spreading tree of weaker form,
 Or bends to earth, or lies reclin'd,
 Torn by the fury of the wind;
 'Then proudly 'mid the quiv'ring shade
 Stands the firm oak in native strength array'd,
 Waves high his giant branches, and defies
 The elemental war that rends the skies.

Deep rooted in this kindred soil,
 So freedom here, through many an age,
 Has mock'd ambition's fruitless toil,
 And treason's wiles, and faction's rage;
 And as the stormy ruin pals'd,
 Which anarchy's rude breath had blown,
 While Europe, bending to the blast,
 Beholds her fairest realms o'erthrown,
 Alone Britannia's happy isle,
 Bless'd by a patriot monarch's smile,
 Amid surrounding storms uninjur'd stands, [bour lands.
 Nor dreads the tempest's force, that wastes her neigh-

G g

Bet

But see, along the darkling main
 The gathering clouds malignant low'r;
 And spreading o'er our blue domain,
 Against our shores their thunder pour.
 While treach'rous friends and daring foes
 Around in horrid compact close,
 Their swimming barks portentous shade,
 With crowded sails, the wat'ry glade;
 When lo! imperial George commands,
 Rush to the waves Britannia's veteran bands.
 Unnumber'd hosts usurp in vain
 Dominion o'er the briny reign;
 His fleets their monarch's right proclaim,
 With brazen throat, with breath of flame;
 And, captive in his ports, their squadrons ride,
 Or mourn their shatter'd wrecks, deep whelm'd be-
 neath the tide.

From shore to shore, from pole to pole,
 Where'er wide ocean's billows roll,
 From holy Ganges' tepid wave,
 To seas that isles Atlantic lave;
 From hoary Greenland's frozen lands,
 To burning Libya's golden sands,
 Aloft the British ensign flies
 In folds triumphant to the skies.
 While to the notes that hail'd the isle
 Emerging from its parent main
 The sacred muse, with raptur'd smile,
 Responsive pours the exulting strain—
*Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
 Britons never shall be slaves.*

REMARKS ON DIALOGUE.

WELL conducted dialogues hold a high rank among genuine works of taste. They are natural and animated models of real conversation: they exhibit

bit the manners, discriminate the characters, and paint the peculiarities of thought and expression, which distinguish the several speakers. They often entertain us with pleasing subjects, polite disputants, and spirited debates; and frequently convey information, by correctness of reasoning, ingenuity of argument, and a variety of moral instruction, which naturally results from the finished discussion. Though few dramatic compositions preserve, through the whole piece, such a chasteness of sentiment, such an uniform friendliness to virtue, as to authorise an unqualified recommendation of them to the perusal of youth; yet many of their detached scenes pourtray the passions which agitate the heart, the incidents which diversify the character, the virtues which adorn and vices which degrade individuals—the crimes and sufferings—the humorous follies and enjoyments of mankind, in such strong and vivid colouring, as is calculated to increase the knowledge of themselves and of the world; to inspire prudence, patience, and equanimity; and to suggest many useful lessons in the conduct of life. They tend also, by the beauty of their language, the liveliness of their diction, the poignancy of their wit, and the important or critical situation of their heroes, to engage the attention, interest the feelings, and improve the delivery of judicious readers. But in order to reap benefit from the recital of them, they must endeavour to forget that they personate others; they must speak and act, as if the occasion were new, and the sentiments original; they must warm with esteem for genuine worth, glow with emotion when opinions clash, and assume the signs of every passion which present circumstances are sufficient to justify. The reciter, in many kinds of composition, personates the writer; but in conversation-pieces, he appears as the speaker, and must suit himself, not only to the subject and occasion, but also to the character: for the same speech delivered by different personages, requires different modes of pronunciation. We may naturally suppose, that the saluta-

tion of the youth, in *Parnel's Hermit*, would be delivered with a livelier tone, than that of the aged Anchorite.

"But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
And near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;
And hail! my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd."

In short, to do justice to dialogue, it is necessary to acquire a proper knowledge of the character that speaks, the intention of what is spoken, and the various circumstances connected with the scene; and as the immediate business of the speakers is with each other, they must avoid direct addresses to the audience.

I. MORTIMER and LORD ABBERVILLE.—*Cumberland.*

Mort. "IS this a dinner, this a genial room?

"This is a temple and a hecatomb."

L. Abb. What! quoting, Mortimer? and satire too?
—I thought you need not go abroad for that.

Mort. True; therefore, I'm returning home—Good night to you.

L. Abb. What! on the wing so soon? With so much company, can my philosopher want food to feast his spleen upon?

Mort. Food! I revolt against the name; no Bramin could abominate your fleshly meal more than I do: why Hirtius and Apicius would have blush'd for it; Mark Antony, who roasted eight whole boars for supper, never massacred more at a meal than you have done.

L. Abb. A truce, good cynic: pr'ythee now get thee up stairs, and take my place; the ladies will be glad of you at cards.

Mort. Me at cards! me at a quadrille table; pent in with fuzzing dowagers, gossiping old maids, and yellow admirals; 'Ideath, my Lord Abberville, you must excuse me.

L. Abb.

L. Abb. Out on thee, uncomfortable being, thou art a traitor to society.

Mort. Do you call that society?

L. Abb. Yes, but not my society; none such as you describe will be found here; my circle, Mr Mortimer, is formed by people of the first fashion and spirit in this country.

Mort. Fashion and spirit! Yes, their country's like to suffer by their fashion more than 'twill ever profit by their spirit.

L. Abb. Come, come, your temper is too sour.

Mort. And yours too sweet: a mawkish lump of manna; sugar in the mouth, but physic to the bowels.

L. Abb. Mr Mortimer, you was my father's executor; I did not know your office extended any further.

Mort. No; when I gave a clear estate into your hands, I clear'd myself of an unwelcome office: I was, indeed, your father's executor; the gentleman of fashion and spirit will be your Lordship's.

L. Abb. Pooh! you have been black-ball'd at some paltry port-drinking club; and set up for a man of wit and ridicule.

Mort. Not I, believe me; your companions are too dull to laugh at, and too vicious to expose.—There stands a sample of your choice.

L. Abb. Who, Doctor Druid? Where is the harm in him?

Mort. Where is the merit?—What one quality does that old piece of pedantry possess to fit him for the liberal office of travelling preceptor to a man of rank? You know, my Lord, I recommended you a friend as fit to form your manners as your morals; but he was a restraint; and, in his stead, you took that Welchman, that buffoon, that antiquarian, forsooth, who looks as if you had rak'd him out of the cinders of Mount Vesuvius.

2. MORTIMER, JARVIS, and TYRREL.—*Cumberland.*

Mort. SO! so! another day; another twelve hours round of folly and extravagance; 'pshaw! I'm sick on't. What is it our men of genius are about? Jarring and jangling with each other, while a vast army of vices over-runs the whole country at discretion. (*Jarvis enters*). Now, Jarvis, what's your news?

Jar. My morning budget, Sir; a breakfast of good deeds; the offerings of a full heart, and the return of an empty purse. There, Sir, I've done your errand; and wish hereafter you could find another agent for your charities.

Mort. Why so, Charles?

Jar. Because the task grows heavy; besides, I am old and foolish, and the sight is too affecting.

Mort. Why doesn't do like me then? Sheath a soft heart in a rough case, 'twill wear the longer; finer thyself, good Jarvis, as thy master does, and keep a marble outside to the world. Who dreams that I am the lewd fool of pity, and thou my pander, Jarvis, my provider? You found out the poor fellow then, the half-pay officer I met last Sunday—

Jar. With difficulty; for he obtruded not his sorrows on the world, but in despair had crept into a corner, and, with his wretched family about him, was patiently expiring.

Mort. Pr'ythee no more on't: you sav'd him; you reliev'd him, no matter how; you made a fellow-creature happy, that's enough.

Jar. I did, Sir; but his story's so affecting—

Mort. Keep it to thyself, old man, then; why must my heart be wrung? I too am one of nature's spoiled children, and hav'n't yet left off the tricks of the nursery. Nephew, what brings you to town? I thought you was a prisoner in the country.

Tyr. I was; but now Lord Courland has obtained his liberty, no reason holds why I should not recover mine.

Mort. Well, Sir, how have you fill'd up your time? in practising fresh thrusts, or repenting of that which

is past? You've drawn your sword to satisfy one man, now think of satisfying the rest of mankind.

Tyr. You know my story, Sir; I drew my sword in the defence of innocence: to punish and repel the libertine attempts of an ennobled ruffian; every man of honour would have done the same.

Mort. Yes, honour; you young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all your faults, as that of passion all your follies.

Tyr. Honour is what mankind have made it: and as we hold our lives upon these terms, with our lives it behoves us to defend them.

Mort. You have made it reason then, it seems, make it religion too, and put it out of fashion with the world at once: of this be sure, I would sooner cast my guineas in the sea, than give them to a duellist. But come, Frank, you are one from prejudice, not principle; therefore we'll talk no more on't. Where are you lodged?

Tyr. At the hotel hard by.

Mort. Then move your baggage hither, and keep house with me; you and I, nephew, have such opposite pursuits that we can never jostle; besides, they tell me you're in love; 'twill make a good companion of you; you shall rail at one sex, while I am employed with the other; and thus we may both gratify our spleen at once.

Tyr. O, Sir, unless you can consent to hear the praises of my lovely girl, from hour to hour, in endless repetition, never suffer me within your doors.

Mort. Thy girl, Frank, is every thing but rich, and that's a main blank in the catalogue of a lady's perfections.

Tyr. Fill it up then, dear uncle, a word of yours will do it.

Mort. True, boy, a word will do it; but 'tis a long word, 'tis a lasting one, it should be therefore a deliberate one. But let me see your girl; I'm a poor fellow; so the world thinks of me; but it is against the proud, the rich, I war: poverty may be a misfortune to Miss Aubrey; it would be hard to make it an objection.

Tyr.

Tyr. How generous is that sentiment!—Let me have your consent for my endeavours at obtaining her's, and I shall be most happy.

Mort. About it then; my part is soon made ready; yours is the task: you are to find out happiness in marriage; I'm only to provide you with a fortune.

3. AUBREY and MORTIMER.—*Cumberland.*

Aub. SIR, your most humble servant. Can you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?

Mort. A stranger, Sir, is welcome: I cannot always say as much to an acquaintance.

Aub. I plainly see your experience of mankind by the value you put upon them.

Mort. True, Sir; I've visited the world from arctic to ecliptic, as a surgeon does an hospital, and find all men sick of some distemper; the impertinent part of mankind are so busy, the busy so impertinent, and both so incurably addicted to lying, cheating, and betraying, that their case is desperate: no corrosive can eat deep enough to bottom the corruption.

Aub. Well, Sir, with such good store of mental provision about you, you may stand out a siege against society: your books are companions you never can be tir'd of.

Mort. Why, truly their company is more tolerable than that of their authors would be; I can bear them on my shelves, though I should be sorry to see the impertinent puppies who wrote them: however, Sir, I can quarrel with my books too, when they offend my virtue or my reason——But I'm taking up your time; the honest Scotchman, who announc'd you, told me you had something of importance to communicate to me.

Aub. I have: I'm told I am your debtor, and I came with a design to pay you down such thanks as your benevolence well merits; but I perceive already you are one, whom great professions would annoy, whose principle is virtue, and whose retribution rises from within.

Mort. Pray, Sir, no more of this; if you have any thing

thing to request, propose it: I'd much rather be told what I may do for you, than reminded of what I may have done.

Aub. I readily believe you, and according to your humour will address you: I own you may confer a benefit upon me; 'tis in your power, Mr Mortimer, to make me the happiest of all mankind.

Mort. Give me your hand; why now you speak good sense; I like this well: let us do good, Sir, and not talk about it: show me but how I may give happiness to you, with innocence to myself, and I shall be the person under obligation.

Aub. This then it is; you have a young person under your protection, a Lady of the name of Aubrey—

Mort. I have.

Aub. Resign her to my care.

Mort. Sir!

Aub. Put her into my hands: I am rich, Sir, I can support her.

Mort. You're insolent, or grossly ignorant, to think I would betray a trust, a sacred trust: she is a ward of virtue; 'tis from want, 'tis from oppression, I protect Miss Aubrey—who are you, that think to make a traitor of me?

Aub. Your zeal does honour to you; yet if you persist in it, and spite of my protest hold out, your constancy will be no virtue; it must take another name.

Mort. What other name, and why? Throw off your mystery, and tell me why.

Aub. Because—

Mort. Ay, let us hear your cause.

Aub. Because I am her father.

Mort. Do I live?

Aub. Yes, in my heart, while I have life or memory; that dear injur'd girl, whom you so honourably protect, is my daughter. The overflowings of a father's heart bless and reward you! You whom I know not, and that poor Highlander, out of his small pittance, have, under Providence, preserved my child; whilst Bridge-

more,

more, whom I rais'd from penury, and entrusted with the earnings of my travel, has abandoned and defrauded her.

Mort. O mother Nature, thou'lt compel me to forswear thee.

Aub. Ah! Sir, you feel the villainy of man in every vein; I am more practised, and behold it only with a sigh: Colin and I have laid a little plot to draw this Bridgemore hither; he believes me dead, and thinks he is to meet a person at your house, who can relate particulars of my death, in which case it is clear he means to sink a capital of consignment I sent him about three years since, and turn my daughter on the world.

Mort. Well, let him come; next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

4. TYRREL, MORTIMER, AUBREY, and AUGUSTA.—*Cumb.*

Tyr. **D**EAR uncle, on my knees—what am I doing?

Mort. You thought I was alone.

Tyr. I did.

Mort. And what had you to tell me in such haste?

Tyr. I had a petition to prefer, on which my happiness in life depends.

Aub. I beg I may retire: I interrupt you.

Mort. By no means: I desire you will not stir; let him make his request; if it is not fit for you to hear, it is not fit for me to grant. Speak out: nay, never hesitate.

Tyr. What can I ask of you but to confirm my hopes, and make Miss Aubrey mine?

Mort. Was ever the like heard? Pray, whence do you derive pretensions to Miss Aubrey? Tell me in presence of this gentleman.

Tyr. Not from my own deservings, I confess; yet if an ardent, firm, disinterested passion, sanctified withal by her consent, can recommend me, I am not without some title.

Mort. Look you there now: this fellow, you shall know, Sir, is my nephew; my sister's son; a child of fortune—

fortune—Hark'e, with what face do you talk of love, who are not worth a groat?

Tyr. You have allowed me, Sir, to talk of love; openly, beneath your eye, I have solicited Miss Aubrey's consent, and gained it; as for my poverty, in that I glory, for therein I resemble her whom I adore; and I should hope, though fortune has not favour'd us, we have not lost our title to the rights of nature.

Mort. Pooh! the rights of nature! While you enjoy its rights, how will you both provide against its wants?

Tyr. Your bounty hitherto has let me feel no wants; and should it be your pleasure to withdraw it, thanks to Providence, the world is not so scantily provided, but it can give to honest industry a daily dinner.

Mort. Fine words! But I'll appeal to this good gentleman; let him decide betwixt us.

Aub. In truth, young gentleman, your uncle has good reason on his side; and was I he, I never would consent to your alliance with Miss Aubrey, till she brought a fortune large enough to keep you both.

Tyr. These are your maxims, I've no doubt; they only prove to me that you love money more than beauty, generosity, or honour.

Aub. But is your lady in possession of all these? Let me be made acquainted with her, and perhaps I may come over to your sentiments.

Mort. Ay, Frank, go, fetch your girl, and let my friend here see her; I'm in earnest. Upon my honour, nephew, till you've gain'd this gentleman's consent, you never can have mine; so go your ways, and let us see if you have interest enough to bring her hither.

Tyr. Oh! if my fate depends upon her looks, they must be iron hearts that can withstand them. [*Exit.*]

Aub. The manly and disinterested passion of this youth, while it possesses me strongly in his favour, gives an assurance of a virtuous conduct in my child; indeed, Sir, I am greatly taken with your nephew.

Mort. Thank Heaven, the boy as yet has never made me blush; and if he holds his course, he may take one

one half of my fortune now, and t'other at my death—
But, see, Sir, here your daughter comes.

Tyrrel introduces Miss Aubrey.

Tyr. You are obeyed: you see the lady, and you've nothing now to wonder at, but my presumption.

Aub. To wonder at! I do behold a wonder! 'Tis her mother's image! Gracious Providence, this is too much!

Mort. You will alarm her: your disorder is too visible.

Aub. I cannot speak to her; I pray you, let me hear her voice.

Aug. Why am I sent for? is your uncle angry? How have I offended?

Aub. Hush, hush, she speaks; 'tis she herself, it is my long-lost wife restor'd and rais'd again.

Mort. Pooh! what had I to do to meddle with these matters?

Aug. Why does that gentleman regard me so attentively? His eyes oppress me; ask him if he knows me.

Tyr. Sir, if you know this Lady, if you've any tidings to communicate that touch her happiness, oh! that I could inspire you with my feelings!

Aub. I knew your father, and am a witness to the hard necessity, which tore him from an infant child, and held him eighteen tedious years in exile from his native land.

Aug. What do I hear? You was my father's friend?—The prayer and intercession of an infant draw Heaven's righteous benediction down upon you!

Aub. Prepare yourself, be constant. I have news to tell you of your father.

Mort. I can't stand this; I wish I was any where else.

Tyr. Courage, my dear Augusta; my life upon it, there is happiness in store for thee.

Aug. Go on, go on.

Aub. You are in an error, you are not an orphan; you have a father, whom, through toil and peril,
through

through sickness and sorrow, Heav'n has graciously preserv'd and blest at length his unremitting labours with abundance.

Tyr. Did I not tell you this? bear up.

Aub. Yes, virtuous Augusta, all your sufferings terminate this moment; you may now give way to love and happiness; you have a father living who approves your passion, who will crown it with a liberal fortune, who now looks upon you, and speaks to you.

Mort. There, there; I'm glad 'tis over. Joy befall you both!

Tyr. See how her colour flies—She'll faint.

Aub. What have I done? Dear innocent, look up.

Aug. Oh, yes, to heaven with gratitude for these divine vouchsafements—I have a father then at last—Pardon my tears; I'm little us'd to happiness, and have not learn'd to bear it.

Tyr. May all your days to come be nothing else! But look, she changes again—Help me to lead her into the air. [*Tyrrel and Aubrey lead her out.*]

Mort. I believe a little air will not be much amiss for any of us. Look at that girl; 'tis thus mortality encounters happiness; 'tis thus the inhabitant of earth meets that of heaven, with tears, with faintings, with surprize; let others call this the weakness of our nature; to me it proves the unworthiness: for had we merits to entitle us to happiness, the means would not be wanting to enjoy it.

5. LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.—Home.

L. Rand. **H**IS parting words have struck a fatal truth.

O Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!
How many years of anguish and despair
Has heav'n annex'd to those swift passing hours
Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
Return'd; and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

H h

Ann.

Ann. May gracious heav'n pour the sweet balm of
 Into the wounds that fester in your breast ! [peace
 For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

L. Ran. One only cure can heav'n itself bestow,—
 A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
 Wretch that I am ! Alas ! why am I so ?
 At every happy parent I repine !
 How blest the mother of yon gallant Norval !
 She for a living husband bore her pains,
 And heard him bless her when a man was born :
 She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast,
 Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy :
 She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
 In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
 Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
 And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Ann. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume
 Your grief afresh ! I thought that gallant youth
 Would for a while have won you from your woe.
 On him intent you gaz'd, and with a look
 Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
 Has deign'd on other subjects to bestow.

L. Ran. Delighted say'st thou ? Oh ! even there
 mine eye
 Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
 I thought that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
 He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
 And pair'd with him in features and in shape ;
 In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
 My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
 Whilst thus I mus'd a spark from fancy fell
 On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
 For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
 And like an orphan cast upon my care.
 I will protect thee, (said I to myself)
 With all my pow'r, and grace with all my favour.

Ann. Sure heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
 You must, my noble dame, exert your pow'r :
 You must awake : devices will be fram'd,
 And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

L. Ran.

L. Ran. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
 Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
 If I deter him not: I only can.
 Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware.
 How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
 I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
 'Tis pleasing to admire; most apt was I
 To this affection in my better days;
 Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
 Within the narrow compass of my woe.
 Have you not sometimes seen an early flower
 Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
 And, tho' still living, die to scent and beauty?
 Emblem of me: affliction, like a storm,
 Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.

6. LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.—*Home.*

L. Ran. **M**Y faithful Anna! dost thou share my
 joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!
 Reaching from heaven to earth, Jehovah's arm
 Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!
 Judge of the widow, and the orphan's father!
 Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks
 For such a gift! What does my Anna think
 Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?
 How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms, [him,
 Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had thrown
 And tower'd up to the region of his fire.

Ann. How fondly did your eyes devour the boy!
 Mysterious nature, with the unseen cord
 Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

L. Ran. The ready story of his birth believ'd
 Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe
 To any likeness my so sudden favour:
 But now I long to see his face again,
 Examine ev'ry feature, and find out
 The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.
 But most of all, I long to let him know

H h 2

Who

Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,
And tell him all the story of his father.

Ann. With wary caution you must bear yourself
In public, lest your tenderness break forth,
And in observers stir conjectures strange.
For, if a cherub, in the shape of woman,
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train—
To-day the Baron started at your tears.

L. Ran. He did so, Anna! well thy mistress knows,
If the least circumstance, mote of offence,
Should touch the Baron's eye, his sight would be
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more
It does behove me instant to declare
The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights.
This night I purpose with my son to meet,
Reveal the secret, and consult with him;
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.
As he does now, so look'd his noble father,
Array'd in nature's ease; his mien, his speech,
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.
But, when the matter match'd his mighty mind,
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye
Sat observation; on each glance of thought
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt
Pursues the flash.

7. GLENALVON and NORVAL.—*Home.*

Glen. **H**IS port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder if at him it roar'd.
Has Norval seen the troops!

Norv. The setting sun,
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanc'd back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring, they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well ; no leader of our host,
In sounds more lofty, speaks of glorious war.

Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely ; since no part is mine
Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms. [deeds

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave Sir ; your martial
Have rank'd you with the great ; but mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honour : seem not to command ;
Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Norv. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth ;
And though I have been told, that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Norv. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Norv. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, you're no match for me,
What will become of you ?

Norv. If this were told ! ——— (Aside.

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self !

Glen. Ha ! Dost thou threaten me ?

Norv. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Norv. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Norv. So I am——
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wand'ring beggar-boy ;
At best no more, ev'n if he speaks the truth.

Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie ; and false as hell
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Norv. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race, who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee——what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to
command

Ten thousand slaves like thee ?

Norv. Villain, no more :

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause :

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

8. LADY RANDOLPH and DOUGLAS.—*Home.*

L. Ran. **M**Y son ! I heard a voice——
Doug.——The voice was mine.

L. Ran. Didst thou complain aloud to nature's ear,
That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,
By stealth the mother and the son should meet ?

[*Embracing him.*

Doug. No : on this happy day, this better birth-day,
My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

L. Ran. Sad fear and melancholy still divide
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.
Now hear what I advise.

Doug.

Doug. First let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

L. Ran. My heart forebodes some evil !

Doug. 'Tis not good ———

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,
The good old Norval in the grove o'erheard
Their conversation : oft they mention'd me
With dreadful threat'nings ; you they sometimes nam'd.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discovery ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

L. Ran. Defend us, gracious God ! we are betray'd :
They have found out the secret of thy birth ;
It must be so. That is the great discovery.
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own ;
And he will be reveng'd. Perhaps ev'n now,
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait
A darker and more silent hour to break
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st.
This moment, this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save thee !
Fly to the camp, my son !

Doug. And leave you here ?

No : to the castle let us go together,
Call up the ancient servants of your house,
Who in your youth did eat your father's bread.
Then tell them loudly that I am your son.
If in the breasts of men one spark remains
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

L. Ran. O nature, nature ! what can check thy force ?
Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas !
But rush not on destruction : save thyself,
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.
That winding path conducts thee to the river ;
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way,
Which running eastward leads thee to the camp.
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas.
Shew him these jewels, which his brother wore.

Thy

Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth,
Which I by certain proof will soon confirm.

Doug. I yield me and obey : but yet my heart
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read
Of wond'rous deeds by one bold hand achiev'd.
Our foes are two; no more : let me go forth,
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

L. Ran. If thou regard'st thy mother, or rever'st
Thy father's mem'ry, think of this no more.

One thing I have to say before we part :
Long wert thou lost ; and thou art found, my child,
In a most fearful season. War and battle
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see
Which way the current of thy temper sets ;
To-day I've found thee. Oh ! my long lost hope !
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.
The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope
In this waste world ! my son, remember me ! [fort ?

Doug. What shall I say ? how can I give you com-
The God of battles of my life dispose
As may be best for you ! for whose dear sake
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.
But yet consider, as no vulgar name
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men,
How will inglorious caution suit my claim ?
The post of fate unshrinking I maintain.
My country's foes must witness who I am ;
On the invader's heads, I'll prove my birth,
'Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son,
Who, if I live not honour'd, must not live.

L. Ran. I will not utter what my bosom feels.
Too well I love that valour which I warn.
Farewell, my son ! my counsels are but vain ;
And as high heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.

9. SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS, and SYPHAX.—*Addison.*

Sem. **G**OOD morrow, Portius! let us once embrace,
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both
are free;

To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This sun, perhaps, this morning sun's the last
That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

Por. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor-half his little Roman senate,
(The leavings of Pharsalia), to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down Rome, and all the gods before it,
Or must, at length, give up the world to Cæsar.

Sem. Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence:
His virtues render our assembly awful;
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make ev'n Cæsar tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest. O my Portius,
Could I but call that wond'rous man my father,
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious
To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd indeed!

Por. Alas, Sempronius! wouldst thou talk of love
To Marcia, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling vestal
While she beholds the holy fire expiring.

Sem. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
The world has all its eyes on Cato's son. [Portius!
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shews thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues or thy faults conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my ling'ring here
On this important hour—I'll strait away,
And while the fathers of the senate meet
In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldiers drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life;

I'll

I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
 And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.

[Exit.

Sem. solus. Curse on the stripling! how he apes his
 Ambitiously sententious! — But I wonder [fire,
 Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius
 Is well dispos'd to mischief, were he prompt
 And eager on it; but he must be spur'd,
 And ev'ry moment quicken'd to the course.
 — Cato has us'd me ill; he has refus'd
 His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows.
 Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause
 Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour, [me
 That show'rs down greatness on his friends will raise
 To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter, —
 But Syphax comes! —

Sypb. Sempronius! all is ready.
 I've founded my Numidians man by man,
 And find them ripe for a revolt; they all
 Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,
 And wait but the command to change their master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax: there's no time to waste;
 Ev'n while we speak our conqueror comes on,
 And gathers ground upon us ev'ry moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not Cæsar's active soul,
 With what a dreadful course he rushes on
 From war to war! in vain has nature form'd
 Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
 The Alps and Pyreneans sink before him;
 Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
 Impatient for the battle: one day more
 Will set the victor thund'ring at our gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young Juba?
 That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,
 And challenge better terms.

— *Sypb.*

Syph. Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are full
Of Cato's virtues.—But I'll try once more!
(For ev'ry instant I expect him here).
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his Numidian temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up Afric into Cæsar's hands,
And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for Rome and my own country,
And mouth at Cæsar, 'till I shake the senate.
Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: wouldst thou be thought in earnest,
Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!

Syph. In truth thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
And teach the wily African deceit!

Sem. Once more be sure to try thy skill on Juba.
Mean-while I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.
Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on ev'ry word we speak,
On ev'ry thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design.

10. JUBA and SYPHAX.—*Addison.*

Jub. **S**YPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
 O'ercastr with gloomy cares and discontent ;
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
 And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
 Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart ;
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
 Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world ?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue ?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
 Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the Roman name ? [up

Syph. Gods ! where's the worth that sets this people
 Above your own Numidia's tawny sons ?
 Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow ?
 Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm ?
 Who like our active African instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand ?
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
 Loaden with war ? these, these are arts, my prince,
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Jub. These are the virtues of a meaner rank,
 Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
 A Roman soul is bent on higher views :
 To civilize the rude, unpolish'd world,
 To lay it under the restraint of laws ;
 To make man mild, and sociable to man ;
 To cultivate the wild licentious savage
 With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts ;
 Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these
 Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
 And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph.

Syph. Patience, kind heav'ns!—Excuse an old man's warmth,

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height [Cato!
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts,
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises those boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase:
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, and an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures and the baits of sense:
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?
 Heav'n's, with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the middle of his sufferings!
 How does he rise against a load of woes,
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul;
 I think the Romans call it *Stoicism*.

Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,
 He had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglorious;
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
 On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Jub. Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh?
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!

Jub. What would'st thou have me do?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Jub. My father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand deaths,
 Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather say your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my temper;
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal? [love,

Syph. Believe me, Prince, though hard to conquer
 'Tis easy to divert and break its force:

Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
 Light up another flame, and put out this.
 The glowing dames of Zama's royal Court
 Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
 The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
 Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Jub. 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

The

The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her sex:
 True, she is fair, (oh, how divinely fair!)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
 And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in ev'ry thing she acts or speaks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smiles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
 Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

[II. LUCIA and MARCIA.—*Addison.*

Luc. **M**ARCIA, you're too severe:
 How could you chide the young, good-
 natur'd prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an air,
 A prince that loves and doats on you to death?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from
 His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul, [me.
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
 And steel your heart to such a world of charms?

Mar. How, Lucia, wouldst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
 When ev'ry moment Cato's life's at stake?
 Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
 And aims his thunder at my father's head:
 Should not the sad occasion swallow up
 My other cares, and draw them all into it?

Luc. Why have I not this constancy of mind,
 Who have so many griefs to try its force?
 Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
 Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
 And sunk me ev'n below mine own weak sex:
 Pity, and love, by turns oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retir'd distress;
 Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
 They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their thoughts to me :
But tell me whose address thou fav'rest most ?
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for ?

Mar. For neither——

And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister :
But tell me, which of them is Lucia's choice ?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem ;
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him !
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what.——

Marc. O Lucia, I'm perplex'd ; O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother !

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
choice !

——O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul !
With what a graceful tenderness he loves !
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm ; his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth ! how can'st thou throw
him from thee !

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee !
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames ;
He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
Unhappy youth ! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !
I dread the consequence.

* *Luc.* You seem to plead
Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heav'n forbid !

Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion wou'd have fallen on him.

Luc

Luc. Was ever virgin-love distress'd like mine !
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas ! too late I find myself involv'd
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers.
Tormenting thought ! it cuts into the soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours :

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains,
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines ;
'Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

12. DECIUS and CATO.

Dec. CÆSAR sends health to Cato——

Cato. Could he send it
To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the senate ?

Dec. My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
Would he save Cato ? bid him spare his country.
Tell your dictator this : and tell him, Cato
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar.
Her gen'als and her consuls are no more,

Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate
And reason with you, as from friend to friend.
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.
Still may you stand high in your country's honour.
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more ;
I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life :
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom.

Cato. Nay more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er em-
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes, [pley'd
Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar, he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
And at the head of your own little senate ;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither ?
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thin'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him ?
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes ;
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.
Wou'd Cæsar show the greatness of his soul ;
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you for-
You are a man. You rush on your destruction. [get
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

13. CATO and JUBA.—*Addison.*

Cato. **J**UBA, the Roman senate has resolv'd,
Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on Cæsar.

Juba. The resolution fits a Roman senate.
But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when, some days before his death,
He order'd me to march for Utica,
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near !)
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, My son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be Cato's friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds : do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,
And merited, alas ! a better fate ;
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

Juba. My father's fate,,

In spite of all the fortitude that shines
Before my face, in Cato's great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to Cato.
Had we not better leave this Utica,
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's pow'rful friends?
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him:
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horror of the war,
And making death more grim.

Cato. And can'st thou think

Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!
Reduc'd, like Hannibal, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down
A vagabond in Afric!

Juba. Cato, perhaps

I'm too officious; but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me,
But know, young Prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men;
The gods in bounty work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice

Virtues

Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st ! I pant
for virtue !

And all my soul endeavours at perfection !

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and
Laborious virtues all ? Learn them from Cato : [toil,
Success and fortune must thou learn from Cæsar.

14. ALTAMONT and HORATIO.—Rowe.

Alt. **L**ET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it ;
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings ;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes ;
This happy day that gives me my Calista.

Hor. Yes, Altamont ; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee ;
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half-dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms ;
Before that country which he long had serv'd,
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. O great Sciolto ! O my more than father !
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,
Forget ! (but 'tis impossible), then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,
To wander in the desert among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The night's unwholesome dew, and noon-day's heat,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of Heav'n.

Hor.

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
 It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.
 When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
 Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
 His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
 That happy tie made me Sciolto's son ;
 He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
 Indulg'd us in his wealth, blest'd us with plenty,
 Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.

Alt. By Heav'n, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
 That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em ;
 My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
 Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a grave ;
 Undone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
 I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him
 But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst thou didst,
 And didst it like a son ; when his hard creditors,
 Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
 (Foe to thy house, and rival of thy greatness),
 By sentence of the cruel law, forbade
 His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
 Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones ;
 With piety uncommon didst give up
 Thy hopeful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
 Sour, unrelenting money-loving villains,
 Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
 And are, like fiends, the factors of destruction.
 Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
 And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
 To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

15. HORATIO and CALISTA.—Rowe.

Hor. **F**ORGIVE me, fair Calista,
 If I presume, on privilege of friendship,
 To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal unlook'd for on my private sorrow,
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,
 But rather means the spy.

Hor.

Hor. Unkindly said!

For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,
I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of
Altamont.

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by
Each interwoven with the other's fate? [Heav'n,
Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood?
Then, who can give his friendship but to one?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperial rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;
But minds will still look back on their own choice.
So the poor captive, in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues;
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is;
Alas! what needed that?

Hor. Oh! rather say,
I came to tell her how she might be happy;
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region! mark my way to it,
For, oh! 'tis sure, I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy;—angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind

With

With whips and stings; the blest'd know none of this,
But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what wouldst thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista!—thus they join
Two names, which Heav'n decreed should never meet;
Hence have the talkers of this populous city,
A shameful tale to tell for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! have I liv'd to this!
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy.

Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office:
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altament's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.



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